Jan. 7, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—A melodrama about life in the governmental purlieus of Washington, where a pack of snarling senators are tearing into one another over the proposal to appoint as Secretary of State a professor who has shown leftward leanings in the past. The author, Loring Mandel (who based his play on the Allen Drury novel), has provided plenty of action, all right, but none of his characters have much depth. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy are some of the legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn in uneasy tandem as, respectively, the Archbishop and the Plantagenet King in Jean Anouilh's sprawling interpretation of the memorable bout between Church and State in the twelfth century. Sir Laurence plays with his usual ease and dexterity, but his style doesn't blend very well with Mr. Quinn's, which is much coarser in texture. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Critic's Choice—A drama reviewer, as well-heeled as a Rockefeller, finds himself at sixes and sevens because his wife has written a play that isn't any good and that integrity compels him to review. Not very brisk, although Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton do manage to give the thing a bit of life every now and then. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik, the wizard of the Yiddish theatre, trying hard to create a domestic tyrant who is as interesting as, say, Clarence Day's father. He doesn't quite succeed, but he is, as always, amusing. He gets stout support from Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—A rousing romp with Brendan Behan, who makes the disorderly conduct of his creatures a virtue instead of a vice. The drama—or, rather, the vaudeville—takes place in a Dublin brothel where a British soldier is being held prisoner by the I.R.A. Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage head a fine cast that was taught its paces by Joan Littlewood, a most perceptive director. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 7.)

Invitation to a March—Confusion on the dunes of the South Shore of Long Island. As outlined by Arthur Laurents, it doesn't make for any real entertainment, although Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, James MacArthur, Eileen Heckart, and Richard Derr do their best with the gritty material. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Period of Adjustment—There are worthy performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy in this Tennessee Williams drama about the marital difficulties of two couples in the South (where else?), but the author's ideas aren't very stimulating, and his style is fustian. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Send Me No Flowers—David Wayne, Nancy Olson, Peter Turgeon, Frank Merlin, and Heywood Hale Broun disport themselves happily in this comedy by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, which details the suburban uproar that takes place when a Connecticut hypochrondriac gets the mistaken idea that he is definitely a goner. The possibilities of the joke are limited, unfortunately, but the play does have its diverting aspects. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—This product of the imagination of a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor. But Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Angela Lansbury, Andrew Ray, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those effectively present. However, it is Joan Plowright, in the role of the daughter, who makes the play outstanding. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A light, very light, comedy, by Lawrence Roman, concerned with a San Francisco virgin who wants to live experimentally with her sweetheart but would like to keep sex out of the arrangement. Sandra Church is sometimes amusing as this peculiar miss, and Dean Jones is adequate as her earnest boy friend. Also on hand is Gig Young, as an amorous landlord, and he is pretty funny. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wall—An attempt, not too successful, to translate to the stage the horrible predicament of the Jews incarcerated in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. Millard Lampell adapted the play from the John Hersey novel, and among the imprisoned are George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the best man: Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. Melvyn Douglas, Frank Lovejoy, and Lee Tracy head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 8.) . . . **the tenth man:** Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **toys in the attic:** Lillian Hellman's story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, Anne Revere, Irene Worth, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—An unpretentious, barely resistible musical that Gower Champion directed from a score by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, and a book by Michael Stewart. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are the stars, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling in content, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the formidable team that made "My Fair Lady," participated in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the

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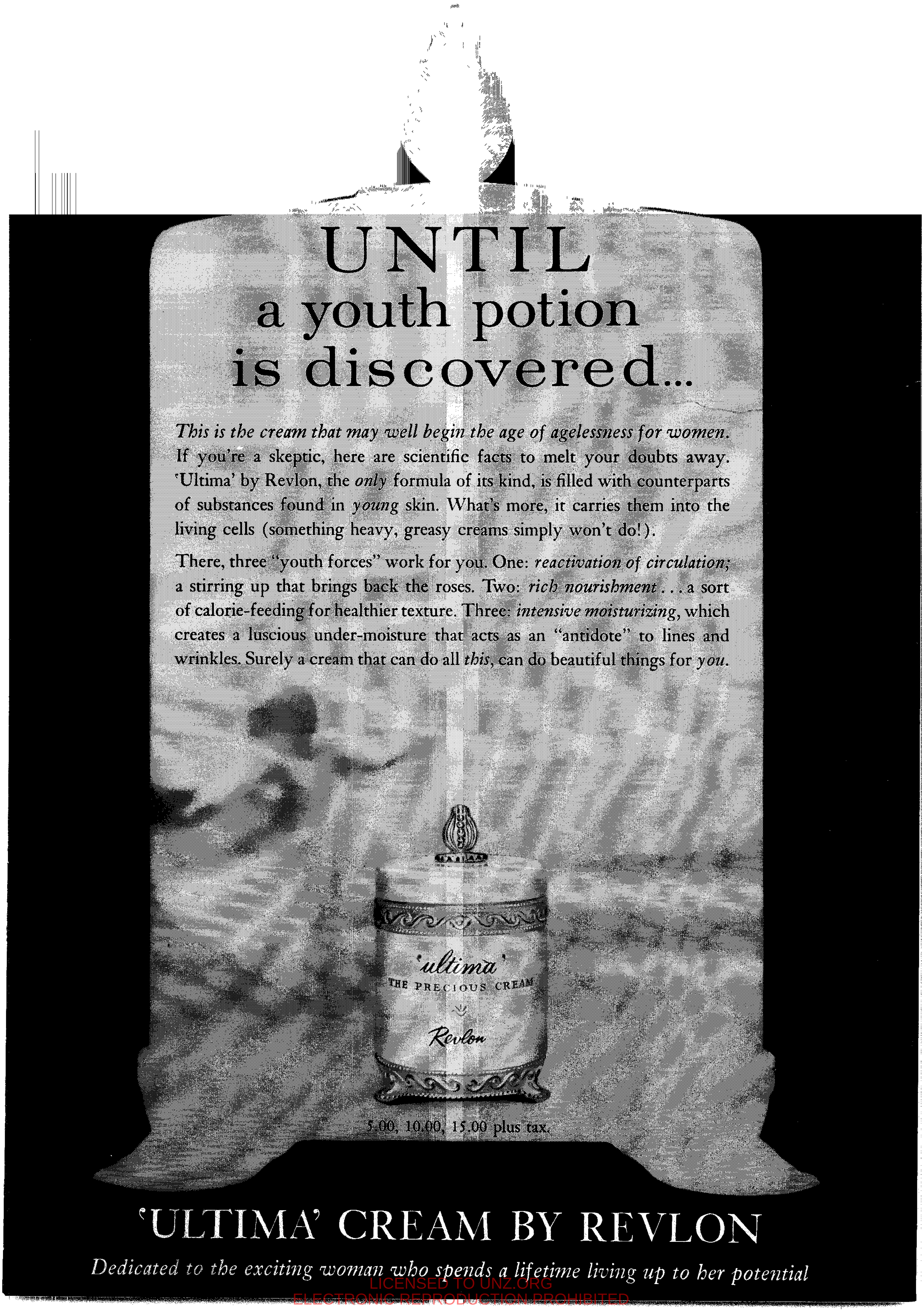

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—A musical adapted by Garson Kanin from his novel of the same name. Jule Styne composed the score, Betty Comden and Adolph Green did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. Directed by the author and presented by David Merrick. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Maurice Evans, playing a turn-of-the-century parson facing the forces of unrighteousness. As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), the show is lively, all right, but not very funny. The sets, by Cecil Beaton, are admirable, and the actors, who also include Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker, are enthusiastic. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—Noisy but hardly gay doings in the oil fields of the Southwest, where a young lady (Lucille Ball) is trying to make her mark as a promoter and also to snare the manliest roustabout in the area. Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh created the music and lyrics, respectively, and N. Richard Nash wrote the book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiorello!**: The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **gypsy**: Ethel Merman plays the domineering momma of the young Gypsy Rose Lee. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the music man**: Bert Parks in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady**: Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the sound of music**: Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Rhinoceros—Eli Wallach and Zero Mostel in Eugene Ionesco's play. Joseph Anthony is the director and Leo Kerz the producer. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 5-7, at 8:40. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 9. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Conquering Hero—A musical based on Preston Sturges's 1944 film "Hail the Conquering Hero." It is the work of Larry Gelbart (book), Moose Charlap (music), and Norman Gimbel (lyrics), and stars Tom Poston. Produced by Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens, and directed by Albert Marre. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 11. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—A revue written and staged by Charles Gaynor, with Carol Channing and Jules Munshin. Presented by Oliver Smith, James A. Doolittle, and Charles Lowe. Opens Thursday, Jan. 12. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

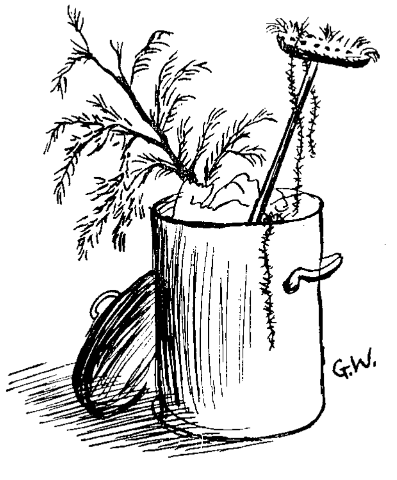
The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Ballet Ballads—Carmen de Lavallade and Glen Tetley in a revival of the 1948 show by Jerome Moross and the late John Latouche, made up of three song-and-dance numbers—"The Eccentricities of Davy Crockett," "Willie the Weeper," and "Riding Hood Revisited." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Beautiful Dreamer—James Morris in a musical based on the life and works of Stephen Foster. Directed by Ernestine Perrie. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-8574. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Borak—A Civil War play, written in verse by Robert D. Hock, about a family with split ideals. Mr. Hock's imagery runs to moons, ravens, and low clouds that resemble "sacs of blood." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)



Drums Under the Windows—Paul Shyre's third attempt to compress a Sean O'Casey autobiographical novel (Volume III this time) into a play. The results are sometimes fleeting, sometimes indelible, and there is enough rich, round prose to fill the Irish Sea. The cast is first-rate. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—A revival of the John Osborne-Anthony Creighton play, with James Patterson and Julie Follansbee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—This play, a 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies, marks the rebirth of Off Broadway for *this* season. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rules of the Game—Paul Sparer, William Windom, and Joanna Merlin do near wonders with this Pirandello, which has a balky third act, and which, in the celebrated Pirandello manner, is a now-you-see-it, now-you-

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don't affair about an Italian dilettante who is all rules and regulations on the surface and all muscles and fire underneath. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

She Stoops to Conquer—Donald Madden and Gerry Jedd in a revival of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 15.)

Shunned—A play by Judith Palestrant. (Dickens Theatre, 20 E. 9th St. WA 4-8400. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Mack the grandfather. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

When I Was a Child—Dramatized stories about children by several authors, including Katherine Anne Porter, Shirley Jackson, and Dylan Thomas. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly entertaining) is being presented at the Premise, a coffeehouse far more comfortable than most, at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Friday evening, Jan. 6: "Con Amore," "Modern Jazz," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 7: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 7: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Still Point," and "Souvenirs." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan 8: "Swan Lake," "Modern Jazz," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 10: "Swan Lake," "Tender Night," "Interplay," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 11: "Con Amore," "Jazz Concert," and "Modern Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 12: "Allegro Brillante," "Modern Jazz," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 13: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 14: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 15.)

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

Paul Taylor—With his dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:40. For tickets, call IN 1-6299.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1961," with David Jenkins, Ina Bauer, and others. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 10, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—This old American custom will be temporarily discontinued on Monday, Jan. 9, pending the rearranging of the premises in which it will resume practice. Freddy Alonso's and Joe D'Orsi's bands will chip in with a no doubt Latin-American orchestration of the swan song.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A compact version of "Anything Goes," Cole Porter's celebrated report on a national apocalypse, occupies the floor of the Cotillion Room, along with Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, Larry Douglas, et al., who intone the score. They break loose twice a night Fridays and Saturdays, only at dinner the rest of the week. There's also pepper-and-salt dance music throughout. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling little spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, a Pierian spring of dance music wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars. At dinner and supper, the Ballet Español of Roberto Iglesias, a well-populated Spanish village, puts forth a fiesta that would make an excellent rite of spring. It comes to an end on Tuesday, Jan. 10; an evening later brings on Connie Towers, a girl with songs about this and about that who sings better than most. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. It's all just for listening. . . . ¶ No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Maximillian Bergere and Nicholas D'Amico) will ever ruffle the populace of the Rendez-Vous. The music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has those Guy Lombardo saxophones, which melt at less than room temperature, to persuade the guests to venture onto the dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a comely design for living it up, Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kaye's trio operate on a non-stop schedule except for the interlude (at dinner and again at supper) during which Diana Trask, a study in mannerisms, does a spot of arias. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Leisure classes are held in the Colunns, an exhibition of Roman architecture bathed in moonlight, by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra, which sets to a bit past seven with dining music and then, at eight-thirty, blossoms into upbeat dance music, a commodity also provided by Charles Holden's band. This goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and handsome forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known winter palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed to the public on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The merrily and mordantly overwrought irony of Shelley Berman, a man with a good deal to say about everything, is part of the dinner and supper proceedings in the Empire Room, where the dance bands of Ben Cutler and Theo Fanidi spend practically the whole night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its ways, with Michael Zarin's and Ray Bari's chirruping bands (thinking music from six to eight-thirty, dance music thereafter to one) except Sundays, when the Baris are all by themselves (piano from six to eight, then dancing to one).

Note—The Rainbow Room, in the upper reaches of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, is the Last Chance bar on the way to Heaven. Drinking-and-dining music flows mildly from a trio from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here are a lot of the characters who keep it hotsy-totsy. The parade is accompanied by small talk and (after eight) Jack Banan's piano, which has that old-time religion down cold, or hot. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders do romantic single and buckety-buckety double piano from then on. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It would not be easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merrymakers, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine villa converted, with a minimum of alteration, into an opera house. Tuesday through Saturday every week, a supply of *lasagna* like "The Barber of Seville" is tossed around with all-out energy. The majordomo is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo even when there's no opera, and who guides a dance trio after ten on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine, now), and all that. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of this won-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

derland, since he is forever gliding from table to table with a listen-he's-playing-our-song violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's Manual* taking its resplendent ease. George Feyer contributes petitpoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper; George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. Its now-and-then companion is Richard Wilson's violin. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano and guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mitteleuropa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and Lili France's fluttery chansons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is Renato Rossini's guitar, which believes every word of the fiery songs it sings. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, world traveller, is now giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated figments of Alt Wien here, especially when Yvonne Constant, a bit of sassafras once involved in "La Plume de Ma Tante," is doing the arias. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A West Side snug harbor with East Side touches, most notably the décor. The amusement, which begins around ten, is variable, but the slapdash singing of Danny Apolinar, who presides over a trio and a piano, will do most of the time. His last night is Saturday, Jan. 7. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls whose wants are mercifully simple (a bit of costume jewelry and a birthday suit will do) are catapulted in quantity at you from the wings, down shoot-the-chutes, and in flying machines. They'll win the Davis Cup back for us yet. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tony Bennett, who's been on the gold-record standard for some time, is reprising, viva voce, the ditties he put on wax; Phil Ford and Mimi Hines are a bourn whence old jokes go when they die. Also present is a corps de ballet made up of lovely young things who move with a sort of undulant fever.

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SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Kaye Ballard is a girl always at her wits' end, and a very pleasant place it is. The rest of the cast is new to this part of the world—Pat Harrington, Jr., a chip off the old blockbuster whose harangues levelled more than one old brownstone on West 52nd Street, and the Smothers Brothers, two specialists in spoofery. Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and piano preside over the six-to-eight activities every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is apt to do extra sets early in the morning. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): No question-and-answer period is necessary after the newest of Julius Monk's annual *revistas*, since the issues of the day—and, for that matter, of the night—are discussed succinctly, assiduously, and acidulously for all to hear. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Jane Connell and Jack Fletcher, both of them Julius Monk graduates *summa cum laude*, are indulging in inside-track conversations that have a certain satanic majesty all their own. Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood supplement this soirée with piano that has just plain majesty. The music begins around nine, the talk an hour or so later. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A bunch of flamenco aficionados play with fire on the stage of the back room, where they are nevertheless often outdanced by the customers. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three to eight. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvardo's terse voice does flamenco songs so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The departing guests on Sunday, Jan. 8, will be Tony and Eddie, hounds at bay whose weapons are their own hammer and tongs, plus the gramophone recordings of others, and Sallie Blair, who can put her songs to the sword. The dithery cantatas of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames and the piano of Peter Daniels will go on ad infinitum. On Tuesday, Jan. 10, the new arrivals will be Felicia Sanders, a voice of special clarity and youth when it's left to its own devices, and Milt Kamen, a major member of the country's shadow Cabinet of cosmic, and comic, thinkers. Jimmie Daniels, that old boulevardier, is *padrone*. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): For the benefit of those to whom home is the place where they never hang their hat, a fine tantivy is created by the tenor and piano of Bobby Short, who sets up his vigil at the early-bird hour of ten. The premises occupied by him and his trio will not remind anyone of King Arthur's court. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Every night but Tuesday, three young people—Lynda Segal, Richard Libertini, and MacIntyre Dixon—act out a charade of their own devising (largely in pantomime that is anything but dumb show) on the second floor of the premises. This pocket-size revue occurs at nine and twelve except Sundays, when curtain times are five-thirty and nine.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Ralph Sutton's piano, a joyous sound in the night, doesn't adhere entirely to the statute of limitations that often encumbers traditional music, and his quartet, in which Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin reside, is all the better for it. Mr. Condon is, for the moment, a silent partner. Bob Corwin is the intermission curator of the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor, songbird of a feather peculiar to her, is precipitously tobogganing down one lyric line after another on her way, possibly, to Nirvana; Charlie Byrd, whose guitar has never been attached to so much as a flashlight battery, is making his points clearly and without amplification. He *is* attached, though, to two sidemen. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The performers often engage in musical chairs, but one thing is certain: Dave Brubeck, who gives his piano the magisterial ministrations of a math professor, and his quartet will be at play through Wednesday, Jan. 11. Next evening's débuts will be headed by Peggy Lee, a vital force willing to live every song to the hilt. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Cootie Williams, who represents the heyday of a style of trumpet that is now history, leads a quartet that never defies convention; Herbie Mann's flute-and-bongo choir keeps up a drumfire of fierce intensity. These groups will be augmented on Monday, Jan. 9, by Irwin Corey, the jawbone of whose conversation is completely disconnected from its thighbone, and anything else, and by Josh White, who just about invented the art of indoor folk singing. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are carrying on the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six is hammering home its message, which is that the South will rise again. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano is a powerful persuader that the music of the future is a pleasurable rather than a solemn occasion. He comes equipped with a trio. No music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls

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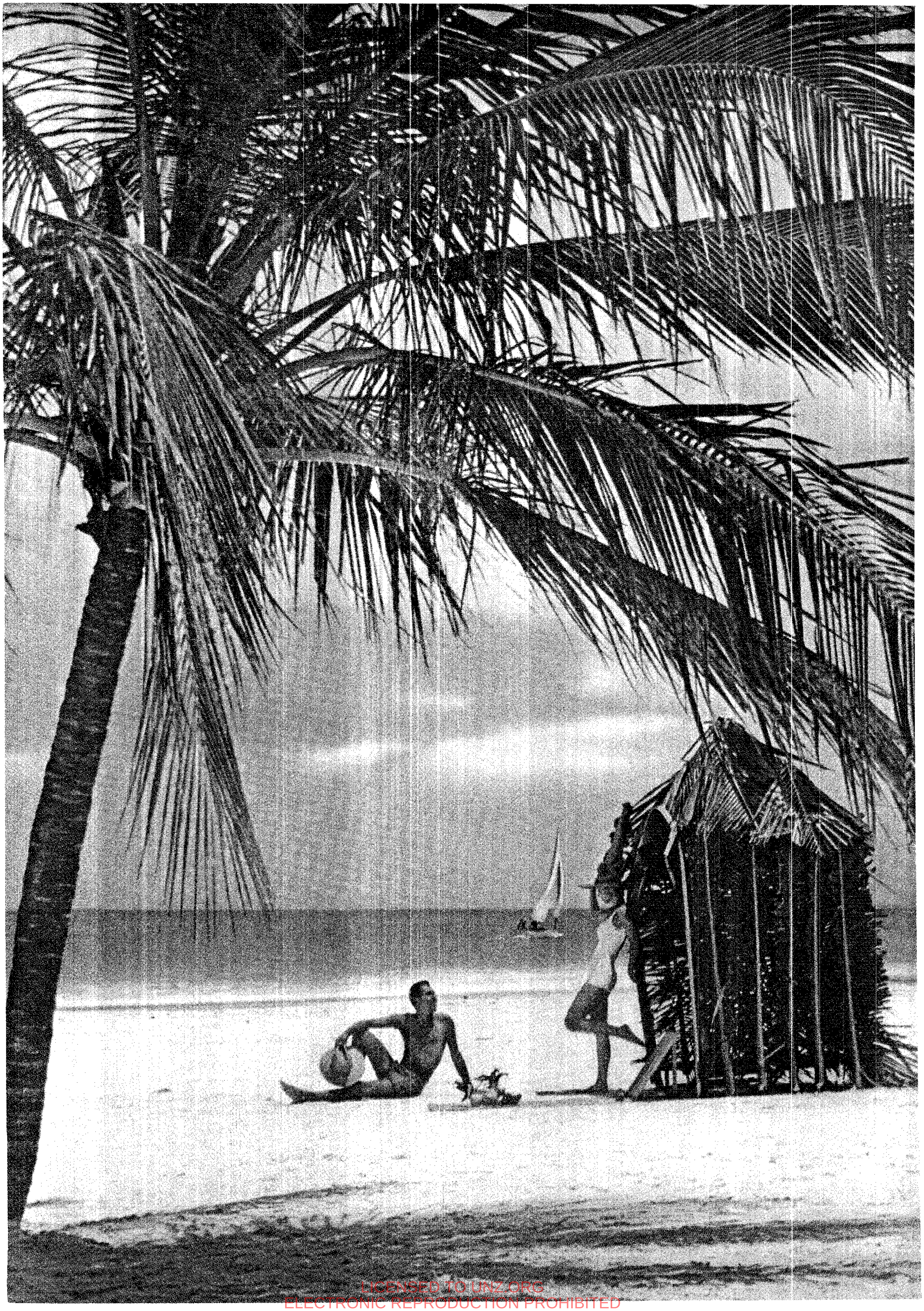

Midwinter paradox . . . the sunny
Resort Islands of the
Bahamas

When the icy wind whistles through North America and chill fog shrouds London Town —sensible people head for the Bahamas. The charms of this British colony just off the Florida coast are perennial. Brilliant sun, beaches in profusion, a colourful leisure life that attracts knowledgeable vacationers of both continents.

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Romantic native settlements dot the islands. On Andros, fire dancing lights the nighttime scene while guests watch in fascination from the shadows. During the Out Island Regatta at Great Exuma in April, picturesque native sailing craft show turns of speed that belie their workaday chores—hauling produce and conch to the Nassau market.

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of the Bastille and of Niagara. Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Sundays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. Sol Yaged's fivesome helps out on Mondays and Tuesdays. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Quincy Jones and his big road-show band, which uses everything but scenic effects to attain its ends, have a great deal to say, in an oratorical fashion. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): On Monday, Jan. 9, Jonah Jones is returning his trumpet to its old stand. He will be assisted by three sidemen. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . VILLAGE GATE, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): For the moment, it's a weekend operation. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, the sound will come from Horace Silver's quintet, which is icy fingers up and down the spine. . . . FIVE SPOT, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The progress of progress may or may not be accelerated by the handiwork of the Valenciennes-lace quintet operated by Gigi Gryce, which does get A for effort, but the Montgomery Brothers quartet, which is distinguished by its unusual treatment of the electronic guitar, gets a vote of confidence. The Gryces are away Mondays, the Montgomerys are away Tuesdays. The building the hubbub occupies must once have stood on Cannery Row. . . . JAZZ GALLERY, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Another for-the-time-being weekend enterprise. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, Thelonious Monk, sometimes known as the Invisible Man, may very well decide to show up, along with his quartet of progressivists. Closed Mondays. . . . PRELUDE, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Life among the upstate jazz buffs, who are getting a full report on progress downstate. The elixir of that life is offered up by the quartet of Kenny Burrell, now a singer as well as a wielder of the electronic guitar, and it's available after nine or thereabouts every evening but Monday. . . . HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A listening post at which rapt attention is the order of the evening. Zoots Sims and Al Cohn are leading the fivesome that is presently explaining, often in parable, the sound of the new music. Closed Mondays. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A third, and more permanent, weekend enterprise. This one is devoted to the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, the faculty should include Buck Clayton, Claude Hopkins, Tyree Glenn, Zutty Singleton, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Milton Avery—Semi-abstract oils; through Jan. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Blume—A painting, "Tasso's Oak," together with preparatory sketches and drawings for it; through Jan. 28. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

James Brooks—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Jan. 21. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield—Water colors; through Jan. 28. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

David Burliuk—Approaching his eightieth year, the artist offers a whimsical retrospective of pieces all painted currently but done in styles dating from 1908 to the present; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Andrea del Castagno—The Poggibonsi altarpiece, made for the Brigittine Convent del Paradiso, near Florence, by this fifteenth-century painter; through Jan. 28. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

César—Welded-metal sculptures by a contemporary Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Jan. 28. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynn Chadwick—Bronzes and drawings (1956-60) by an English sculptor; through Jan. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Minna Citron—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Norval, 53 E. 57th St.)

Salvador Dali—Paintings, many of them never shown here before, and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jorge Damiani—Paintings and drawings by an Uruguayan artist; through Jan. 28. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard DeLonga—Metal sculptures and drawings; through Jan. 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Matsumi Kanemitsu—Abstract oils, based on flower and other organic forms, by a young Japanese-American; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

James Kearns—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Fernand Léger—Paintings, drawings, and other works, covering the period 1918-50; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist pastels and drawings (1950-60) by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Morandi—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of landscapes and still-lifes (1915-60) by an Italian artist; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Picasso—Oils never shown here before; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Preston—Water colors and drawings, primarily landscape studies of France and Long Island, by an artist little known except by his association with Glackens and Sloan; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Georges Rouault—Water colors; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Charles Salerno—Stone sculptures and slate reliefs; through Feb. 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Gordon Samstag—Semi-abstract paintings, angular in design; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

John Thomas—Figure paintings; through Jan. 21. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

James Weeks—Figure paintings by a San Francisco artist; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Poetic Painters of the Nineteenth Century—An amusing, if slightly syrupy, display of paintings and drawings by Gérôme, Alma-Tadema, Bouguereau, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

African Art—"Abstractions in African Art," a display mostly of masks and statues in wood and ivory from the Warega tribe in the Congo, the Dogon tribe in the Sudan, and so on; through Jan. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Pre-Columbian Art—A show called "Aspects of Surrealism and Fantasy in Pre-Columbian Art," comprising objects dating from as early as 1500 B.C. to the Spanish conquest; through Jan. 21. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the GREAT JONES GALLERY, 5 Great Jones St.: Sculptures by Reuben Nakian, Philip Pavia, Peter Agostini, and George Spaventa; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: "Enormous Room III," a show made up of three huge works—Abstract Expressionist canvases by Sam Francis and Alfred Leslie and a construction by Louise Nevelson; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Childe Hassam, George Inness, and Stephen Etnier; through Jan. 28. . . . NORDNESS, 831 Madison Ave., at

69th St.: An exhibition entitled "Approaches to Religion in Contemporary American Art;" through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 10.) . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings, 1910-60, by (for instance) Ben Benn, John Hultberg, and Bernard Karfiol; through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER,** 39 Grove St.: The mid-season water-color exhibit; through Thursday, Jan. 12. (Daily, 1 to 6, and Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.) . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and collages by Ernest Briggs, Stephen Pace, Milton Resnick, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, Jan. 7.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **D'ARCY,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An international Surrealist exhibition, directed by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp and including works by Dali, Yves Tanguy, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Jan. 20. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Oils by such artists as John Hultberg, Alberto Burri, and Antonio Tàpies; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: "Drawings 1960," composed of items by Eduardo Paolozzi, Matta, Kawabata, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **PERIDOT,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Piet Mondrian, Fannie Hillsmith, John B. Flannagan, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paul Delvaux, Luciano Minguzzi, and Wilfrid Zogbaum are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Jan. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Afro, Max Beckmann, Bernard Rosenthal, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Braque, Kandinsky, Chagall, and others; through Jan. 31. . . . **MARKS,** 21 E. 66th St.: Eight artists from seven European countries and Israel, who have recently worked in Paris, including Guy Harloff, Serge Monsouroff, and Antonio Lago; through Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **SLATKIN,** 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Artist as Draughtsman," an exhibit of drawings, pastels, and water colors of five centuries by, among others, Boucher, Degas, and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo; through Saturday, Jan. 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Sunday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "Art Treasures of Thailand;" starting Wednesday, Jan. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by Cézanne and Monet, sculptures by Bourdelle and Matisse, drawings by Picasso and Miró, Japanese prints, and Tiffany glass are among the recent acquisitions now on view; through Feb. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.), assembled from public and private collections; through Monday, Jan. 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition, carefully selected, of small paintings on paper from the Rajput provinces of northern India; through Jan. 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures, in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.: "The Nativity," an exhibition of miniatures from medieval and Renaissance manuscripts illustrating Biblical and legendary stories about the birth of Christ; through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Japan: Design Today," a display of textiles, ceramics, woodwork, metals, china, glassware, toys, and semi-ceremonial objects; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1960 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, with works by, among others, Lee Bontecou, Chaim Gross, Jimmy Ernst, and Gabor Peterdi; through Jan. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

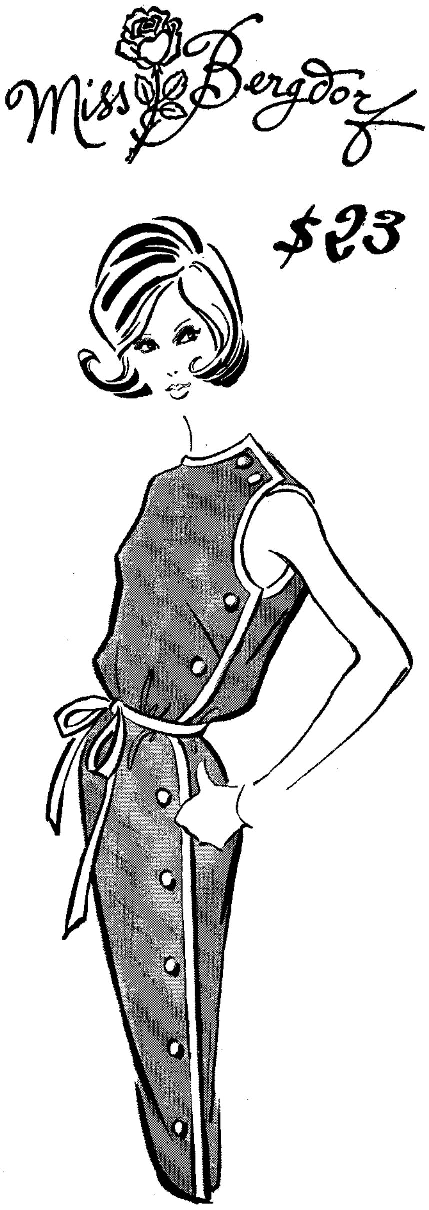
(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Jan. 5: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 6: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Frank Guarrera, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 7: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Blanche Thebom, George London, Brian Sullivan, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 7: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Anselmo Colzani, Eugenio Fernandi, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 9: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Elisabeth Soederstroem, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 11: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 12: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Frank Guarrera, William Olvis, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 13: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 14: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 14: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Richard Tucker, Lorenzo Testi, and Salvatore Baccaloni. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3 (all with Rohan de Saram, cello). . . . ¶ Paul Paray conducting on Thursday,



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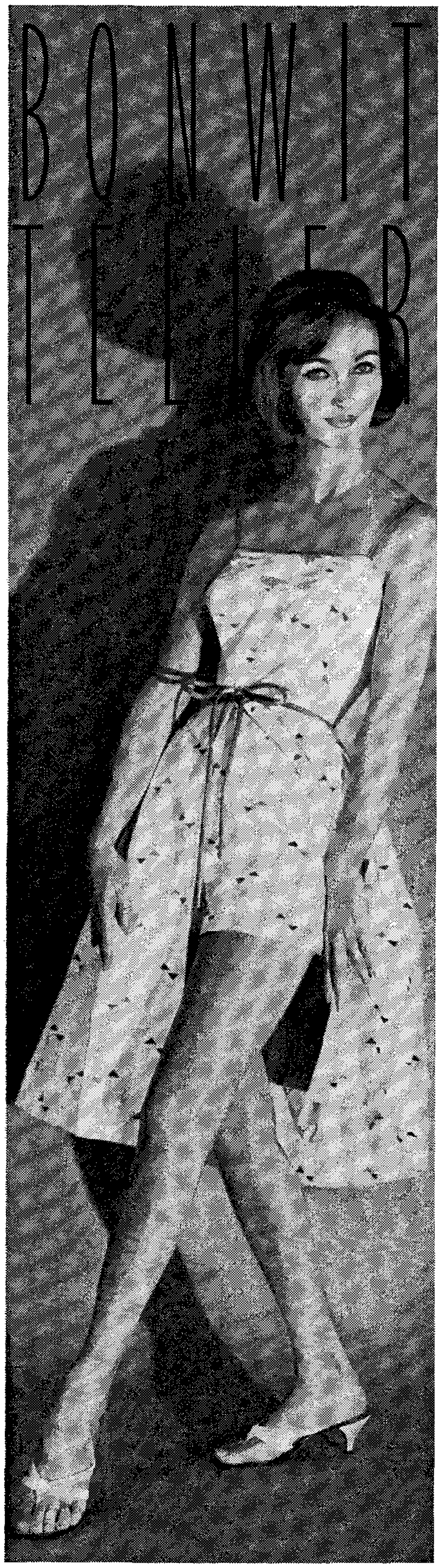

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Jan. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 13, at 2:15; and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3 (all with Morton Gould, composer-pianist).... **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Paul Paray conducting, with Morton Gould, composer-pianist. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Munch conducting, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.... ¶ Same program; Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2:30.)

WARSAW PHILHARMONIC—Witold Rowicki conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here, with Wanda Wilkomirska, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8:40.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski directing Arnold Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder," with Margarita Zambrana, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Hageman and Rudolf Petrak, tenors; George Hoffman, bass; and the Temple University Choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

MUSIC FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Adele Addison, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Chester Ludgin, baritone; and Chester Watson, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting, with Calvin Marsh, baritone. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

TOWN HALL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC—Eric Simon conducting an orchestra made up of members of the Boston Symphony in an all-Hindemith program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Artur Balsam, piano; Samuel Mayes, cello; and Joseph de Pasquale. The first in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2:30.)

NEW YORK SINFONIETTA—Max Goberman conducting an all-Bach program, with Aksel Schiøtz, baritone; John Wummer, flute; Felix Galimir, violin; Karen Tuttle and Walter Trampler, violas; and Franz Rupp, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 5:30.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Nicola Rescigno directing a performance of Claudio Monteverdi's "The Coronation of Poppaea" in concert form, with Elinor Ross, soprano; Gloria Lane and Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-sopranos; Jon Crain, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and others. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8:45. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Frank Brieff directing, with Roberta Peters, soprano, and the Columbus Boychoir. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

INTERRACIAL FELLOWSHIP CHORUS—Harold Aks directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Joshua," with Virginia Babikian, soprano; Margaret Roy, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Therman Bailey, bass; and an orchestra. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Jan. 13, at 7:30. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call TR 3-0317.)

RECITALS

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI AND ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

MILDRED DILLING—Presenting a lecture-recital on the harp. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 6, at 5:45.)

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30, the last in a series of all-Mozart programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.... ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, the fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:15, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

GASPAR CASSADO AND CHIEKO HARA—Cello and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

KROLL QUARTET—With David Glazer, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—Charles Bressler, tenor; Samuel Baron, flute; Isidore Cohen, violin; Jules Eskin, cello; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RALPH KIRKPATRICK—Harpsichord music of Bach, Friday, Jan. 13.... ¶ Clavichord music of Bach, Saturday, Jan. 14.... ¶ Harpsichord music of Scarlatti, Sunday, Jan. 15. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

DIMITRI BASHKIROV—Russian pianist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

ERIC HEIDSIECK—French pianist. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:40.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—Medieval music of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

THE WEAVERS—Folk singers. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-7003, Ext. 31.)

NOTE—The Budapest String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 9, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

OPERAS-IN-BRIEF—"Madame Butterfly," the fourth in this season's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Company. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2:30.)

BOXING—Carmen Basilio vs. Gaspar (Indian) Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Amateur game: United States vs. Russia, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2.... ¶ Professional game: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sunday, Jan. 8, at 7.

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Friday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 5:30; through Wednesday, Jan. 18. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the **AMERICAN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Hans and the Tulip." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 2:30.)... **BERKELEY MARIONETTES:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)... **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "Emperor's Nightingale," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **PAT DEANE PRODUCTIONS:** "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "Peter and the Wolf," Saturday, Jan. 7.... ¶ "Cinderella," Saturday, Jan. 14. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Little Snow Girl." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "A Little Bit of Magic." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Snow White." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) ... ¶ "Cinderella." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3.)... **THEATRE EAST:** "Gulliver's Travels." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings and pastels by children of Tokyo; *through Jan. 29.* (*Tuesdays through Fridays,* and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 3 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "Astronomy in the News." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)... ¶ "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," with Tony Randall and Eddie Hodges. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 3.)

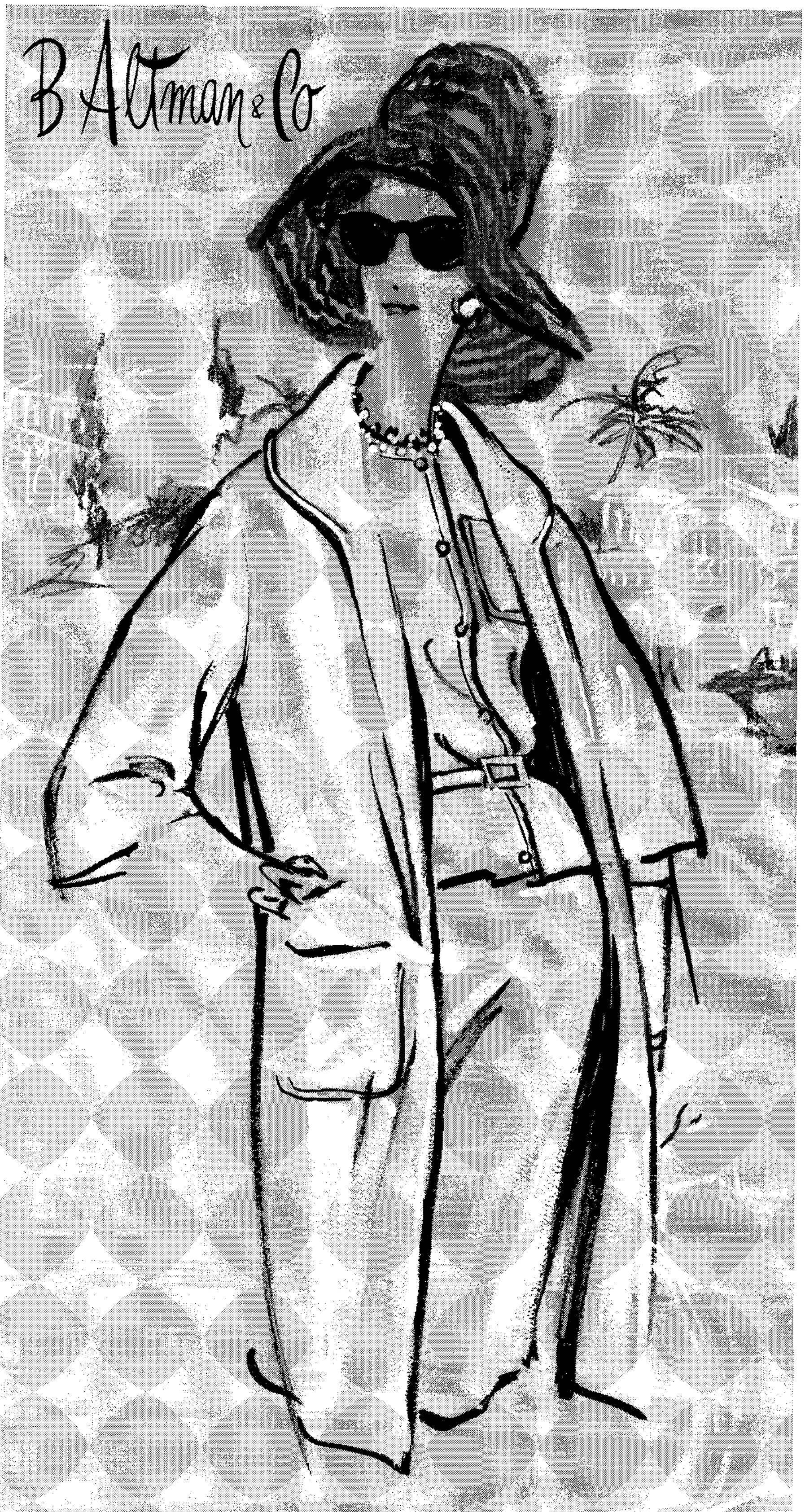
NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday, except Jan. 7, from 10 to 12. On Saturday, Jan. 7, at 11, there will be an ice carnival, sponsored by the *Mirror,* made up of skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that goes with an ice carnival.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—T. S. Eliot reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 5, at 1:45: Oriental art, including Chinese jades and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, Siamese and Indian sculptures, Luristan bronzes, Japanese screens, and painted scrolls; from several collectors, among them Pat Corso.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 6, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 1:45: English furniture, porcelains, Georgian silver, glass, paintings, and rugs; from the estate of Marguerite A. Keasbey and from other sources.



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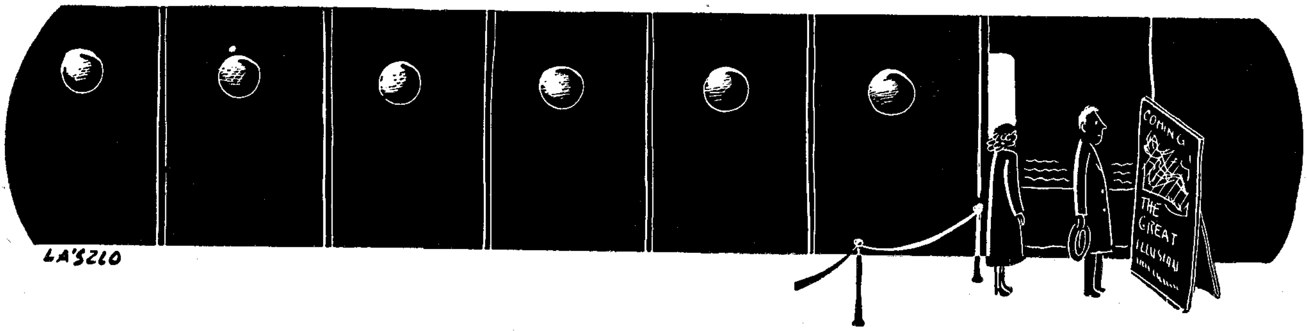
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Ballad of a Soldier—This Soviet film tells the simplest of tales about a young soldier on leave from the front, but Grigori Chukhrai's direction and brilliant camera work, coupled with the lovely youthfulness of his two principals, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, supply the audience with a procession of memorable and sometimes heartbreaking visual delights. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Battle of the Sexes—The old order, represented by Peter Sellers as the head accountant of a Scottish firm, rich in tradition, triumphing over the new, represented by Constance Cummings as an interloping American efficiency expert. A funny English film, based on a story by James Thurber, which has the added advantage of the presence of Robert Morley as the lunatic laird who is in charge of the firm. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Jan. 7.)

Ben-Hur—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Big Deal—Some small-time Roman crooks decide to pull off an ambitious safecracking job, but they have a hard time keeping their minds on their work, and the moment of truth proves a moment of pure bedlam. An altogether cheerful, occasionally slapstick spoof of "serious" crime pictures. Imported from Italy. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier gives a stunning performance as a hard-drinking, lascivious, and thoroughly untalented music-hall singer and dancer. No use pretending the film will make you feel good; still, it would be a shame to miss Olivier at the very top of his bent, ably assisted by Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 11, tentative.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest between Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes, and in the end Jews, Arabs, and Britishers are all routed by the forces of logorrhea. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—Here is a practically flawless picture on a major theme—the making of a brave and honorable man out of what has been a vain, craven, and dishonest one. Vittorio De Sica superbly enacts this extraordinary transformation, and Hannes Messemer is nearly as good in a secondary role. The picture was directed in masterly fashion by Roberto Rossellini. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers doing a highly droll interpretation of a shop steward in an English plant where the workers—featherbedders one and all—have got the upper hand. The capitalists in this arrangement, among them Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough, are also a little short on ethics. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 11, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels—A lively acting out of Stephen Potter's well-known principles of gamesmanship and lifemanship. Professor Potter is played by Alastair Sim, and his apt pupil is Ian Carmichael, who, once he gets the hang of one-upmanship, makes glorious hash of a formidable rival, the terrible-tempered Terry-Thomas. One of the brightest of the English imports. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 10, tentative.)

Sons and Lovers—The best things about this English-American version of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel are the author's first-rate dialogue, which has been left pretty much as written, and the performances of Trevor Howard, as an alcoholic Nottingham coal miner, and Wendy Hiller, as his long-faced wife. Dean Stockwell plays their son—a lad who suffers from Oedipus complex—in a dour, nervous, high-school fashion. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Jan. 9-10.)

The Sundowners—Local fauna—kangaroos, koalas, dingoes, and thousands of sheep—share top billing with some travel-poster scenery in this almost too wholesome tale about a family of Australian drovers. Director Fred Zinnemann has concentrated on the countryside, but there are also excellent performances by Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr. Really a film for children, but it's a hard grownup who won't find some pleasure in it. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Tunes of Glory—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props to one of the great performances of the year, as Sir Alec Guinness brings all his brilliance and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his redoubtable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 11.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ Jan. 7, at 3 and 5:30: "Battleground" (1949), with Van Johnson. . . . ¶ Jan. 8, at 3 and 5:30: "Ma and Pa Kettle" (1949), with Marjorie Main. . . . ¶ Jan. 9, at 3: "All About Eve" (1950), with Bette Davis. . . . ¶ Jan. 10-11: To be announced. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

Note—"Marius," "Fanny," and "César," the full-length films that make up Marcel Pagnol's trilogy about Marseille and some of its raffish inhabitants, are being shown together, as a triple feature, at the New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189. In French, with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, and Orane Démazis. On Monday, Jan. 9, the only showing will begin at noon.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SUNDOWNERS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Jan. 5: "Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden. From Jan. 6: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 11 (tentative): **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 10: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.
From Jan. 11: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 7 (tentative): "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.
Jan. 8-10 (tentative): "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley; and "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner.
From Jan. 11 (tentative): "Dreams" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 8: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.
Jan. 9-10: **SONS AND LOVERS;** and "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin.
From Jan. 11: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 10 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.**
From Jan. 11: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Jan. 5: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier.
From Jan. 6: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 10: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.
From Jan. 11: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 7: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
Jan. 8-10: "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
From Jan. 11: "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March; and "The Walking Target," Joan Evans, Ronald Foster.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 11: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 7: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES;** and "End of Innocence" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel.
Jan. 8-9: "The Joker Is Wild," revival, Frank Sinatra, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Career," revival, Dean Martin, Anthony Franciosa.
Jan. 10-11: "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 11 (tentative): **THE ENTERTAINER.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 7: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
Jan. 8-10: "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
From Jan. 11: "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March; and "The Walking Target," Joan Evans, Ronald Foster.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 7: "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogard, Yoko Tani.
Jan. 8-10: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," Anthony Quayle, Anna Neagle.
From Jan. 11: "Dreams" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"A French Mistress," Cecil Parker, James Robertson Justice.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 10: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From Jan. 11: "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
MARIUS, FANNY, and **CÉSAR,** revivals. (On Monday, Jan. 9, the only showing will begin at noon. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of "Nosferatu," revival, a German film.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 11: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.

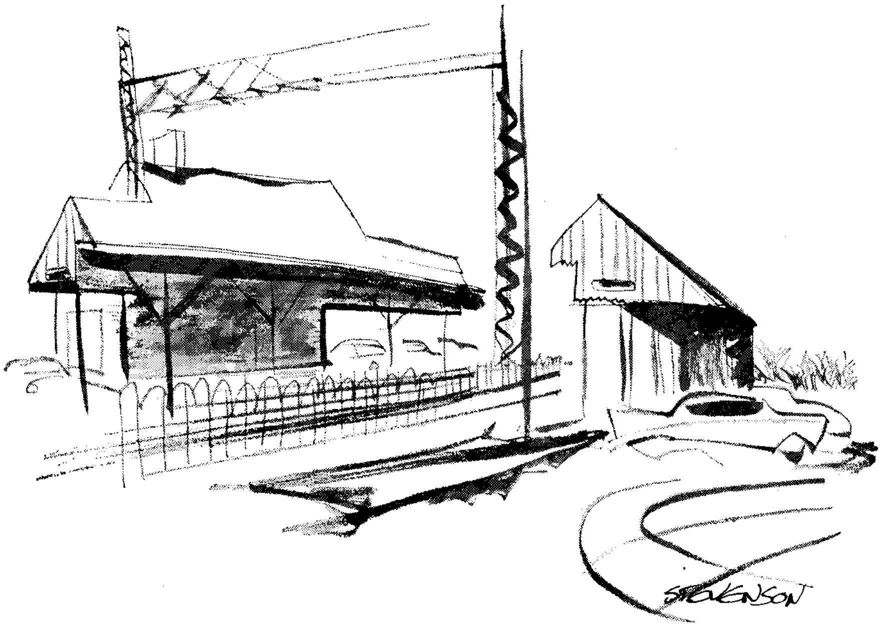
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 5: "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.
Jan. 6: "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival, Nelli Corradi, Tito Gobbi.
Jan. 7: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi.
Jan. 8: "La Forza del Destino" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi, Nelli Corradi.
Jan. 9: "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), revival, Enzo Mascherini.
Jan. 10: "Marriage of Figaro" (in German), revival, Erna Berger.
Jan. 11: "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli, Gina Lollobrigida.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 10: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.
From Jan. 11: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 7: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire; and "Operation Amsterdam," Peter Finch, Eva Bartok.
Jan. 8-10: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Devil's Disciple," revival, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster.
From Jan. 11: "Dreams" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 10: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From Jan. 11: "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 10: "Goliath and the Dragon," Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Jailbreakers," Robert Hutton.
From Jan. 11: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.



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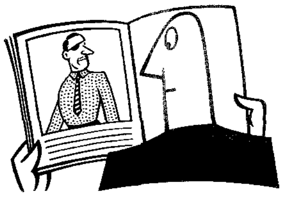
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOTE FOR NOMADS: A friend of ours who is just back from a motor trip to Miami Beach reports that on entering the restaurant of his motel there he found himself in the Shinto Temple Dining Room and was, furthermore, in plenty of time to take part in its Western Barbecue Nite.

"HATHAWAY pays a penalty for making this *drip-dry* shirt," an advertisement in a recent issue of this very magazine says, under a photograph



of our old friend Baron George Wrangel in a tasty blue-and-green patterned number, and goes on:

> Hathaway's cutters have several bees in their bonnets. One is that they insist that all patterns should match perfectly across the button-panel—and also around the pockets.
>
> This poses a frightful problem when the print is as big as it is in our photograph. Every seam must be matched by hand. And far more cloth has to be cut and wasted. Our treasurer says it costs us an extra yard per shirt. Such is the penalty of perfectionism.
>
> . . . Hathaway's drip-dry print collection includes thirty different patterns. For store names, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Call OXford 7-5566 in New York.

Come, now, C. F. Hathaway, wherever you are, *who* pays the penalty for this wastage—you or the customer? This isn't precisely the kind of wastage that Mr. Vance Packard has in mind in "The Waste Makers," but it reminds us of the book and of a chat we had about its subject, obsolescence, with a well-travelled man we ran into at a bar the other afternoon. "It's less of a problem in the Congo than it is here," he said after declining our offer of an Old-Fashioned as not being newfangled enough for him. "Many Congolese think that locomotives are panting spirits, and panting spirits never obsolesce."

New Exchange

"LAWRENCE H. TAYLOR is chairman of the National Stock Exchange, the first new stock exchange here in twenty-five years," a young woman we know has written us. "He says the new exchange is needed to take care of the newer and smaller stock issues and increasing public stock purchases. Who is Taylor, and why does he want his own stock exchange?" In our experience, few ladies exhibit financial curiosity beyond the personal, so we thought this sample deserved a reply. We got in touch with Mr. Taylor on the phone and asked why he wants his own stock exchange. "It's the public's stock exchange," he said, and invited us to lunch with him at the Canadian Club, in the Waldorf.

"I'm not a Canadian," he said when we had both seated ourselves in the club dining room. "I was born in New York and brought up here and in Greenwich. This club takes in a number of Americans as associate members. Well, those of us in back of the new exchange got our charter from the S.E.C. last August, and we hope to open it within the next few months. Public ownership of stock has been growing so rapidly, and so many new issues have been launched, that it's logical to assume that trading facilities should be expanded. We plan to list companies with a sound financial background, a serious management, a good growth potential, and, in general, a net worth of over a million dollars, at least five hundred stockholders, and at least a hundred and fifty thousand shares outstanding. But these indexes are not rigid. An iron foundry would have to have a large fixed investment in the way of equipment; a scientific company might have less."

Mr. Taylor, a brown-eyed, brown-suited man of forty-seven, went on to report, in answer to some questions, that he was an only child, the son of the late George Vanderbilt Taylor, who was an independent broker in the bulk-oil business; that while taking night courses at Columbia he had gone to work for the Bankers Commercial Corporation; and that in 1941, after serving in managerial posts for it here and in Chicago, he had become a vice-president of its New York subsidiary, the Aviation Funding Corporation. "We financed light-plane dealers," he said. "That was a pretty active business before the Second World War."

During the war, Mr. T. was pretty active himself, moving up, via destroyer duty and aviation-specialist activities, from ensign in Naval Intelligence to lieutenant commander in the Office of Naval Research. In 1946, he joined a management-consultant firm, Charles H. Welling & Co., for which he made studies of industrial diversification—"how to assist a company in broadening its general base of operations," as he explained it—and a year later he moved his own base of operations to Lippincott & Margulies, industrial designers, on whose behalf he flew a hundred thousand miles a year. "Too much travel," he said. "In 1950, I became a partner in Sirota & Co., commodity brokers—a position that I still hold." In this capacity, he travels from Rumson, where he lives with his wife and two children, to 26 Broadway. He informed us that his firm handles potato futures, among others, and we asked how that works.

"Well, we trade in Maine-grown

potatoes on the New York Mercantile Exchange," he replied. "Also in Long Islands, though they're not as active."

"Pretend that we're a customer," we said.

"There are different delivery months," he said. "You might decide to buy March futures now. You have to buy at least a carload—fifty thousand pounds, in fifty-pound sacks. Today, a carload would be worth around twelve hundred dollars, but on margin you can buy a contract for two hundred dollars. If you don't sell your contract by March, you then have a carload of Maine potatoes in the Harlem River yards."

"Suppose we don't want them," we said. "Suppose we're just speculating in potatoes."

Mr. Taylor shuddered.

"Suppose we're an *investor*," we said.

"Well, you can call a broker and sell them," he said, and went on hopefully, "You might be a processor of frozen French fries, and take actual delivery. On the other hand, you might prefer a different variety of potatoes in March. You might find that Pennsylvania potatoes chip better, if you're a potato chipper. You could then have your broker switch you to those."

We asked what other futures he dealt in.

"All sorts of commodities, such as copper, rubber, cotton, and cottonseed oil," he said. "I was instrumental in starting the trading in platinum futures on the Mercantile Exchange. Platinum is inspected by an Exchange-approved assayer and stored for delivery by the Irving Trust. A bar of platinum is mighty heavy."

We had progressed by this time to the end of lunch, and we rose to go. "Membership in the National Stock Exchange will be available only to members of the Mercantile Exchange, which sponsored it," our host said, accompanying us to the elevator. "Our quarters will be in the Mercantile Exchange Building, at the corner of Harrison and Hudson. We're installing the most modern electronic equipment. We think we have some remarkable improvements in communication and computation. We'll take over-the-counter stocks that desire to be listed, thus moving them from a negotiation market, where everything is done by phone, to a public-auction market, where all bids and offers congregate simultaneously. Why a new stock exchange when New York already has two? Well, some people like the idea of being listed on a small new exchange with companies of their own size and about the same trading activity. Subjective values are present. This is really a historic occasion."

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CONTRAPUNTAL INTELLIGENCE: The programs at Town Hall now bear the message "If your coughing causes you distress, annoys the artists and our patrons, please let us help you. Kindly signal an usher and you will be provided with a delicious lemon-flavored Vicks Vitamin C Cough Drop."

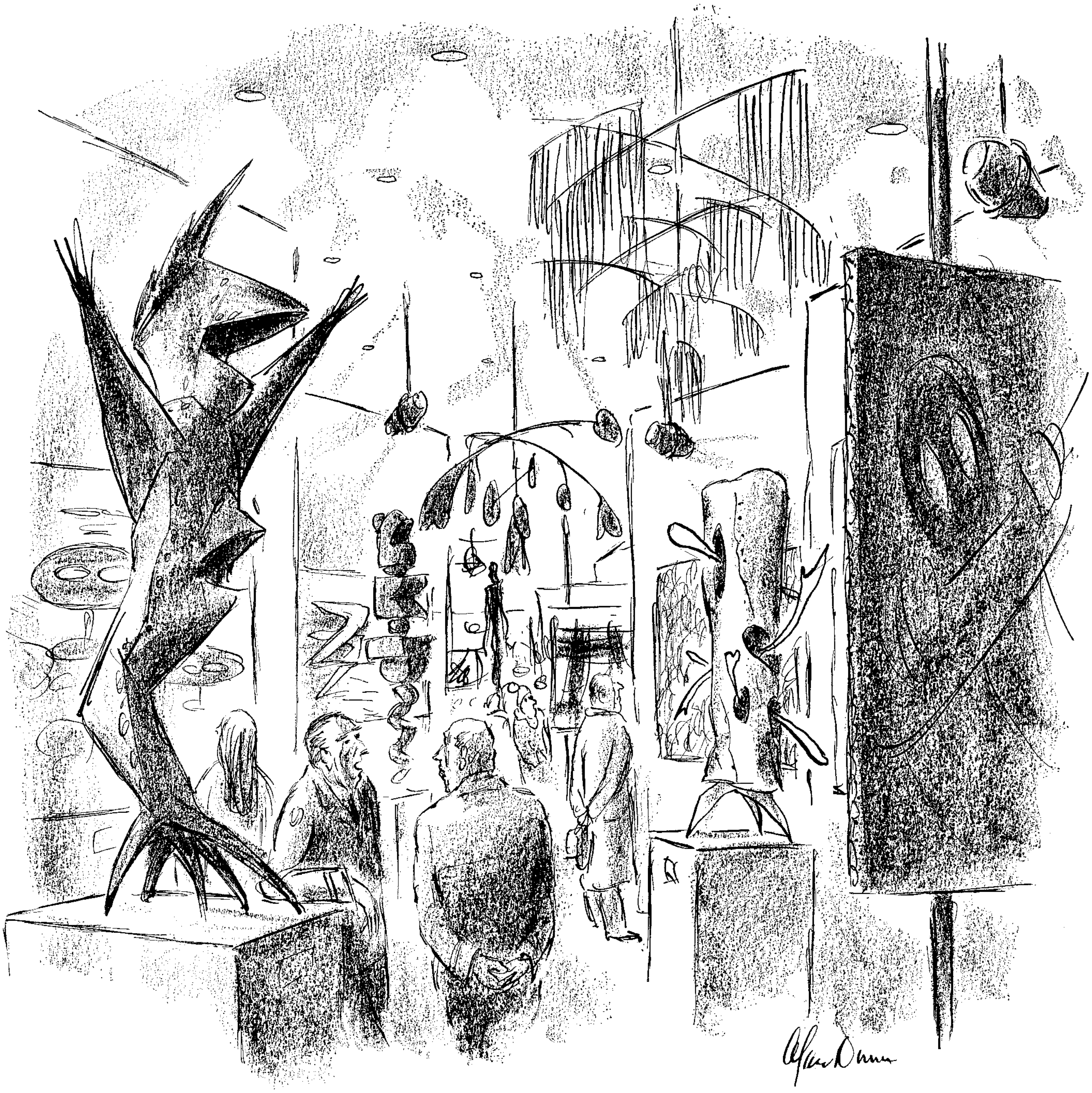
In a Second

THE telephone people have recently installed, in the little town of Morris, Illinois, the world's first electronic central office, and are now assessing the performance of this experimental model and perfecting the necessary hardware for a production model, to be ready for installation throughout the country by 1965. A duplicate of the Morris central office is to be found—we almost said "lives"—at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, across the river in Whippany, and to Whippany we've been, to examine the marvel in person and try, with the help of a veritable campanile of Bell technicians, to understand something of its intricate, not quite indescribable workings. The two things that impressed us most about the electronic central office—it is known as ECO for short, and is nothing much to look at, seeming scarcely more than a commonplace assemblage of tall gray steel cabinets—are its fantastic speed and its no less fantastic ability to correct itself.

Everything about ECO's speed astonishes us even as we set it down; italics form in our mind, and we find it hard to discard them unused. For ECO performs in mere millionths of a second the same switching operations that our conventional electromechanical systems of interconnecting relays take thousandths of a second to perform. (A thousandth of a second is known as a millisecond; a millionth of a second is a microsecond.) The fractions of time thus saved may strike us as infinitesimal, but to ECO they are well-nigh infinite. Most of us think of a second as short; to the men at Bell, it has come to seem extremely long. The twelve seconds that it takes the average person to dial a seven-digit number amount, in ECO's terms, to an eon, in which millions upon millions of separate tasks can be successfully carried out. When you reflect on how much ECO can accomplish in a microsecond, and then reflect that there are more microseconds in a minute than there are minutes in a century, ECO's capacity for work assumes truly dazzling proportions.

Before we start talking about ECO's uncanny ability to correct itself—a quality that appeals to us because we're optimistically inclined to consider it ECO's most nearly human manifestation—we'd better attempt to state what ECO is. First off, and not very helpfully, it's the sum of all that is contained in those tall gray cabinets: twelve thousand transistors, a hundred and six thousand diodes, twenty-three thousand neon-gas tubes, and tens of thousands of other electronic components. Altogether, this jungle of diverse equipment makes up a general-purpose switching system endowed with the basic functions of logic and memory necessary for solving data-processing problems. By routing orders that come to it in the form of electrical pulses, a central control directs the operation of line scanners, signal distributors, and a switching network. The central control is itself under control, being instructed at every stage in the completion of a telephone call by what amounts to a permanent memory, containing a program of instructions that is stored on four photographic plates in the form of two and a quarter million bits. (Bits—a word derived from the phrase "binary digits"—are coded dots, which are the equivalent of yes-or-no answers to pre-stated questions, and these bits are read off the photographic plates and translated into electrical pulses by a cathode-ray tube and a system of lenses at the rate of twenty-five bits every few millionths of a second.) Two so-called temporary memories, each capable of retaining 16,384 items of information, record the status of lines and dial pulses by "reading" and "writing" electrical charges that are beamed at a mica target.

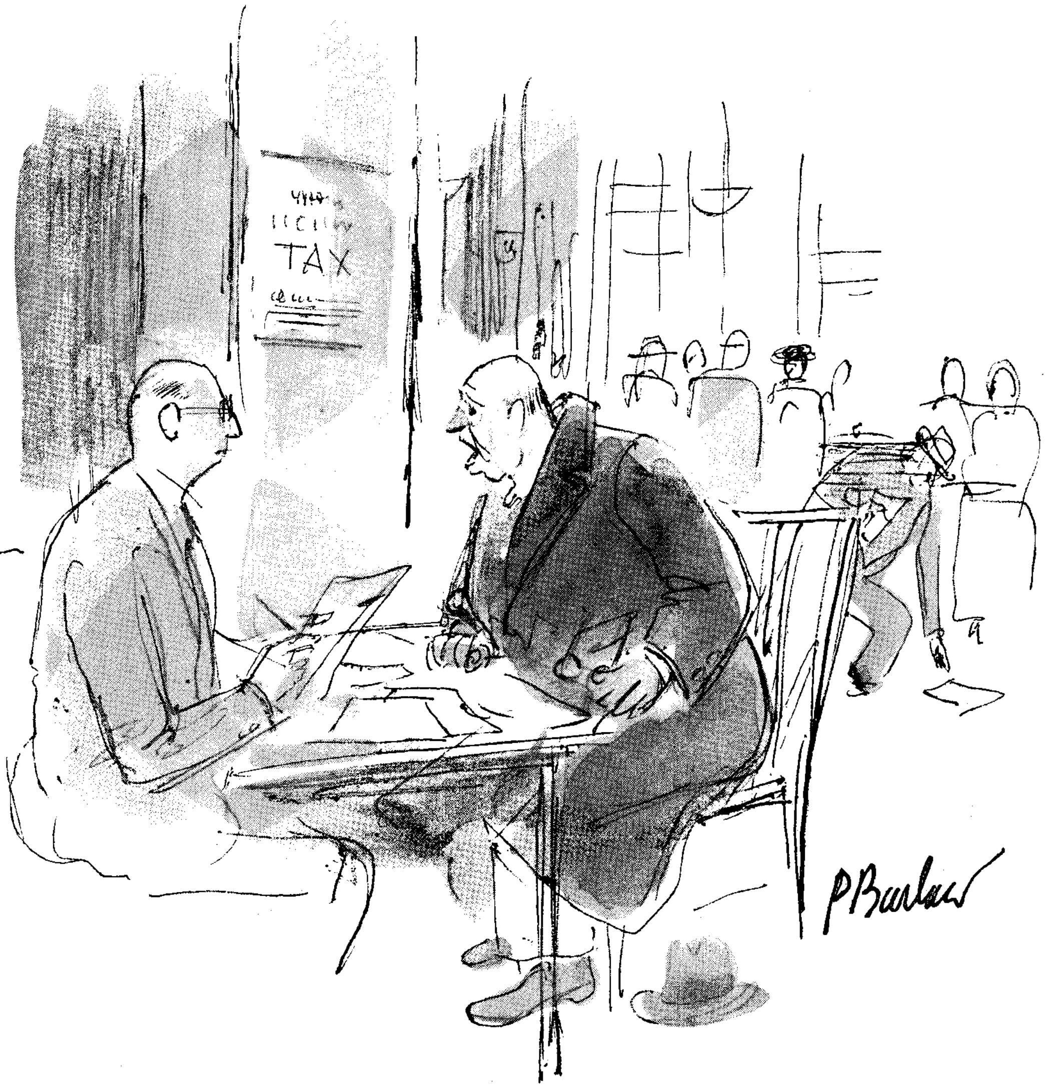
Prodigious are ECO's innards, and prodigious is its performance. A high-speed scanning switch checks the condition—on or off—of each of a thousand telephone lines ten times a second. This condition is relayed through the cen-



"Oh, it doesn't bother me too much. When I go home at night, I throw it all off."

• •

tral control unit to one or another of the temporary memories. When a customer picks up his telephone to make a call, the scanner detects the presence of voltage and reports it to control, which knows from the record kept in the temporary memory that a tenth of a second ago the phone was peacefully in its cradle. If the temporary memory has no record of anyone's trying to reach the customer's line, control draws the conclusion that the customer wishes to originate a call. It orders the switching network to send him a dial tone; reserves space in the temporary memory to record the digits he will dial; ascertains from the permanent memory the customer's own number, the type of line—private, party, or coin—that he is using, and the class of service to which he is entitled; and causes the scanner to speed up and look at the line a hundred times a second, in order to make sure that the dial pulses will be registered correctly. Since all this is accomplished in from ten to twenty microseconds, ECO has many precious microseconds left to devote to other tasks before the human slowpoke at the far end of the line contrives to coördinate mind and forefinger, and actually starts dialling. In Morris, ECO is hooked up alongside a conventional electromechanical system, and therefore executes only a small portion of the high jinks it's capable of. What we say of ECO from this point on describes what it's designed to do eventually, not what it does. A customer having started to make a call, the dial pulses get under way, and control darts back and forth between its memories, asking the temporary memory for the digits it has recorded and asking the permanent memory for a translation of the digits into instructions. When three digits of a normal seven-digit number have been called, the permanent memory tells control, depending on whether the call is local or long-distance, what exchange or trunk line to look for. Control asks its temporary memory whether a line in this category is free, and, if it is, orders a signal distributor to activate a relay, so that outpulsing may



"Push me too far, by God, and I'll convert every damn cent into tax-free municipals!"

• •

begin. (Outpulsing is sending out from central the number that Slowpoke has just sent in.) Temporary memory records the outpulsing and informs control when it has been completed. Control then orders the switching network to give a ringing connection to the number being called and a ring-back tone to the customer making the call. Elapsed time for a typical local connecting operation, from the cessation of dialling until the first ring: two to three thousandths of a second.

Now for the self-correcting feature. Most computers have a built-in ability to stop functioning the moment they start making mistakes, but ECO must maintain service at all costs and is therefore designed to check up on itself constantly. Every microsecond of spare time is spent giving itself thorough physical examinations by means that have been set up for that very purpose in its permanent memory. This is possible because ECO, like Noah's Ark, comes equipped with two of nearly everything—two central control units, two permanent memories, two pairs of temporary memories, and so on. All of these duplicate parts go chugging along until the instant ECO catches itself making some clumsy error in logic; then the two central control units start setting each other a master problem, and the unit that proves unable to solve it is automatically switched off. Its twin thereupon not only takes up the burden of providing telephone service singlehanded but proceeds to carry out a closer questioning of the faulty unit. Once it has discovered where the trouble lies, the healthy unit prints out in code on a teletypewriter the exact cause and location of its twin's ailment, and that terribly old-fashioned object, a human being, steps into the picture for the first time.

What we've told you is the merest introduction to the wonders of ECO, but we think it had better suffice for the time being. Every word of it is true, though we can't say we believe it; billions and billions of milliseconds will have to pass before we do.

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OVERHEARD on a Third Avenue bus, tweedy man to lady in furs: "I finally planted my hyacinth and tulip bulbs, my irises and sweet peas—*all* the flowers for next spring—and then they were promptly scratched up and eaten by the damned peacock."

Left Hand and Right

THANKS to a friend in Paris, we're in possession of two small volumes that were recently printed over there. One volume is entitled "Le Président Nixon: La Nouvelle Vague à la Maison Blanche," and the other volume is entitled "Le Président Kennedy: La Nouvelle Vague à la Maison Blanche." The second of these volumes is a current best-seller in France; the entire edition of the first was ordered destroyed by its potential publishers, and the few copies that escaped destruction are already, so we understand, collectors' items. The two books were written by the same man, at practically the same time. This enterprising follower of the Biblical injunction never to let your left hand know what your right hand is doing is Nicolas Chatelain, United States correspondent for *Le Figaro*, and in order to get the story of his double deed we telephoned him in Washington, where he has his headquarters, and begged the privilege of an interview the next time a wave, new or old, happened to wash him in our direction.

That occasion arrived a few days ago, and we found ourself confronting a lean, rather professorial-looking man in his middle forties, who speaks English with an accent more Oxford than French, and who told us that he'd had no particular difficulty in writing the books from diametrically opposed points of view. "It was like arguing both sides in a debate," he said. "What was sometimes awkward was that, hurriedly switching from one manuscript to the other, I'd become a trifle confused as to which set of thoughts I was supposed to be having—Republican thoughts or Democratic, Nixon's or Kennedy's. I've lived in this country almost continuously for over ten years, I covered the 1952, 1956, and 1960 Presidential campaigns for *Le Figaro*, and I've met Vice-President Nixon and Senator Kennedy a number of times, so I felt pretty well qualified to tell both sides of the story."

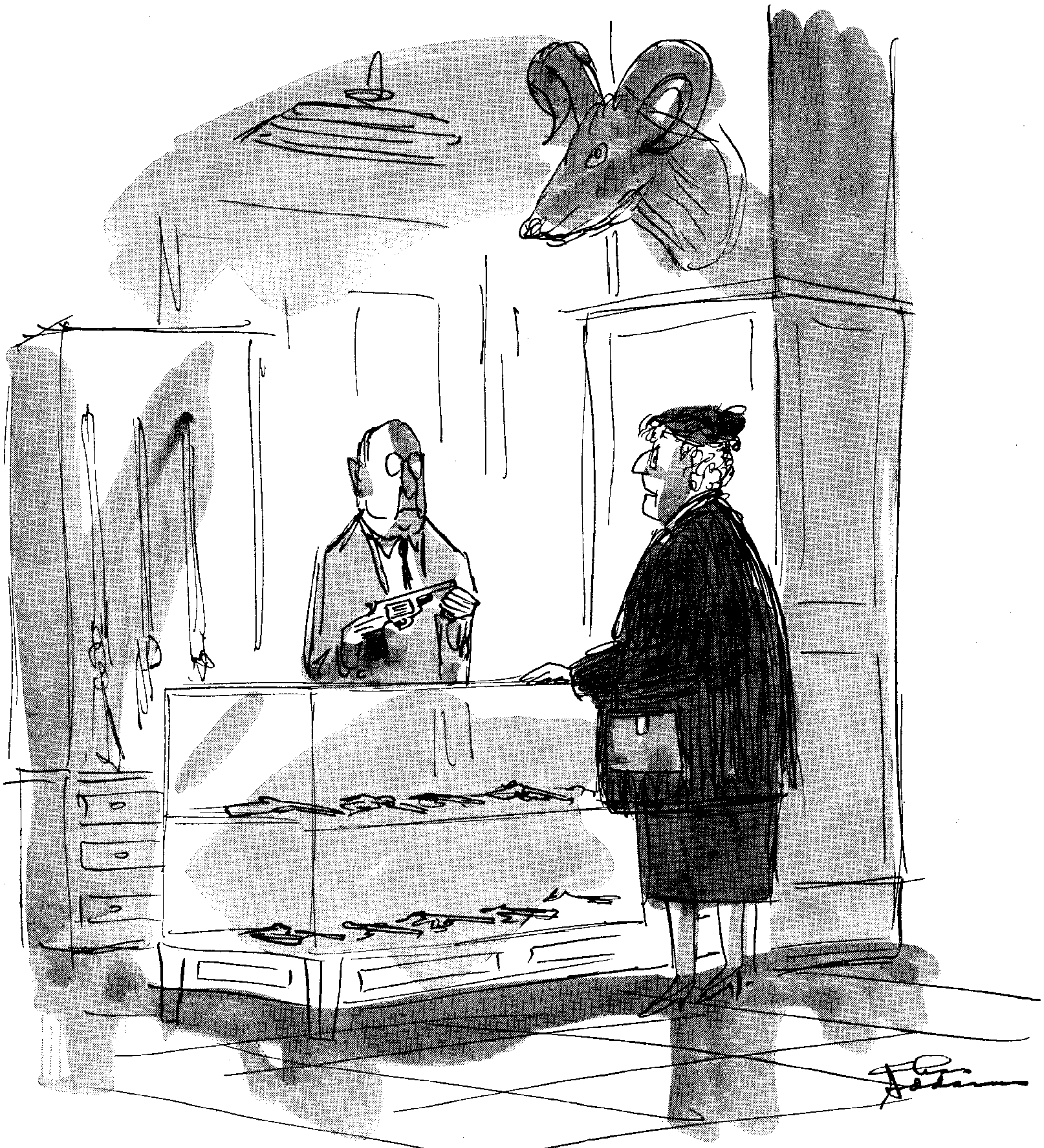
Not long after the Republican Convention, the Paris publishing house of Plon approached M. Chatelain with the suggestion that he write the two books, on the understanding that both would be printed and ready to be published/destroyed the moment the election results were in. "The challenge lay in my having to treat the election as a *fait accompli*," M. Chatelain told us. "In one book, I started with a victorious Nixon, giving the man's background and discussing the effect his election would have on America and the rest of the world—with special emphasis, of course, on France. In the other book, I did exactly the same thing for *le vainqueur* Kennedy. By the way, I put that 'Nouvelle Vague' in the titles because you can't sell anything in France these days unless it has a wave in it."

The deadline for the manuscripts was October 20th, just three weeks before the election. Since M. Chatelain didn't start his ambidextrous labors until after the first of August, and since he was covering the two candidates for *Le Figaro*, life became both frantic and schizophrenic. "I was always on the trail with one man or the other," he said. "Most of my work on the books had to be done late at night, in hotel rooms or on trains or planes, after I'd filed my regular daily copy to Paris. I rode the Vice-President's campaign train through Pennsylvania and Ohio, writing after hours about 'President' Kennedy and his new wave in the White House, and I travelled through California and Texas with Senator Kennedy, spending whatever spare time I had writing about 'President' Nixon and *his* new wave. Made me feel something of a traitor to both sides."

At first, M. Chatelain was convinced that Nixon was going to win, but when he saw the enormous crowds that turned out to greet Kennedy, he changed his mind. He believes now that the uncertainty reflected by this change was a good thing, because it caused him to make equal efforts with the two books. He airmailed the manuscripts to Paris on the evening of October 19th. Plon printed eight thousand copies of each book, then tranquilly awaited the election returns. On the afternoon of the day the results were in, copies of "Le Président Kennedy" were on sale all over Paris. "Until the public learned that I'd written *two* books, it was thought that I must have marvellous psychic powers," M. Chatelain said. "Thank goodness, the late swing to Nixon didn't change the final results! I'd never have lived it down."

Frozen Assets

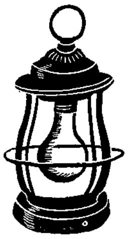
DURING the celebrated blizzard of 1960, which is still cold and damp in our memory, a friend of ours presented himself at the impressive branch of the Bankers Trust Company at Madison Avenue and Forty-eighth Street at the waking hour (for bankers) of nine o'clock on that Monday when the wind was high and the snow falling fast. He wanted to cash a check for sixty dollars. The teller stammered something about taking it up with the branch manager, and presently left his cage and returned in the company of an austere gentleman, who announced that he was willing to give our friend twenty-five dollars as a personal loan but just could not ante up sixty dollars. Seems the bank was unable to open the vault where its money is kept, because the men responsible for this midtown Fort Knox were all snowed in in their suburban haunts. We're happy to report that the twenty-five tided our friend over until the guardians of the cash turned up and got the vault in operation.



"But why do I need a license? It's only for use around the house."

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS, BUT WATCH YE STEP

WHEN the *Times* recently braided the floral into the fiscal with a report that a Balkan government had deposited eleven hundred pounds of attar of roses, valued at eight hundred and forty thousand dollars, in a London bank, a good many people doubtless began hoarding petals and envisioning themselves on Easy Street. I, for one, was not among them; by a fortuitous circumstance that will presently emerge, I knew of the transaction a full year ago, and, at the risk of sounding melodramatic, I’ll add that I was drawn into a pretty harebrained conspiracy as a result. For less enlightened readers, however, the dispatch went on to clarify the bald details. A basic ingredient in the manufacture of perfume, the attar—a heavy, pale-yellow oil stored in small metal drums—had been put up as collateral by Bulgaria, in lieu of gold, at the Moscow Narodny Bank, a Communist finance house for East-West trade. But, said a New York expert named Walker the *Times* consulted, who deals in such commodities, “any purchaser would have to be on the alert. There have been cases where the oil in the sealed casks proved to be diluted or otherwise inferior.” The *Times* continued, “He recalled one case, in the late Nineteen Forties, when his concern rejected attar offered at $1,000 a pound. Some time later, the company bought the attar at $2.50 a pound. At the time, Mr. Walker said, confidence men were more likely to try to sell diluted attar, because techniques to analyze the contents of the oil were not so sure as they are now. Today, for example, Mr. Walker’s company would test attar purchases with such techniques as infrared spectrophotometry, or gas chromatography. ‘But the final judge of the question is still the nose,’ Mr. Walker said.”



Up to a point, my own embroilment with the treasure in the Narodny vaults was purest mischance; it stemmed from an accidental lunch in Covent Garden last October with Basil Scrymgeour, a British publicist. Scrymgeour and I had met originally in New York a couple of years before, during his brief tenure there for the B.B.C., and had dined on occasion at Lindy’s, the cuisine of which appealed to us both. It was only natural, therefore, that when we collided in the Charing Cross Road that forenoon he should propose a like *ambiance* to signalize our reunion.

“Gastlich’s, in Brewer Street, old man,” he said, energetically linking arms with me. “What, you don’t know it? The best pastrami in London. A blintz fit for a prince. Luscious golden matzo balls. Rye bread that’ll bring tears to your eyes.” As we wove through the turmoil of the wholesale food district, perilously sliding over a carpet of soup greens, Scrymgeour worked himself into a dangerous frenzy. The chopped chicken liver at Gastlich’s, he stated categorically, was the finest in the world. Nor was this merely his opinion, he added, summoning up a noble authority—the Marquess of Londonderry thought so, too. Why the hell the latter was qualified to pontificate on chicken liver I could not imagine, but the weight of royal precedent was clearly incontestable with an Englishman, and I displayed suitable awe.

Except for the insolence of the waiters, which compared favorably with any I had encountered on Second Avenue, Gastlich’s proved as spurious as I had anticipated. The marinated herring was a desecration and the bagels a mockery, the much-vaunted rye bread the work of an unbeliever who obviously drew no distinction between sesame and caraway seeds.

“Look here, you don’t seem very hungry,” complained Scrymgeour, glancing up from his sandwich. “Liver a bit peckish?”

“Brackish, I’d say rather,” I replied, and waved it into limbo. “Maybe I should have ordered sturgeon, too.”

“Fatal mistake,” he agreed smugly. “Mine’s absolutely wizard. But then, I’ve a thing about sturgeon—can’t get enough of it. Dead keen on the stuff; have been from boyhood. Know something? I’ll wager if somebody gave me a whole sturgeon—”

“I beg your pardon, friend,” said a voice in the next booth. “I couldn’t help overhearing that.” Startled, we turned and beheld a dapper character leaning over Scrymgeour’s shoulder. Though he sported a luxuriant Guards mustache and a club tie, his accent was patently American, and his facile bonhomie reminded me somehow of George Jessel. “You New York boys?”

“Well, he is,” replied my tablemate. “I was there—”

“I knew I’d seen you,” the intruder said with triumph. “Around Lindy’s. I’m Julie Cahoon. Mind if I sit with you?” The question was already academic, for he was halfway into our banquette. Only Alfred Hitchcock, he declared effervescently, could have conceived so staggering a coincidence. He likewise was a sturgeon lover; had, in fact, just consumed a portion, and insisted on catechizing the waiter to prove it. Alarmed at our succumbing to a bore, or, worse yet, the victim of an *idée fixe*, I became restive, but Cahoon ignored me. As one aficionado to another, he told Scrymgeour, he felt obliged to reveal the existence in London of a veritable El Dorado, a Nibelungen hoard of Russian sturgeon and caviar to be had for the taking. “It breaks my heart to see it going to waste,” he said, endeavoring to contain his emotion. “It’s just laying there piled up to the ceiling, begging for someone to cop it.”

“But what would I do with it?” objected Scrymgeour. “Why, damn it all, one fish that size’d last a man for months.”

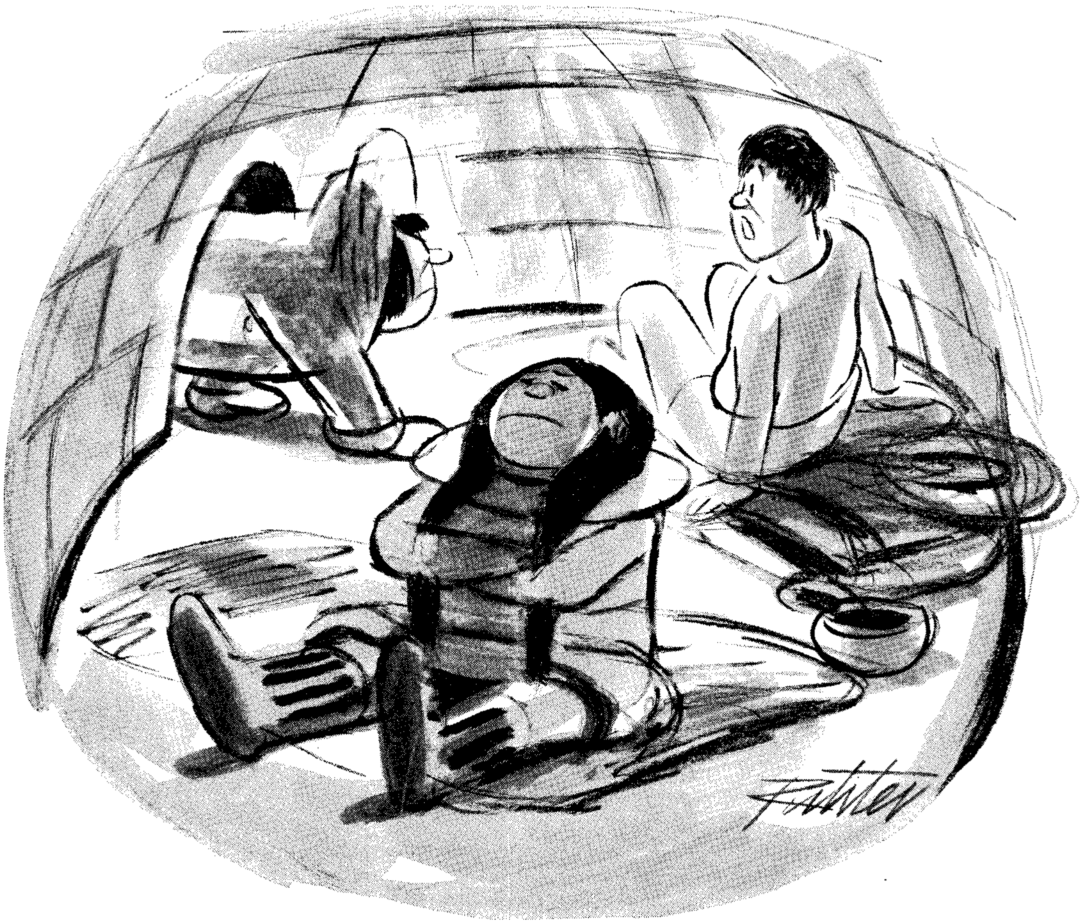
“Do with it?” echoed the other. “Sell it, of course—export it! Do you know what it’d fetch at Barney Greengrass’s in New York, or Reuben’s? I don’t have much of a head for figures, Mac,” he said, exuding more candor than a Shubert ingénue, “but this I’ll put in writing—ten thousand per cent profit on your investment!”

“I thought you said this stuff was free,” I corrected. I sometimes pretend to be naïve about business, but, deep down, the proposal didn’t sound kosher to me.

“Refrigeration, shipping charges,” he said evasively. “Also a little matter of hush money in the right quarters. Which I feel I ought to explain.”

The feeling was general, the explanation more so. Unknown to the laity, certain European governments had latterly taken to depositing recherché essences and comestibles as financial security in a London bank. The coffers of the Moscow Narodny, swore Cahoon, literally bulged with ambergris from Norway, Bulgarian attar of roses, afflatus (the Hungarian indispensable in the manufacture of strudel), and various *zakuska* (finny delicacies from the U.S.S.R.) beyond catalogue. Sole guardian of the treasure was an outwardly dedicated young member of the Comsomol named Boguslav.

“Boguslav my eye,” our informant sneered. “He ought to shorten it to Bogus. He’s a crooner from Altoona—Nick Sauerwein. I knew him in the Army, up in Frankfurt, and then the other day I ran into him here at the races. At first he made like a muzhik—the deadpan bit—but after a few beers he broke down. The guy’s a mad horse-



"Let's be civilized about this. Your wife and I can't stand each other."

• •

player and he's lost his shirt. Also he's mixed up with this bim, an actress in the West End, that she's taking him to the cleaners. Get the picture?"

Scrymgeour blinked at him. "You mean he's been dipping into the assets?"

"What else?" asked Cahoon. "He borrowed a pail of attar here, a couple of sturgeon there, and now he's paralyzed that the auditors might check up. That's where we come in. If I slip him a couple of hundred to square the bookies, he'll glom enough fish out of the strong room for us to fly them to New York and make a quick turnover."

"He'd still have the auditors on his back," I contended.

"That problem I already solved," he said, with a dazzling smile. "There's some papier-mâché tunas in a Japanese kite store he can substitute for the time being, till the heat is off. Well, gents, how does it sound to you? Better talk fast if you want in."

"Mmm," said Scrymgeour dubiously. "Don't you think we should meet this—er—Bogus fellow, just to insure he's not pulling the wool over our eyes?"

"He wouldn't dare, not with what I got on him," returned Cahoon. "Besides, it's too risky, a contact between him and you. The bank's watching him every second. One false move—well, you know those Russkies." He flicked a finger across his throat in a graphic gesture, then rose abruptly. "I tell you—mull it over in your head and call me tonight at Claridge's. The lobby," he specified. "I'm working out of there while they find me a suite. Abbadabba."

I must say that for a person of his experience and worldliness Basil Scrymgeour is one of the most artless men I know. Cynical though he can be of pretense, alive to the humbug of his industrial and show-business clients, he nonetheless proceeded to display a fatuity about the project that appalled me. I pointed out that Cahoon was visibly on the muscle and his story a tissue, that to involve oneself in an international fish-running scheme was to court disaster, but he doggedly rejected my plea. These were piping times, he retorted, and it behooved a chap to feather his nest if he could. Perhaps, he said—and I confess I bridled a bit—I tended to regard Cahoon as a spiv because we sprang from the same general background. Realizing that further admonition would only impair our friendship, I washed my hands of the affair.

"Ah, well, I don't propose to get down on my hands and knees," said Scrymgeour, with the clear imputation that I was an ignatz. "But I do expect one favor. Will you look after my interest—act as my factor, so to speak—when you're back in the States?"

"I most certainly will not," I started to say, but then I forbore. On reconsideration, I felt, Scrymgeour would inevitably perceive the folly of his design and abandon it.

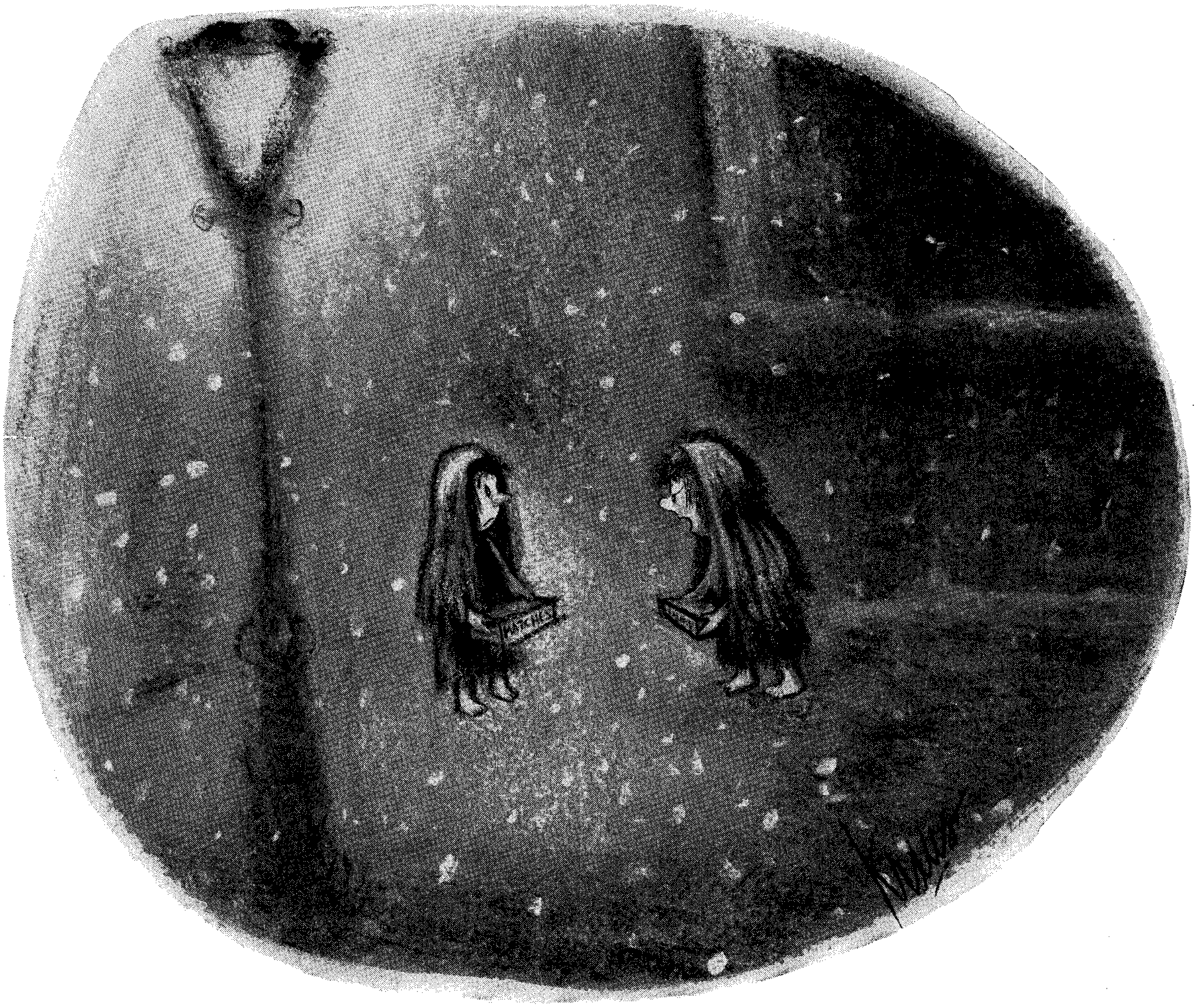
I couldn't have been more mistaken. A fortnight later, a garbled phone message at the hotel announced that certain marine goods were in transit overseas, regarding which instructions would be wired to me on my return there. Pursuant to the principle that if you ignore something it ceases to exist, I busied myself with other concerns—I had come to London primarily to buy some Newmarket boots and a mask for pigeon shooting—and in due course flew on to New York. The cable I found waiting from Scrymgeour, while discreetly worded, left no doubt of the mandate he was issuing to me. A deal had been successfully effected with one Monroe Langsam, at the Moby Dick Delicatessen on Amsterdam Avenue. I was to rendezvous with him, employing the pseudonym Marty Torment, collect payment as agreed, and telegraph it forthwith to the partners at Scrymgeour's flat. Claridge's, I deduced, was still unable to find Cahoon a suite.

The exterior of the Moby Dick Delicatessen, on the raw autumnal morning I approached it, gave little token of the intrigue flourishing within; a hand-lettered sign advertising fresh belly lox flapped disconsolately from the steamy window, and behind it I saw the usual dusty display of roast chickens, stuffed olives, and Miss Rheingold. A burly individual with a voluted nostril, attired in a surgical gown and straw hat, was unpacking bloaters at the counter as I entered. He surveyed me indifferently as I sat down at a rear table and unfolded a newspaper. After a moment, he sauntered back, hands enveloped in a towel. "Yes, gentleman?"

I pretended to be absorbed in my paper. "Imported sturgeon sandwich and a glass of tea," I murmured.

"Sturgeon, you said?" His languor yielded to watchfulness on the instant. "We don't handle it, Mister."

"I hear different, Langsam," I said, looking up quietly. "In fact, I'm



"Why don't you find your own corner?"

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told you received a big fat invoice of it a few days back."

"Who—who are you?" he stammered. "How did you know me?"

"It's my business to know things like that, bud," I said. "What does the name Marty Torment mean to you?"

"Sh-h-h—quiet!" he besought me, and cast a panicky glance toward the street. Then he bent forward. "England?" he asked furtively. "Julie Cahoon?"

"Check," I said. "Here's their cable to show I'm legit, and I'll take the money in small bills—unmarked, if you don't mind."

"You'll get it, don't worry," he promised. He slid into the chair opposite me, his voice aquiver with entreaty. "There's just one little minor complication, though, Mr. Torment. The shipment seems to be O.K., but I'm having it analyzed by an expert to make sure."

"How?" I demanded. "By infrared spectrophotometry? Gas chromatography? Some phony technique like that?"

"Nah, he just sniffs it," said Langsam. "The final judge of the question is still the nose. Tonight he brings me his report, tomorrow I bring you the gelt wherever you say. Fair enough?"

It was, I saw, manifestly futile to apply pressure in the situation, and after whispered debate we agreed on a circumspect locale for the payoff. Had anyone been loitering around the Akeley Collection at the Museum of Natural History the next afternoon, he might have observed a burly individual with a voluted nostril accost a trench-coated figure, the brim of whose hat was snapped well down over his eyes. Unless the spectator was alert, however, he would have failed to notice the packet, wrapped in oilpaper, that passed swiftly between them. Forty-five minutes later, at a Western Union office, I filled in the particulars of a money-order form, opened the packet to verify the contents, and discovered what any astute reader of police fiction could have predicted. Before me lay three dozen slices of flavorsome, micrometrically thin corned beef. Almost simultaneously, two inescapable facts struck me. First, no conventional bank facilities I knew of could possibly transmit such payment abroad, and, second, nobody familiar with exploits of this genre would bother to raise a hue and cry, for the presiding genius of the Moby Dick must long ago have flown. I therefore took home the *valuta*, placed it on deposit, and nibbled away at it until it disappeared. I feel a twinge every time I go into Lindy's, thinking I'll meet Cahoon, but, Lord, he wouldn't dare denounce me. Not with what I've got on *him*.

—S. J. PERELMAN

JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR

I

In the long journey out of the self
There are many detours, washed-out interrupted raw places
Where the shale slides dangerously
And the back wheels hang almost over the edge
At the sudden veering, the moment of turning.
Better to hug close, wary of rubble and falling stones:
The arroyo cracking the road, the wind-bitten buttes, the canyons,
Creeks swollen in midsummer from the flash flood roaring into the narrow valley,
Reeds beaten flat by wind and rain,
Gray from the long winter, burnt at the base in late summer;

Or the path narrowing, winding upward
Toward the stream with its sharp stones,
The upland of alder and birch trees,
Through the swamp alive with quicksand,
The way blocked at last by a fallen fir tree,
The thickets darkening, the ravines ugly.

II

I remember how it was to drive in gravel,
Watching for dangerous downhill places where the wheels whined beyond eighty;
When you hit the deep pit at the bottom of the swale
The trick was to throw the car sideways and charge over the hill, full on the throttle,
Grinding up and over the narrow road, spitting and roaring—
A chance? Perhaps. But the road was part of me, and its ditches,
And the dust lay thick on my eyelids (who ever wore goggles?),
Always a sharp turn to the left past a barn close to the roadside,
To a scurry of small dogs and a shriek of children,
The highway ribboning out in a straight thrust to the North
To the sand dunes, and fish flies hanging, thicker than moths,
Dying brightly under the street lights sunk in coarse concrete,
The towns with their high pitted road crowns and deep gutters,
Their wooden stores of silvery pine and weather-beaten red courthouses,
An old bridge below with a buckled iron railing, broken by some idiot plunger,
Underneath, the sluggish water running between weeds, broken wheels, tires, stones.

And all flows past:
The cemetery with two scrubby trees in the middle of the prairie;
The dead snakes and muskrats, the turtles gasping in the rubble;
The spiky purple bushes in the winding dry creek bed;
The floating hawks, the jack rabbits, the grazing cattle—
I am not moving but they are—
And the sun comes out of a blue cloud over the Tetons,
While, farther away, the heat lightning flashes.

I rise and fall in the slow sea of a grassy plain,
The wind veering the car slightly to the right,
Whipping the line of white laundry, bending the cottonwoods apart,
The scraggly windbreak of a dusty ranch house.

I rise and fall, and time folds
Into a long moment;
And I hear the lichen speak,
And the ivy advance with its white lizard feet—
On the shimmering road,
On the dusty detour.

III

Between the rising and the falling,
Between the lifting and the relinquishing,
Between the swung rope of the bell
And the full peal of sound across the field over the broad valley,
Between the first trembling of the wren's throat and the burst of song from the hedgerow,
In the moment of time when the small drop forms but does not fall,
I have known the heart of the sun—
In the dark and light of a dry place,
In a flicker of fire brisked by a dusty wind.
I have heard, in a drip of leaves,
A slight song
After the midnight cries.
I see the flower of all water, above and below me, the never-receding,
Moving, unmoving in a parched land, white in the moonlight,
The soul at a stillstand,
At ease after rocking the flesh to sleep,
Petals and reflections of petals mixed on the surface of a glassy pool,
And the waves flattening out when the fishermen drag their nets over the stones.

I rehearse myself for this:
The stand at the stretch in the face of death,
Delighting in surface change, the glitter of light on waves.
And I roam elsewhere, my body thinking,
Turning toward the other side of light,
In a tower of wind, a tree idling in air,
Beyond my own echo,
Neither forward nor backward,
Unperplexed, in a place leading nowhere.

As a blind man, lifting a curtain, knows it is morning,
I know this change:
On one side of silence there is no smile;
But when I breathe with the birds,
The spirit of wrath becomes the spirit of blessing,
And the dead begin from their dark to sing in my sleep.

—Theodore Roethke

THE POWER OF PRAYER

NOTHING in their lives was natural any longer—that was what it amounted to. And nothing that touched them did not take on a certain kind of strangeness.

That morning, the cold woke Aileen. She raised her head from the pillow and held it stiffly, straining her thin, rather long neck. Then she lifted herself on her elbows, and her eyes and her ears, her arms and legs and stomach—particularly her stomach—all were involved in the act of listening. There was no sound in the house, nothing but silence. A car passed. Three blocks away, on South Street, a bus buzzed against the morning. Aileen fell back onto her face, burrowing into the pillow and under the covers, tunnelling down into softness and warmth, away from the deep quiet that, a moment before, had been so shocking.

"It's ten of seven," her mother said from the doorway. She stood there a moment, almost as though she were not quite sure what her next move should be, and then, when she saw Aileen push back the covers, she left.

The house was full of winter. The accumulated stuffiness of the long, cold months crowded in corners and was, against the upholstery, almost granular to the touch. Aileen stepped out of bed, picked up her underwear, and went out into the hexagonal hall, looking neither to the left nor to the right, as though this were a strange house and she a timid guest. Safely inside the bathroom, she turned the big old-fashioned key in the lock, shut the toilet cover, and put her clothes on top of it. Then, avoiding the face that looked out at her from the mirror, she ran the scalding-hot and cloudy cold water in thin streams, rapidly dipping her facecloth in one and then the other, and rubbing it with a sliver of soap. She washed her face carelessly but gave great attention, afterward, to the cleaning of her teeth, using a long ribbon of toothpaste and brushing hard, as though they would never be clean enough to suit her. Instead of rinsing her mouth with the glass, she held her hair back and bent over to receive the water from the faucet, making sure her mouth did not touch the spigot. Not taking any notice of her body (she was too thin, they told her—thin as a rail, skin and bones), she put on the underwear, threw her pajama coat about her shoulders, and left the bathroom, walking firmly this time, over to the door of her parents' bedroom. The bed was empty, and only one pillow had been slept on. The door of the spare room yawned upon a bed that had not been slept in at all.

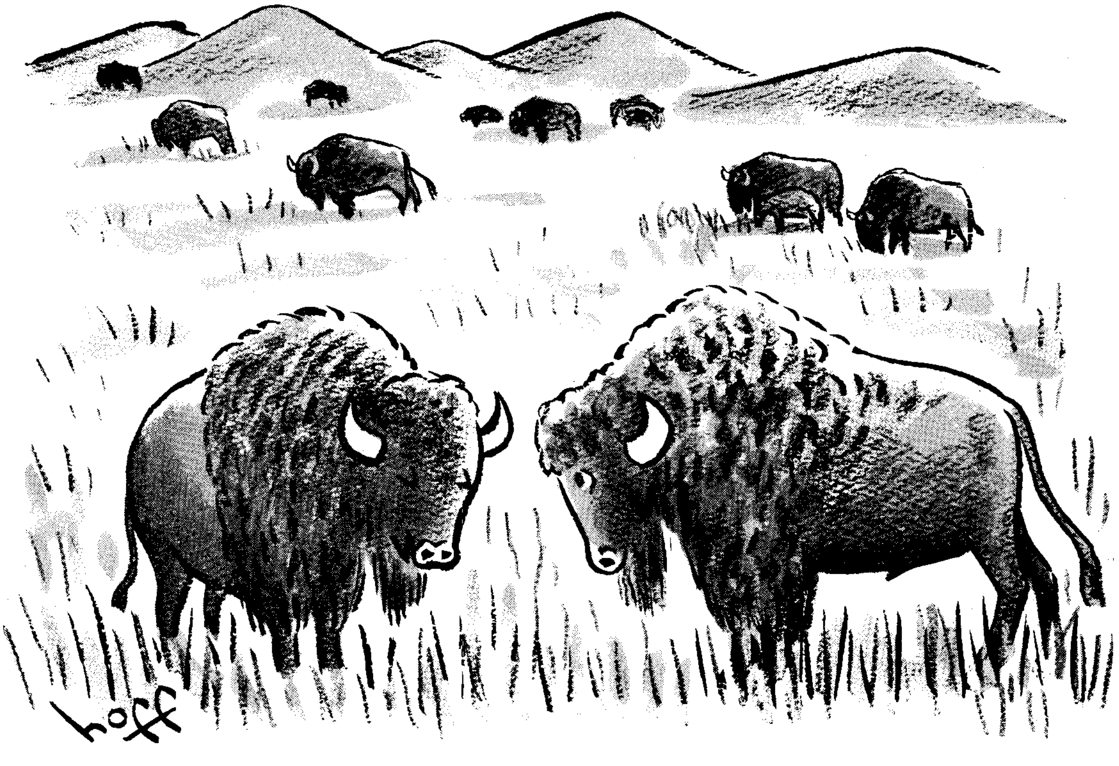
So he had not come home; her father had not come home.

Feeling more at ease, she went back to her room and took a navy serge jumper and gray cotton blouse from their hanger. When she put on this drab uniform, the material fell into pleats where the pattern called for none, and the sash went twice around her waist. (Too thin, she thought; too thin, too thin.) She combed her hair carefully, and left the room to begin the long descent through the house.

It was a very old-fashioned building. The kitchen, dining room, and furnace room were on the first floor, which was not quite as low as a basement but low enough to make those rooms cold and damp and dark. The second floor contained, behind a front porch, two adjacent parlors separated by brocade portières. All the bedrooms were on the top floor. When Aileen came to the first parlor, where, the day before, she had left her school hat, she turned the handle of the glass door, which opened with a creak onto the dark room. She looked into the dimness, which smelled of dust, and then sucked in a great breath of horror. There, fully dressed, his coat over him, his mouth open, sleeping deeply, snoring lightly, lay her father.

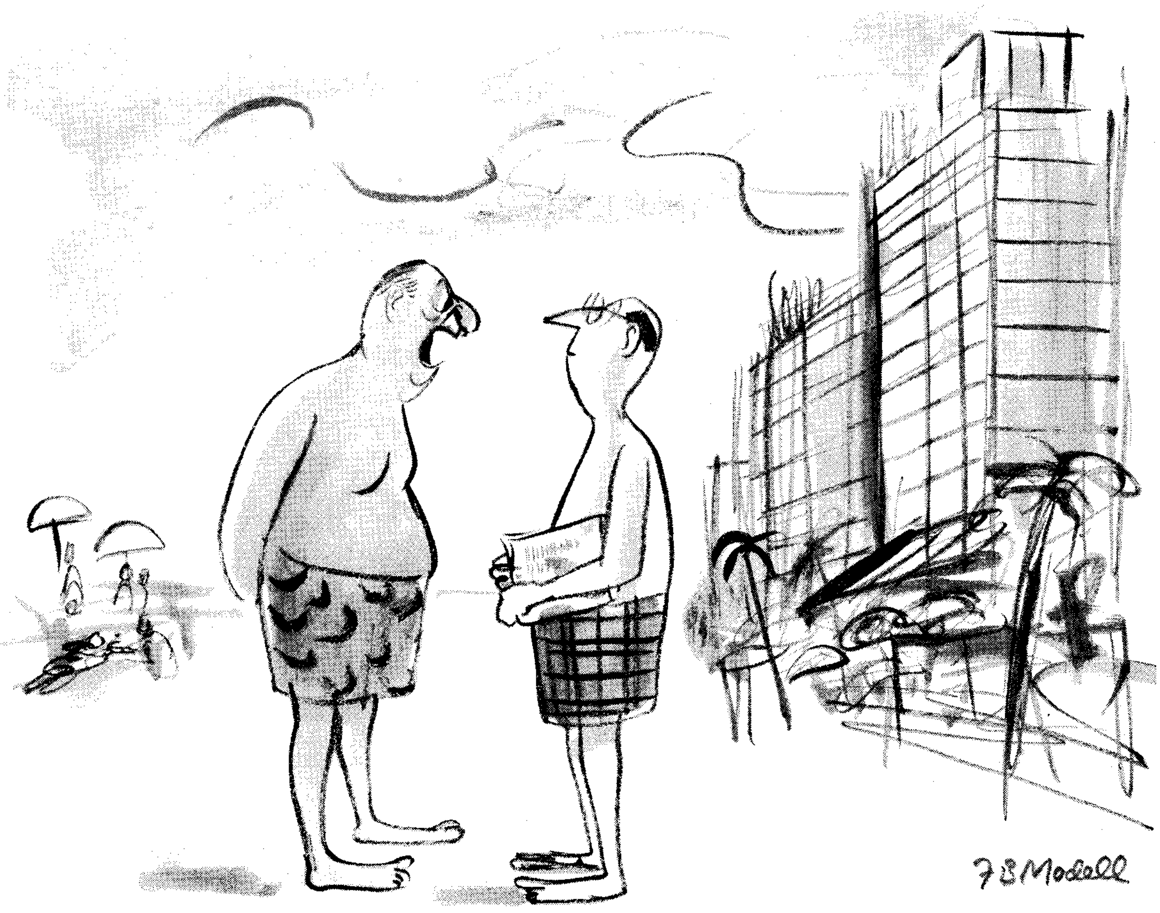
The wild scream of the teakettle rose and immediately was cut off. Aileen closed the door, keeping her hand over the knob until the catch fell softly into place. The second flight of stairs was dark and crooked; Aileen held tight to the banister, taking each step reluctantly, as though she could not quite see it. At the bottom she stood perfectly still, listening to the silence that seemed about to break the house apart, and then she walked down the narrow hall and looked through the little diamond-shaped window in the upper part of the door. Her mother was sitting at the kitchen table. She held a glass of tomato juice in one hand; the other supported her head. Pushing open the door, Aileen went over to the table and put her hand on her mother's back. Mrs. Driscoll did not look up. Instead, she reached out and took Aileen's other hand, rubbing her thumb over it and pressing the fingers between her own. Then she let it go and turned toward the window again.

With difficulty, Aileen drew out the words that the occasion demanded but that were, today, such a bad joke. Her voice as she



"Darling, I've something to tell you. We're going to be a little less extinct."

spoke was high, her eyes bright and frightened. "Happy birthday," she said.



"If I was the type to relax, could I afford to be here?"

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ON the first Friday of every month at the Academy of St. Monica, Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart was celebrated in the school auditorium for the benefit of the students, the nuns having already attended their own service in the small chapel on the second floor of the convent. For most of the girls, this meant getting up half an hour earlier, leaving the house without eating, and working throughout the day in a state of discomfort that was not dizziness, nor hunger, nor headache, nor nausea, but seemed to draw upon all of these sensations, and was in no way alleviated by the sweet bun and container of milk that the nuns distributed after Mass by way of breakfast.

Aileen had missed the seven-o'clock bus, and was the only girl from St. Monica's on the seven-fifteen. She would be late for Mass, she thought as, her arms full of books, she fell into an empty seat. Damp air blew in through the open window, and Aileen could feel the slight curl leaving the ends of her hair. She raised her hands to her head to protect it, and rested her elbows on the stack of books that were balanced so carefully—first the loose-leaf, then the health book, then the thick English readings, and next to it the smaller grammar and Latin and algebra texts. As they rode up the slope of South Street, between the rows of evenly spaced frame houses, Aileen began to go over the story around which was built her first year of high school: My father doesn't come home. . . .

The windows of the houses did not blink. The blinds were not flicked shut.

He doesn't come home until very late, she continued, and sometimes not at all. I'd almost rather he *didn't* come at all, because then there isn't a quarrel. When there's a quarrel, they don't ever seem to remember me. It doesn't matter to them that I can hear the things they say. Sometimes I have to cover my ears.

The bus entered Main Street, but the sight of the stores did not distract her.

It started when he left his job at the insurance company, she went on. My uncle built two apartment houses, and he made my father the manager of one. He was going to manage the other, too—after a while—and then they were supposed to build some more together. They were going to be partners, and we were going to be very well fixed. But instead, just the opposite happened. We never have enough money, and we're way in debt. The thing is, she added, almost ashamed to be telling herself, my father goes to horse races. And he drinks. And my mother says there may be some woman. . . .

After she had admitted those facts, she went over them again, but when they were spread out in her mind, like cards on a table, their meaning was still unintelligible to her. Those were things she had heard people joke about—drinking, and gambling, and the other. They weren't things that *happened;* they weren't more powerful than love in a family, and a quiet, happy life. . . . My mother thinks we should leave him, she went on, entering the next phase of the story. Maybe she's right. I don't know. I'm only fourteen. And he's my father. . . . Waves of self-pity began to rise inside her—high wave after high wave, falling against her heart. Only fourteen, she cried to herself. I'm only fourteen and my father doesn't come home.

The bus passed Jessup Park, where two flocks of pigeons, rising into the air, began to drift over the trees in wide, separate circles; encountering each other, they merged and flew together. Aileen's arms were stiff from holding her hair in place, and so she drew them down. The damage was done. It was already quite straight. As she watched the birds' exact, aimless flight, the force of her own unhappiness gradually seemed to diminish and, almost calmly, she thought, If my mother gets a separation, there will only be one signature on my report card. Mid-terms are next month. Everyone will know.

Beyond the next corner, against the gray sky, the grayer mass of St. Monica's took shape on its little hill. Aileen stood up and, trying to balance herself and the books, pulled the cord and started toward the rear exit. She jumped from the bus, then ran hard through the iron gates, under the arch of St. Augustine, up the hill, past the statue of the Sacred Heart that spread its arms in welcome, past the summerhouse at the top of the hill, and over to the school building.

As the heavy door crashed behind her, the warning bell rang from the auditorium ahead. Aileen slipped into one of the back rows and dropped to her knees on the stone floor just as the priest bent over the altar. Then the three long bells of the Consecration rang, and her body seemed to be ringing with them. Her prayer began to toll through her, knocking from side to side. Make him come home tonight, she said again and again, as though concentration itself were successful prayer. I beg of You. I plead with You. Make him come home. Make him come home. *Tonight.*

When the bells had stopped, a finger drummed sharply on Aileen's shoulder, and she looked up at Sister Alphonsus Liguori, who stood over her, holding out a scrap of thick net veiling. "Where is your uniform hat, Miss Driscoll?" the nun whispered sharply.

FRESHMAN Latin was the first class of Sister Alphonsus Liguori's day—the very worst time and the very least challenging subject, as far as she was concerned. On First Fridays the hour was almost more than she could endure. The girls who were not dozing were overexcited. The brash ones became reckless, the quiet ones dazed. The bright grew cocky and the slow seemed to retreat further and further into dullness. Sister Alphonsus waited outside the room until the class had filed in, and then she entered, hoping, as she always did, that the noise would automatically cease upon her appearance. The hum continued.

"Please, class," she said, tapping the bell that stood by her right hand. "The period has begun." She stepped onto the platform that raised the desk a foot above the floor, giving the teacher a certain eminence that was often an advantage in enforcing discipline. In the case of Sister Alphonsus Liguori it was not necessary. She held her hand to her forehead, waiting for the girls to follow the gesture. "In the name of the Father . . ." she began.

Until the year before, Sister Alphonsus had taught poetry at the College of St. Cecilia, which was near Ossining, and her work there had been remarkably successful. Each year she produced a handful of promising young poets, and it was seldom that her students did not come away with at least honorable mention in any contests they entered.

However, she became, quite suddenly, subject to dizzy spells, attacks of nausea, headaches. She would have to leave a class and go to her room. Naturally, as she was first to recognize, the girls' work suffered. Sister Alphonsus's family was wealthy, distinguished, and possessed of a great deal of influence, which was used, however, with as much discretion. Her brother wanted to send her to some convent abroad for a period of rest, and went so far as to draft a letter to the Mother Superior of the Eastern province, but Sister Alphonsus decided against the plan. "I have taken the vow of poverty," she wrote him, "and it must now take me wherever it will."

She was sent to the Order's House of Rest on the tip of Long Island, and after a year there returned to her duties—but in a different capacity, on a different level. Mother General had decided that teaching high-school Latin would not be such a strain on Sister Alphonsus. The little girls required a much less strenuous program—their minds were less demanding. Sister would find them charming, and it would be in the nature of a homecoming for her to be stationed in Queens—just across the river from New York City, where she had grown up.

Elmhurst was not, of course, the world into which Sister Alphonsus Liguori had been born, and the little girls were, she soon discovered, timid or brazen, hostile or indifferent, dull or hypersensitive, but they had yet to show her their charm. Where was innocence, she wondered time and again as she emerged from those disturbing sessions. Where were the open hearts and honest faces she had known as a girl? Sister Alphonsus was certainly no advocate of cosmetics for the young, and yet, as she looked at the rows of drab faces before her, she remembered that a little lipstick had always heightened the features of the older girls' faces. But these children—so unattractive, so intractable—what was *she* to do with them? How was *she* to educate them? For a moment she held her long, thin fingers pointed up in the attitude of prayer, then she drew her "Latin: The First Year" toward her and opened it to the third trial of Hercules. "In the words of the poet Vergil," she began, "'*Arma virumque cano*,' or 'I sing of arms and the man.'" It would do them no harm to encounter ahead of time what waited for a few (a very few) in Latin IV. "The assignment for today was, I believe, 'Hercules and Cacus.' Will everyone turn to page one hundred and fifty-seven, please?" Sister Alphonsus ran her hands over the glossy pages, pressing them down. "Ellen Gleason," she called. "Would you read for us the passage beginning with line three hundred and seventy-two?"

A tall girl with badly blemished skin stood up and began haltingly, "'Leander,' he cried, hitting himself a blow to the forehead."

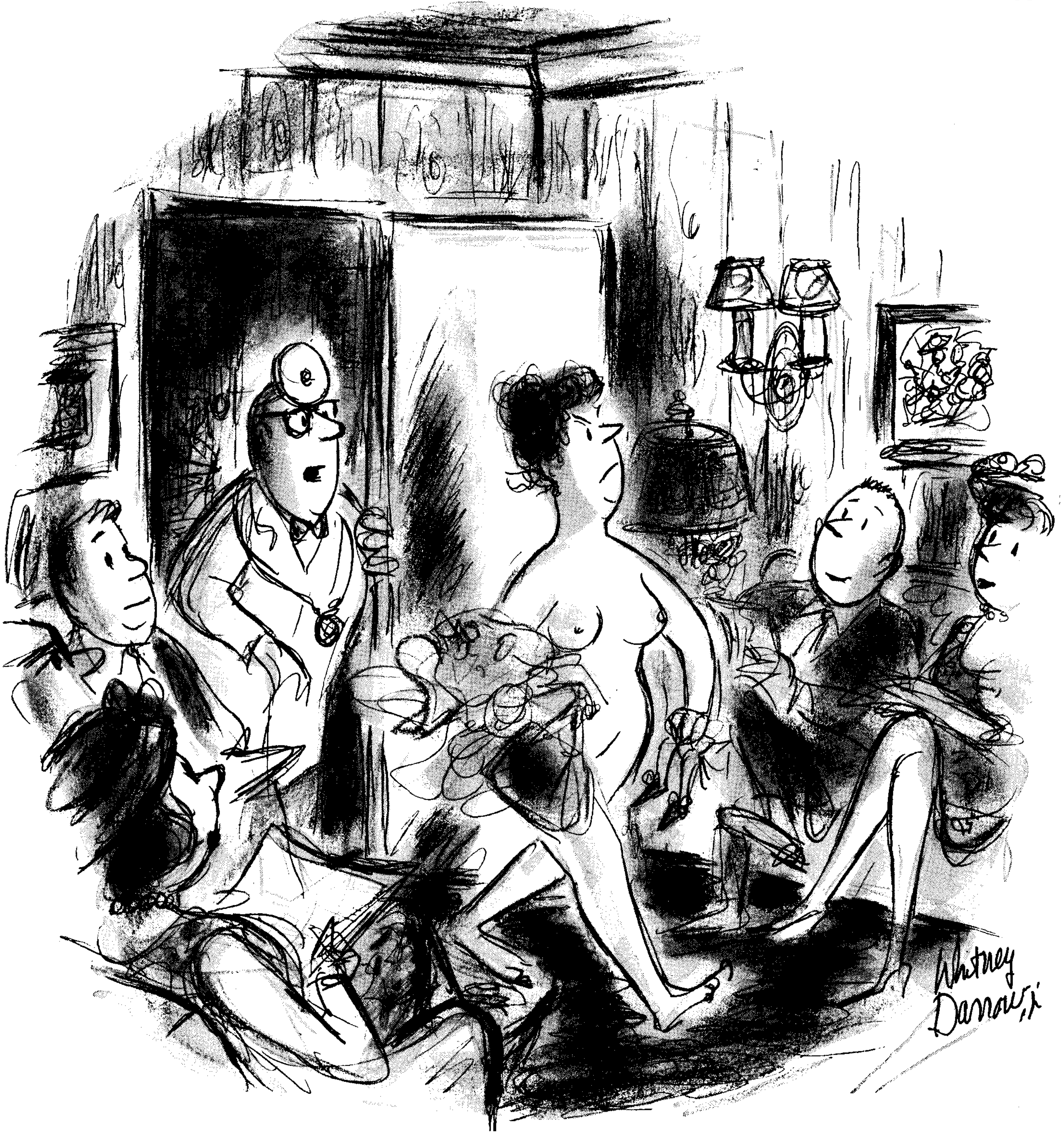
"One moment, Ellen." The nun ran her finger along the inside of her coif. "We must bear in mind, young ladies, a fact which I notice is in constant danger of slipping away from us—that is, that the Romans spoke as intelligently and as fluently in their language as we do in ours. Now, we would not say today that someone hit himself a blow to the forehead, would we?" Sister Alphonsus realized, too late, that perhaps the gesture itself was eccentric. "Moreover," she went on, "we are dealing with literature, which is even more refined than ordinary speech. I think that a more accurate translation of the line, Ellen, would be, '"Leander," he cried, smiting his forehead.'" With a slight smile, she looked down the row in time to see a piece of paper fall to the floor and a hand reach down to retrieve it. Oh, the furtiveness of adolescence, she thought with despair.

"Will the young lady behind Miss Gleason be good enough to bring me the piece of paper she is holding?"

Sister Alphonsus watched Aileen Driscoll rise and come forward. It was always the bright students, she thought. That was the pity of it. Consorting with the bold ones, wasting their intelligence in proving themselves no better than the rest. The girl stood before her. "May I have the note?" the nun asked, holding out her hand to receive the scrap of loose-leaf paper. Sister Alphonsus opened it carefully, with great dignity. "Ha, ha," she read, "look who's singing of arms and men." She folded the note and tucked it up the black silk inner sleeve that encased her thin wrist. "Perhaps you could manage to come and see me, Aileen, at three o'clock, after your last class?"

"I have glee club, Sister," Aileen said.

The nun looked down at the page spread in front of her. The letters seemed to march like an army of ants across its whiteness. "Well," she said, "immediately *after* that I should like you to report here to me." As the girl stared up at her, Sister Alphonsus wondered if she were going to burst into tears. Her face was a grayish color. Her eyes seemed quite terrified. But then again, Sister Alphonsus remembered, they could be callous enough when they wanted. "May I remind you, class," she said, "that this is a short period, to



"By all means, Mrs. Breathwaite, you're perfectly free to seek another opinion if you want to."

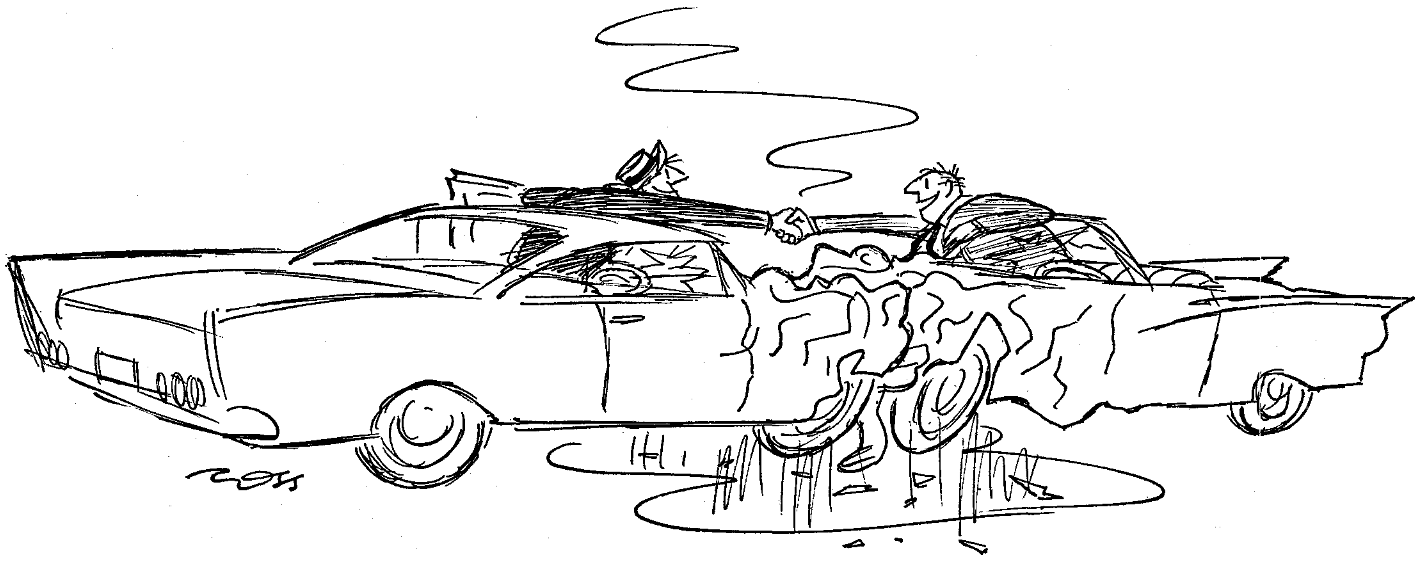
• •

begin with. I want no more time-wasting, if you please."

THE sounds of the dispersing glee club rose and then subsided as Aileen walked past the empty classrooms toward the one that was Sister Alphonsus Liguori's. The dim light of the overcast day threw the palest of shadows on the wide corridor, and the quiet of the cloister seemed to be seeping over into the school as the smell of incense penetrated the halls after Benediction. The Academy had been tacked onto what was once the strictly cloistered Convent of St. Monica, and the floor of the school wing sloped at the junction of the two parts. When Aileen came to the slight grade, she coasted nervously toward the room at the end of the hall and, looking up as she came to the door, saw the thin, waxen face of Sister Alphonsus Liguori.

"I wonder, Aileen," said the nun, "that you can't put your high spirits to some better uses than those you find at present." When she spoke, her eyebrows rose slightly as her face strained against the bandaging of her coif.

Aileen followed her into the room and sat down at one of the student desks, while the nun stepped onto the platform and settled herself there as though for class. With her waxen fingers, she folded back the wide sleeves of her habit. "The only excuse I can find for your actions of this morning is the one Our Lord Jesus Christ once offered on behalf of *His* detractors—that you knew



"It's certainly great to know we're both in good hands with Allstate!"

• •

not what you did." Sister Alphonsus thrust her chin out over the stiff white shelf beneath it. "*Do* you have any idea what this message involves?" She held the note before Aileen.

It did not involve her, Aileen thought. She had not sent the note, only received it. She said nothing.

"Since you don't seem to know whether you do or not, let me ask you another question. Can you tell me what is meant by sacrilege?" Her pale lips nibbled the words as though she were not giving them out but taking them in.

"It's destroying something that belongs to God," Aileen said.

"Can you give me an example?"

Aileen thought for a moment. "Stealing a chalice, Sister? Something like that?"

"That *would* be an instance, though a rather uncommon one. Wouldn't you say that nuns and priests belong to God more truly than any other person does? More truly, certainly, than a chalice?"

"Yes, Sister," said the girl. She often found it difficult to associate the nuns—their complicated clothes, their sweet smell of hand lotion, and the gentle clatter of their rosary beads—with her own tumultuous world.

"Well, in view of this, do you realize how far more serious a remark of this sort is?" Holding the note between her first and second fingers, Sister Alphonsus Liguori wagged it in the air. "You see, it is not my feelings alone that are involved. It is of little importance how something of this sort makes *me* feel. Look up, please, Aileen, when I speak to you." The nun pressed the tips of her fingers together. "It is your own immortal soul that is at stake."

Drawn out by the nun's imperious look, tears filled Aileen's eyes and began to slip down her face. She held her arm in front of her eyes.

"I'm gratified, Aileen, to see that you seem to recognize your error. That, of course, is the first step toward atonement." In the face of what might be genuine remorse, the nun was troubled. "Have you a handkerchief?" she asked.

Aileen shook her head.

Sister Alphonsus took an immaculate, perfectly folded linen square from some secret pocket in the skirt of her habit and, relinquishing her advantageous position, came and held it out to Aileen. "The danger with *feelings* of penitence," she began kindly, "is that we allow them to take the place of those actions that are its true manifestation." She looked away while the girl blew several times into the handkerchief. "I know you are sorry for this insult, Aileen, but now you must prove it. First of all, I should like to know, if you can tell me, why you are so ashamed."

Suddenly it seemed to Aileen that the story that lay in readiness ought to be told. She was no *ordinary* offender. She came from a broken home. That was *important*. It made all the difference. "My father—" she began, but the words took her breath away. She had to stop.

Sister Alphonsus gave a short, discouraged sigh. "I'm afraid I don't see what your father has to do with it," she said. It was the deviousness of high-school children that she detested most, and she had learned to be always on guard against it. "Well?" She waited.

Balanced on that narrow ledge hundreds of feet above the nun's upturned face, Aileen turned and crawled back to safety. "He's sick, Sister," she said. It could not be spoken about—not now, not ever.

Sister Alphonsus Liguori removed a speck of lint from the gaping jaw of her great sleeve. "I'm sorry to hear that," she said. "Is it a serious illness?"

"Yes, Sister," Aileen said, feeling the lie take shape inside her, becoming more real, more alive than the truth.

"And is he in the hospital?"

"No, he's home."

"Just what seems to be the trouble?"

"They don't know, Sister."

"No diagnosis?" The nun raised her eyebrows, pushing her forehead into fold after fold of shining skin.

"Not yet."

"How long has he been stricken?"

"About six months."

"Six months and no diagnosis." The nun clicked her tongue. After all, it made no difference just now whether the father were sick or not. Her responsibility, in any case, was clear—contrite enough a moment ago, the child had now turned rather sullen. "Well, Aileen, it is a great pity that your father is unwell, and I hope he recovers quickly. I shall remember him in my prayers. But for the moment we must put this aside and return to our original purpose. Three times today you have offended against the virtue of reverence. You were late for Mass, your head was uncovered, and then this. Do you pray often?"

"Some," Aileen said with embarrassment. She looked toward the gray-and-brown landscape outside. The rain had come. Against the background of the building she could see the first light drops. The wet, stained sky was drifting into darkness.

"Not enough, I imagine. Like most of us, you probably do not spend nearly enough time at prayer. And so, instead of asking that you tell me whether or not you are the author of this message, and, if you are not, who is—instead of giving you a lesson to learn, and keeping you here for an hour—I am going to have you accompany me to chapel, where you will please say a rosary in petition for an understanding of this important virtue of reverence. In addition," she added brilliantly, "you might offer up the time for the swift recovery of your father."

The chapel was empty except for a nun who knelt before the altar with her arms outstretched in the form of a cross. Everything in the little church glittered or shone or was stiff and crisp, as though the nuns vied among themselves in the polishing of the sacred vessels, and the strong lemony smell of furniture oil mingled with the scent of beeswax and of incense. Sister Alphonsus blessed herself with holy water and turned to Aileen. "I leave you on your honor," she whispered, and then left.

Aileen knelt down in the second pew from the rear, and as she made the sign of the cross saw the penitent nun sway, then recover and straighten her position. Against the virtuosity of that prayer, she felt cheap and dishonorable, for what did she ever offer God but selfish petitions? She never prayed, as the nuns recommended, for the missionaries, or the conversion of Russia, for the souls in Purgatory, or the poor and oppressed of the world. She asked nothing but favors for herself, and each time one was granted, why then she produced another—more difficult, more urgent. She leaned back against the bench, with her elbows on the pew in front. "Let me be reverent," she tried now, but the prayer flew off as she thought it. There was only one thing she could ask, one thing to pray about. She would have to take the chance. "Just this once," she said, "and I'll promise not to beg again. But let him come home tonight. Please, let him come home."

THEY waited dinner until seven-thirty. That was the far edge of their endurance—beyond that they could not hope. The two of them had learned how to pick their way through those long evenings of sadness, and the fact that it was Mrs. Driscoll's birthday did not interfere with their usual pattern but, instead, made the pattern more important. They ate fried fillet of sole with mashed potatoes that had stuck to the pot and stringbeans that were overcooked, too. Then, from a large poundcake, Mrs. Driscoll cut one plain piece for Aileen and a sliver for herself, and while the girl ate away at hers, Mrs. Driscoll opened the flat package Aileen had put at her place. When she drew out the brilliant silk scarf, she began to cry, wiping her eyes with the huge new square. The evening broke around them.

Aileen stared across the table. All her feelings were pity and rage; all her thoughts were desperate. She wanted to rip the scarf in two and throw it away. Instead she went to her mother and leaned over her, clasping her shoulders, trying to hold her together.

"What are we going to do?" moaned Mrs. Driscoll as the tears were subsiding.

"If only there were something we could get him interested in—something we could all do together."

"What?" said her mother. "All he cares about is horse racing."

"Maybe *that*," Aileen said. "We could get him to take *us*."

"Why should I lower myself?"

"It might work."

"It wouldn't be worth it."

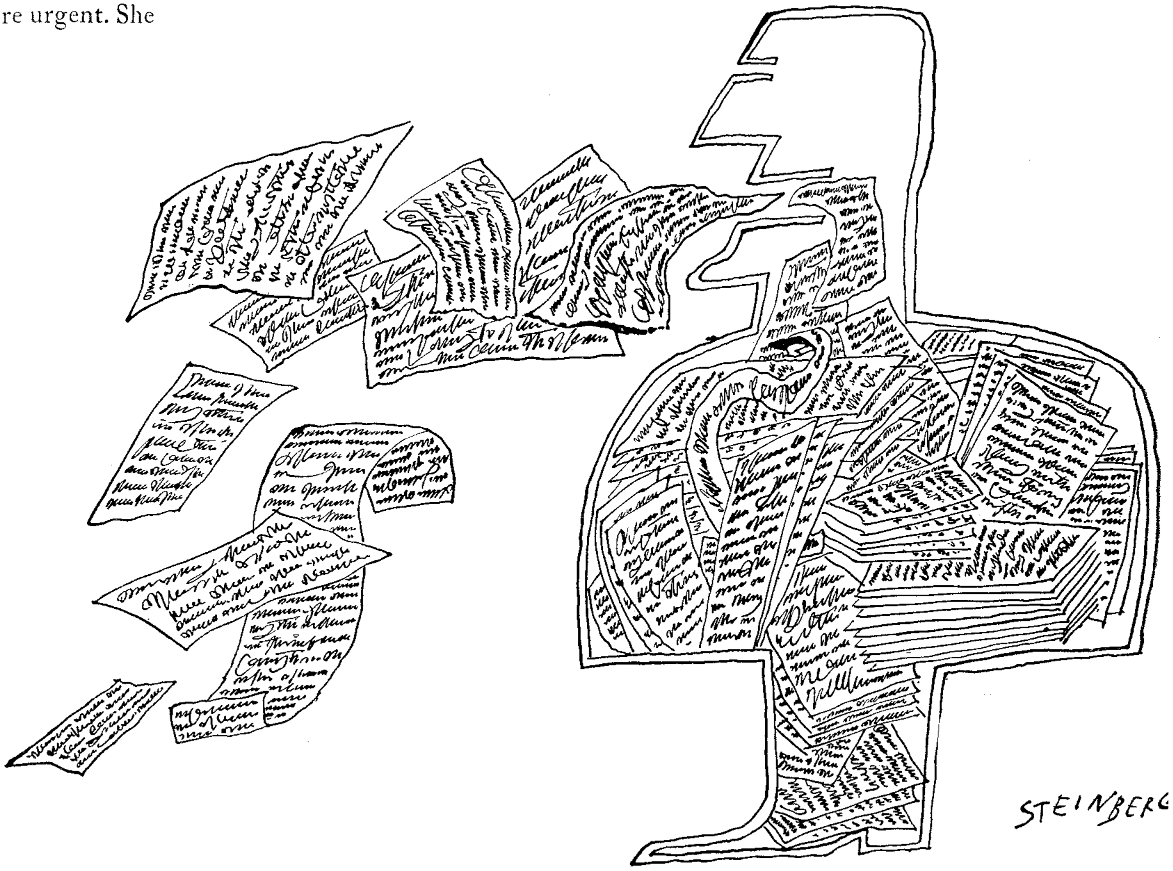
The pity and rage became loyalty. "We could try." He was her father. He *was* worth it. "And we could keep a lot of liquor in the house. Then he wouldn't have to go out."

"I always had such high ideals," Mrs. Driscoll said.

"It's going to be all right soon," Aileen said. She could never keep her mother interested in solutions; the trouble itself absorbed and distracted her. "It can't last," she added. "It has to stop sometime." She did feel that very strongly.

They did the dishes and then went upstairs, shutting off the lights behind them as though they were destroying clues. Only the hall lamp was left burning, to shed a pale-orange light on the porch door and the staircase behind it. At the top of the last flight, Aileen kissed her mother lightly, looking past Mrs. Driscoll's face to the opposite wall, where a statue of the Infant of Prague, richly dressed in real robes of taffeta and velvet, raised His tiny hand and blessed them from a gilt pedestal. Perhaps He was the one she should have prayed to, she thought. God had so many aspects, how could you choose among them—the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost; Jesus on the cross, Christ the King, transfigured and radiant, or the Sacred Heart, opening his chest for all to see the bleeding heart. "I think you ought to take a pill," she told her mother.

"I must. If I don't get some sleep



I'll be physically unable to go on."

"Good night," Aileen said. She did not mention the birthday; she would not have the tears start again. They would both of them be washed away.

In her room Aileen took off the uniform and, instead of putting on her bathrobe, took out her good outfit—a short black velveteen jacket and full blue tweed skirt—and put that on. Going over to the mirror, she ran the comb through her long hair—her very straight hair—and then began to pin it up. He had forgotten the birthday, she thought. That was it. When he remembered, he would realize what a terrible thing that was—so terrible that nothing could possibly ever be so bad again. In a few minutes her hair was all pinned up, but she was dissatisfied with the effect, and she took it down to try it another way—in a soft roll over each ear. If it could never again be this bad, she told herself—innocent, logical—it would have to get better. Her father was, after all, not as bad as some fathers, who were terribly strict and unfair. Sometimes, when she listened to him talking to people or watched the way he smoked a cigarette, she was very proud that he was her father; she loved him very much then. And besides he knew just how to make her laugh, and he had always been very kind. Aileen put the last pin in the right-hand bun, then looked straight at herself. He would be kind again. She would love him again.

She was feeling confident and almost easy when she heard the car door slam in front of the house. She went to the window and, looking out through the raindrops that were stuck there like sequins, saw her father come up the path, bending against the rain but walking steadily. As she stood there watching him, her chest began to burn with unhappiness, and each of the bones of her back and shoulders seemed separately, intensely, painful to her. Oh, she thought, what a way to answer the prayer, God—to let him come home early, but not early enough!

The front door was shut hard, and Aileen heard him go downstairs. He would be checking the back door and the gas stove; even now he was very careful about those things. She listened as he began travelling up through the old house, putting out the hall light, moving on toward where she was. Well, she would not notice him. She did not have to. She went back to her dresser and picked up the hand mirror to look at the back of her hair. The part she had made there was crooked, and strands that were too short to be folded in with the buns hung untidily around her neck. It was not right, she saw. Not right at all.

He had climbed the second flight of stairs. He was there at the top of the house now, and she heard him walking on the uncarpeted part of the floor, coming toward her room. Then he pushed the door open gently.

"Well, if it isn't Aileen," he said and smiled at her.

The teasing did not work. She would not be won that way. "Hello," she said quietly. She put down the mirror that she held and, turning to the mirror on the dresser, seeing him and herself there, began to unpin the rolls over her ears. Wronged, waiting to be allowed to forgive; she had no feeling in her hands, or in any other part of her. All her other emotions were suspended.

"Is your mother in bed?" he asked.

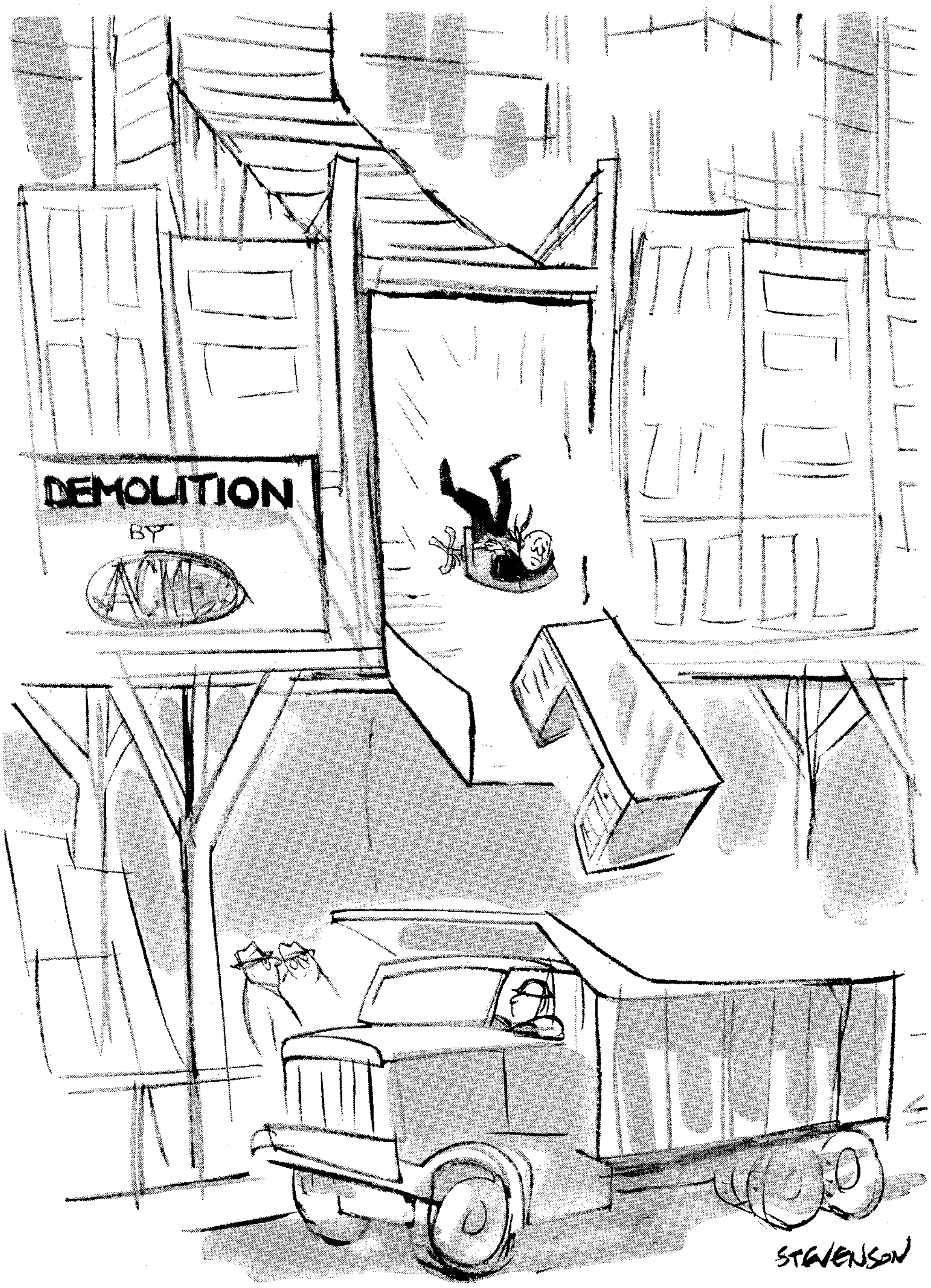
"Yes," Aileen said. She looked full at him and saw that he had not been drinking; there wasn't even that excuse.

"Asleep already?" His voice was mocking, and seemed to include her in the mockery.

"She took a pill." He had just forgotten. But she would not tell him. She would not be the one to accuse him. She was his daughter. She was only fourteen.

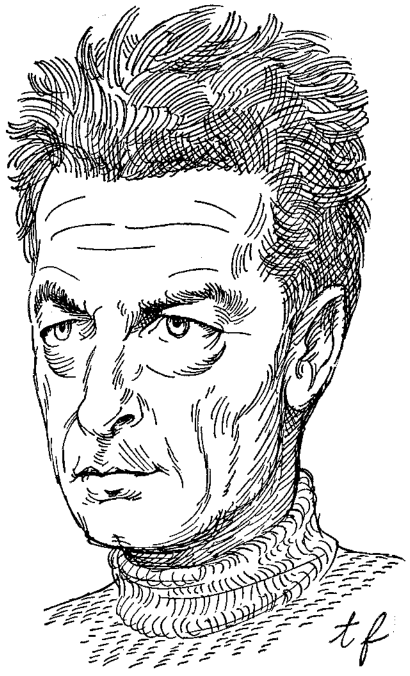
With his dark hooded eyes still on her, he opened his mouth in a small yawn, then spoke gravely and, so it seemed, deliberately, as though they were discussing serious matters that would be important to her later on when she was older, when she was a woman. "How was the birthday?" he asked her.

—Elizabeth Cullinan



PROFILES

SPACE-AGE MAESTRO

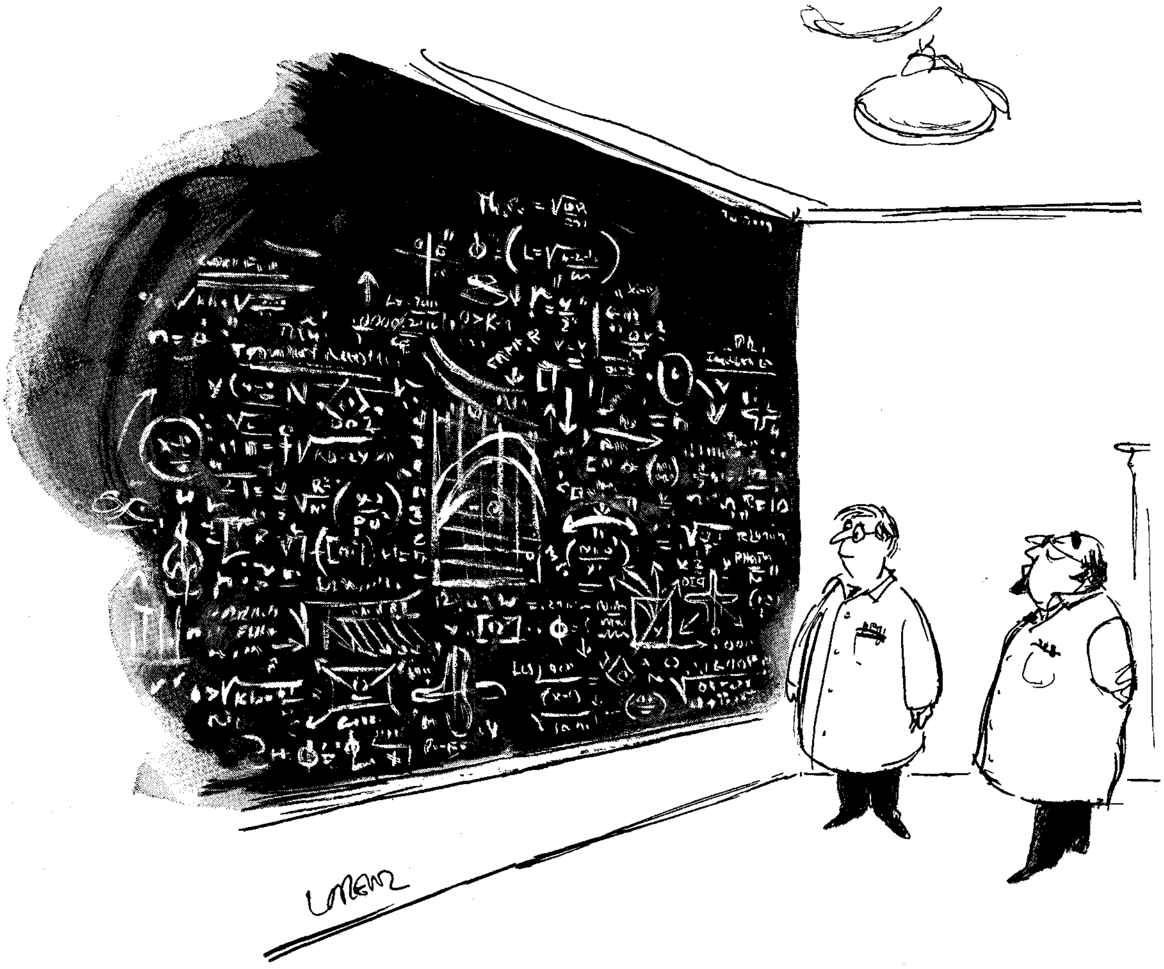


Herbert von Karajan

DURING the past few years, Herbert von Karajan, a man of handsome, rather desperate appearance, flamboyant ways, and mercurial but insistent personality, has become the foremost symphonic and operatic conductor on the Continent of Europe and, just possibly, in the world. Not since the days of Arturo Toscanini and Wilhelm Furtwängler has any European conductor excited a comparable degree of public emotion or exerted power over a comparable area of activity, and never at any one time has any one man been the boss of more symphony orchestras and opera houses. Von Karajan is, at the moment, both the chief conductor and the artistic director of the Vienna Opera; a dominant conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic; the absolute dictator of the Berlin Philharmonic; the most esteemed of all the conductors who appear at La Scala, in Milan; and the head man of the brilliant London Philharmonia—an orchestra that was created specially for him and tailored to his specifications. In several of these roles, he has travelled widely outside Europe, bringing the Philharmonia, the Vienna Philharmonic, and the Berlin Philharmonic to America, where his performances have won unstinted praise, and touring as far afield as India and Japan with the Vienna ensemble. In Central Europe, where opera and symphonic music arouse the sort of widespread interest and controversy that in England, the United States, and many other nations are more apt to be encountered in the domain of sports, von Karajan is a public figure of unmatched resplendence. The performances he directs are chewed over by the press for weeks, discussed endlessly in cafés, compared in the closest detail with the achievements of other maestros, and lauded or, less frequently, damned as if they were well- or ill-won world championships or political coups.

Probably no man in Central Europe, even in the field of politics, is more revered or more hated than von Karajan. The reverence comes from a large section of the public; from the members of the Vienna and Berlin Philharmonics; and from such fellow-artists as he deigns to use in his continent-spanning triumphs. The hatred comes from rivals whom he has displaced; from newspapermen, whom he has always treated with lofty disdain; from one group or another of the innumerable musical politicians who infest the artistic scene in Austria and Germany; and from certain sectors of the thinking public, who resent his virtual monopoly of the musical life of two nations and his tendency toward monopoly elsewhere. "Von Karajan is not a conductor, he is an international cartel," one complaint runs. "Von Karajan is not a man of music, he is a man of timetables," runs another—a reference to his schedule of jet-propelled travels from one engagement to another. Both his enemies and his admirers agree that he is an autocrat, and the enemies see him as an octopus reaching out in all directions after power. In Vienna, which is as close as any city to being his base of operations, he is regarded with the sort of ambivalence that a woman might feel toward a tyrannical and unfaithful but indispensable lover. The Viennese have placed at his disposal the singular facilities of their newly rebuilt opera house, they have made him the lion of Viennese symphonic music, and they are proud of him as a fellow-Austrian. Last year, when, in addition to his other assignments, he was the total boss and principal conductor of the famous Salzburg Festival, the Austrian government built him a new, enormously expensive, and almost unbelievably well-equipped *Festspielhaus* at Salzburg, even blowing up the whole side of a mountain, at his suggestion, in order to provide a backstage area of mammoth proportions. Was he grateful? Not a bit of it, according to the Viennese. He conducted just one festival in this magnificent structure and then quit his post after a row with Salzburg's board of directors, apparently over how to produce the operas of Mozart. (He wanted to introduce large-scale productions on the international model; they wanted to preserve the intimacy with which Mozart has always been presented in Salzburg.) Moreover, he has gone on spreading his career and his fame outside Austria to an extent that many Austrians think practically treasonable. He has slighted sacrosanct figures of Vienna's artistic world in favor of foreign singers and artists. He has made an Italian—André Mattoni, who serves him as business factotum—his personal assistant at the Vienna Opera, a post of power in Austrian music the like of which no Italian has held since the eighteenth century. Once, von Karajan even imported an entire Italian production of Verdi's "Falstaff" from La Scala and presented it as a part of the Salzburg Festival—holiest and, up to then, most inviolably Austrian of Austria's musical institutions. If he is allowed to go on like this, some Austrians claim, he will ultimately make Vienna and Salzburg mere stops on a massive international musical merry-go-round with himself at the controls—and, in the process, will destroy Austria's unique and deeply cherished musical culture.

It is notable, amid all this outraged criticism, that not even von Karajan's bitterest enemies deny his great talents as a conductor. Here and there, a critic will quibble about his Strauss or his Mozart or his Mahler or his Bruckner, claiming superiority for such conductors as Wilhelm Furtwängler, Erich Kleiber, Hans Knappertsbusch, or Bruno Walter. But Furtwängler and Kleiber are dead, and Walter and Knappertsbusch are old men. The critics have to admit, however grudgingly, that not one of the present generation of Central European conductors can hold a candle to von Karajan. Not only is he the single outstanding figure in a profession that has declined alarmingly in both Germany and Austria since the war; he is an artist equally at home with all types of music, from eighteenth-century classic and nineteenth-century romantic to twentieth-century modern. Moreover, he has the qualities of pseudo-heroic leadership—temper, lordliness, and glamour—with which conductors (and bullfighters) easily capture the public imagination. He is a comparatively short (five feet eight), slightly built, aristocratic-looking man with blue eyes;



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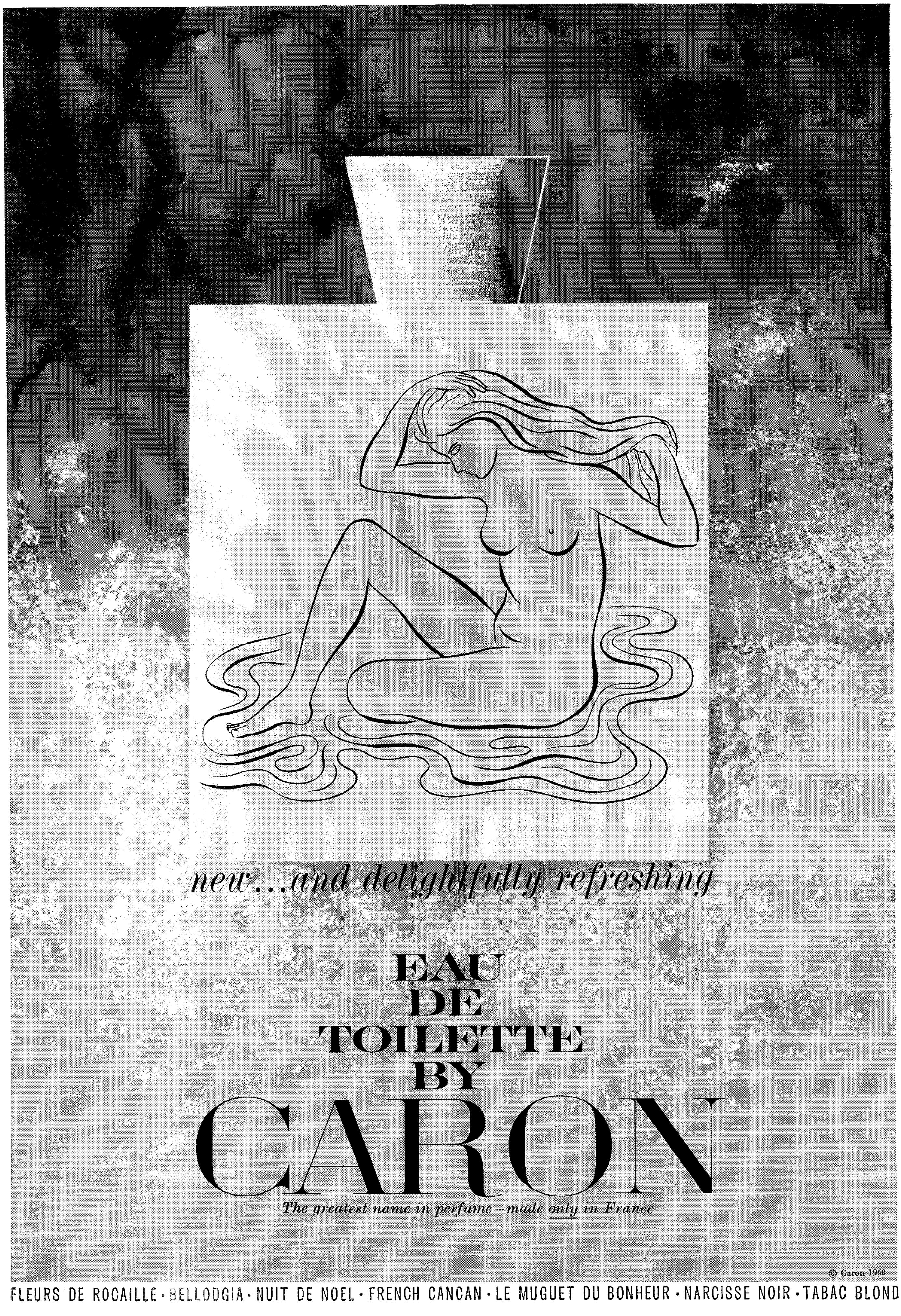
sharp, somewhat foxlike, weather-beaten features; and a frame that appears athletic to the point of jumpiness. He does not look anywhere near his age, which is fifty-two, and he has about him the nervous, hungry air of a duellist on the point of drawing a rapier. This air, combined with his good looks, undoubtedly makes him something of a dream figure to the feminine portion of his public, and it is also combined with rapid-fire intelligence and an attitude of imperiousness that impress the masculine portion. Von Karajan's appearance on the podium or in the operatic orchestra pit is apt to suggest a weary but dauntless sea captain who has just descended from a storm-washed deck and gallantly assumed the task of keeping up the morale of the passengers. His hair, which he wears slightly longer than the standard crew cut, is nearly always somewhat mussed, adding to the general impression of dashing desperation. The motions of his hands and body as he stands before the orchestra are impetuous and unorthodox but at the same time highly functional. He holds his arms higher than conductors ordinarily do, and his most characteristic gesture is a fluid, caressing movement of the arms, with the palms turned inward, as if he were gathering the music to his bosom. He seldom uses abrupt motions, like those of the late Arturo Toscanini, and when he does use them, it is because his normal caresses are proving insufficient to hold things together properly. With such an exceedingly well-trained orchestra as the Vienna Philharmonic, the guillotinelike downbeat is rarely called for and is rarely employed. Like many conductors who are entirely assured in their command of score and orchestra, von Karajan almost never beats time merely for the sake of beating time. Indeed, on many occasions his conducting appears extraordinarily casual. When things are going well without him—or, sometimes, when he wants to induce an atmosphere of relaxation among the musicians—he is perfectly capable of abdicating his function for the moment, lounging easily and gracefully against the rail of the podium, the way a man might lean against a lamppost, and following the music with apparent absent-mindedness. These mannerisms are merely visible by-products of von Karajan's virtuosity. Nearly all conductors have mannerisms of one sort or another, and though they are eagerly watched by audiences, who read into them mysterious musical and personal connotations, they actually haven't a great deal to do with the character of the conductors' performances. What counts is a conductor's knowledge of the score; his knowledge of the capacities of the instrumentalists; his ability to control the broad outlines and climaxes of the unfolding musical drama, and its multiple details as well; and his ability to encourage or forestall probable tendencies on the spur of the moment—in short, a continuous exercise of authoritative leadership. In the mastery of these practical matters of technique, von Karajan is unquestionably greatly gifted, as the almost invariably inspired qualities of his performances demonstrate. And beyond this realm of technique and control there lies, of course, another realm—that of musical good taste, where problems of tradition or the departure from it, of restraint vs. hearty emotionalism, and of the appropriate treatment of varying styles of music are solved. Here, too, von Karajan shows remarkable insight. He is fastidious without being pedantic, impetuous without being vulgar or strident, musically tender without being sentimental, elastic without running the risk of incoherence. All these attributes add up to an artistic stature of considerable consequence, and it is, therefore, no accident of fate or political prestige that has set him in the supreme position he occupies in Europe today. Nevertheless, he has a reputation as a ruthless opportunist, and, in the Viennese view, his opportunism has undoubtedly helped his career. In order to understand this facet of his nature, and the necessities that have brought it into play, one must consider the peculiar structure of Central European, and particularly Austrian, musical organization.

OPERA houses and symphony orchestras in Central Europe enjoy lavish state subsidies, often envied in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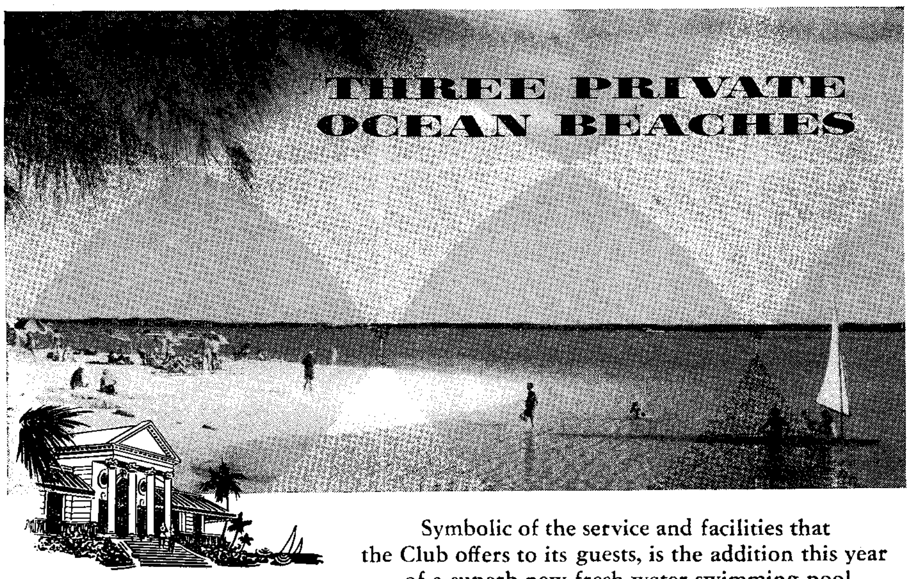

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musical capitals elsewhere, which enable them to put on performances of the most finished and painstaking sort. The opera houses of Austria are under the direct control of the Minister of Finance; they are regarded by the government as very significant vehicles of national cultural prestige, and if the Minister of Finance is an avid opera buff—as most Austrian Finance Ministers are—the subsidies make up a far from negligible proportion of the national budget. The Vienna and Salzburg opera houses know none of the restrictions on rehearsal time and production expenses that beset the Metropolitan Opera, in New York. As many as seventy-five rehearsals for a single production are not considered out of line if the production is an important one, and the care and ingenuity expended on such things as scenery and lighting are virtually inconceivable elsewhere. These factors make the productions of the Vienna and Salzburg opera houses very nearly unparalleled in efficiency and workmanship, and this has always been a tremendous source of pride to the Austrian man in the street, who is apt to regard opera as the main focus not only of national culture but also of public interest. "The Viennese," a local musical bigwig recently remarked, "are more concerned about what goes on in their opera house than they are about their government." At first glance, all this might seem to make Austria an artistic utopia, and there are many proud Austrians who consider it just that.

There is another side to the picture, however—one that might give pause to enthusiasts for unrestricted national subsidy of the arts—and this is the inevitable intrusion of politics into art. In Vienna, the musician—whether he is an opera star, a famous conductor, or merely a member of an orchestra—is likely to be in the position of a civil servant. At the lower levels, he enjoys a degree of security, including inviolable employment rights and a government pension. At the top, where von Karajan stands, he is held directly accountable to Parliament and to the Ministry of Finance for his artistic policies and the use of the funds placed at his disposal. This situation has its drawbacks as well as its obvious advantages. Orchestra musicians may not be discharged from their posts, and only their individual artistic pride and conscientiousness (which in the case of the Vienna Philharmonic are at the moment very high indeed) prevent them from soldiering on the job. At the upper levels,

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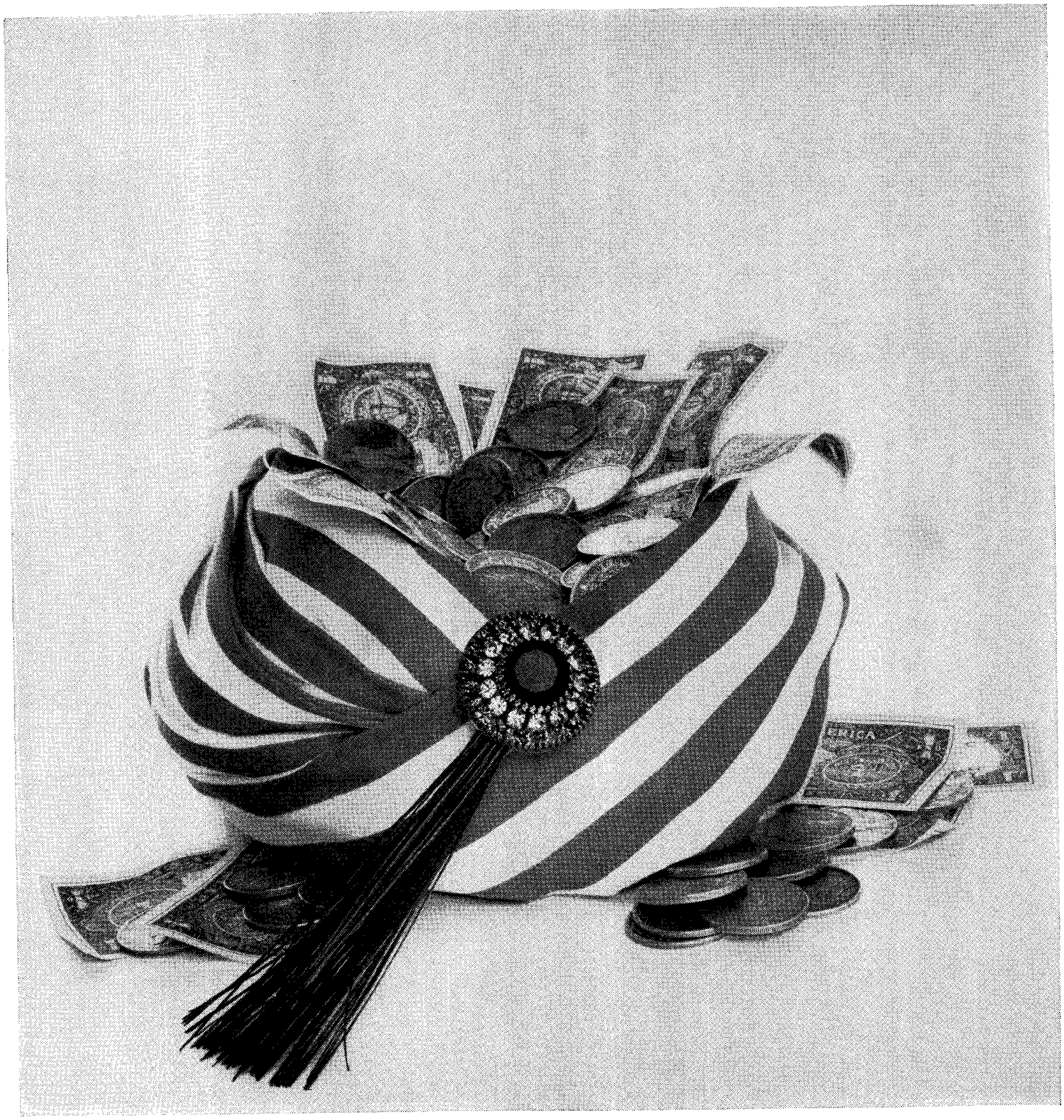
artists are apt to be political appointees—to have acquired their positions through favoritism as much as through merit. Jockeying for position is as large a part of Viennese musical life as it is of American ward politics, and a seething stew of intrigue lies beneath the bright and placid surface of Austrian music. There is nothing new about this phenomenon. It existed under the Hapsburgs, it continued under the Socialists and under the Dollfussites and under Hitler, and it is still going on. The outs denounce the ins, but they are helpless until a new administration comes along. The average Viennese, who is himself a born and practiced intrigant, simply shrugs and accepts the situation as one of the facts of life. During bad periods, such as that which followed the Second World War, Austrian music falls into abject mediocrity. The conductors then are bureaucrats, holding their posts by political pull rather than by artistry. Singers and other musicians, unafraid of any competition, try merely to get by. The machine keeps moving, but the artistic standards sag. The musical nationalism of the Austrians, who are innocently (and, in better times, with some justice) certain that they are the world's chosen musical people, prevents them from seeing that some kinds of music—those requiring individual genius, great operatic voices, and stunning virtuosity, rather than organization and efficiency—are being done better outside their own country. The occasional lack of success that highly touted Austrian artists meet with abroad might be taken as a symptom of decline in the home product, but Austrians are far more apt to explain this lack of success by saying that nobody outside Austria really understands music.

For a decade after the war, the degeneration of artistic standards in Vienna was noted mainly by foreign critics and by a very few valiant domestic ones. Gradually, though, it became the object of more widespread concern, and at last, about four years ago, the authorities agreed that something had to be done. It was clear that only a brilliant artistic personality with a driving, insistent temperament could save the situation, and it was equally clear that Austria had one in von Karajan, who had been serving since 1949 as one of the principal conductors of the Vienna Philharmonic. To be sure, von Karajan was widely disliked. He had been a Nazi, for one thing, and, for another, his Napoleonic ways had won him the enmity of many factions. But he was a fellow-Austrian,



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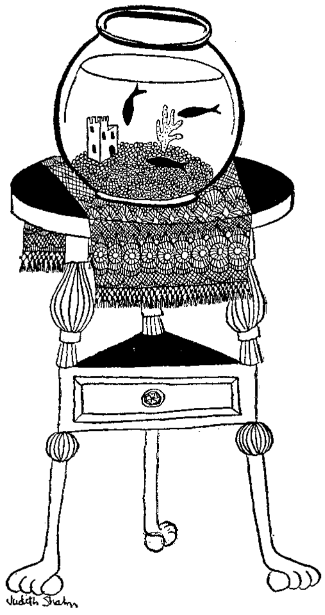
he was already an international celebrity, and those Napoleonic ways might be just what was needed to steer Viennese music out of the doldrums. So, in June, 1956, the government and its descending hierarchy of artistic potentates offered him the big plums of Austrian musical power—the artistic directorships of the Vienna Opera and the Salzburg Festival. Needless to say, he accepted.

After this coup, if it may so be termed, von Karajan set about reorganizing the musical life of Vienna and Salzburg in a very determined fashion. His long connection with musical institutions in Berlin, London, and Milan had given him an acute awareness of Vienna's traditional isolation. "When I was a young student in Vienna," he recalled recently, "the great international artists seldom appeared there. I remember hearing Feodor Chaliapin once and Gigli and Lauri-Volpi a couple of times, but that was about all. Most of the singers I heard were Austrians, and a great many of them were mediocrities. How many Austrian singers have made big reputations outside Austria? Very few! The Viennese were interested only in mediocrity. Something had to be done." A considerable shakeup followed his rise to power. Bureaucrats bit the dust. Italian and American singers began to infiltrate Vienna in larger numbers than ever before, as did German and Italian stage directors and backstage functionaries. Vienna favorites were replaced by von Karajan favorites. The quality of the voices improved. The Vienna Opera and the Salzburg Festival began to regain their lost prestige. In the process, von Karajan was often accused of being a tyrant—which, of course, he was. As he has put it, "How can you be an artistic director without being a tyrant?" A good deal of his unpopularity with the outs arose not so much from his dictatorial powers as from the tempestuous, impatient, abrupt way in which he exercised them, and the way in which he rode roughshod over the sometimes rather stuffy conventions of Viennese musical and social life. He habitually went around dressed in sweaters and slacks, instead of more formal attire, and once he took his shoes off at an important international press conference, leaving Vienna's more conservative citizens aghast for weeks afterward. He had a habit of going shopping without money and waving the bill aside with the remark "I am von Karajan." He refused to attend Vienna's Opera Ball, the great annual event of the city's social season, at which all important Viennese are supposed to appear. Last year, he assaulted a press photographer who had set off a flash bulb in front of him without advance permission, and this episode created a furor in press circles that has not yet died down. On the return of the Vienna Philharmonic from a triumphal round-the-world tour, early last year, Chancellor Julius Raab made a ceremonial visit to the airport, only to find that von Karajan was not there to be met. He had got off at an earlier stop, because of a stomach ache, and had not bothered to inform the authorities. All these evidences of willfulness were thrashed over in the Viennese cafés, where they aroused amusement or outrage, according to the temper of those present. Satirical stories of a typically Viennese kind began to circulate. In one of them, von Karajan enters a taxicab. "Where to?" inquires the driver. "It doesn't matter," von Karajan replies, with a lofty wave of the hand. "They want me everywhere." In another, a man tries to enter the gates of Heaven. "Sorry," says St. Peter, restraining him. "There's no more room. By the way, what is your profession?" "I am a psychiatrist," the man tells him. "Oh, that's different," responds St. Peter. "Come on in. We need you. God has been getting delusions of grandeur. He thinks he is von Karajan."



THESE reactions to the outward aspects of the von Karajan personality are natural enough in the circumstances, but they do not take into account one important fact: Von Karajan acts the way he does because he is impatient of anything that swerves him, even momentarily, from his career. If he dresses in slacks and sweaters, it is because he finds them convenient, and because he disdains the formal uniforms

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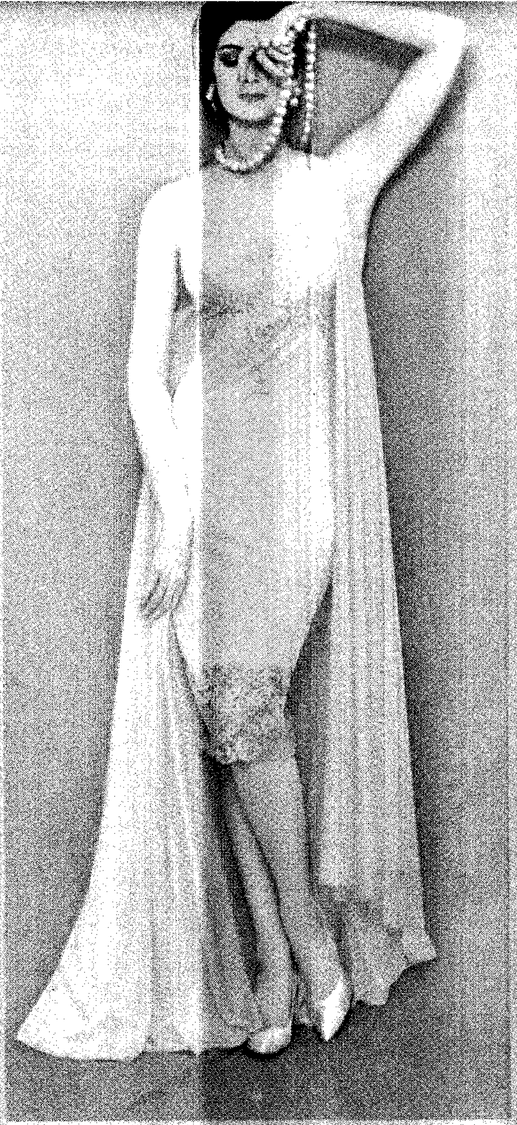

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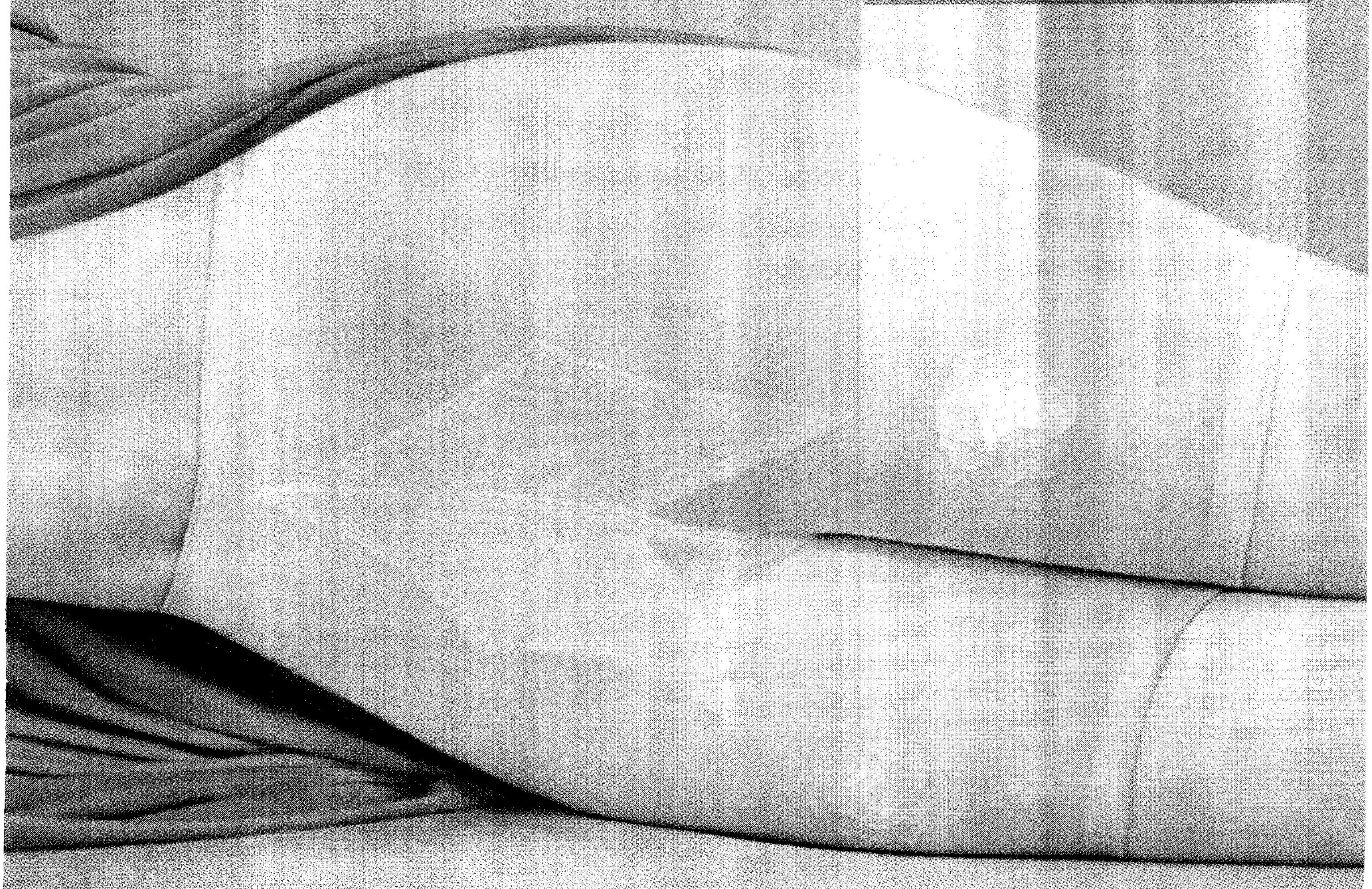

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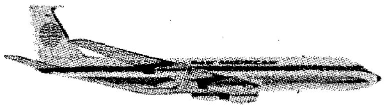

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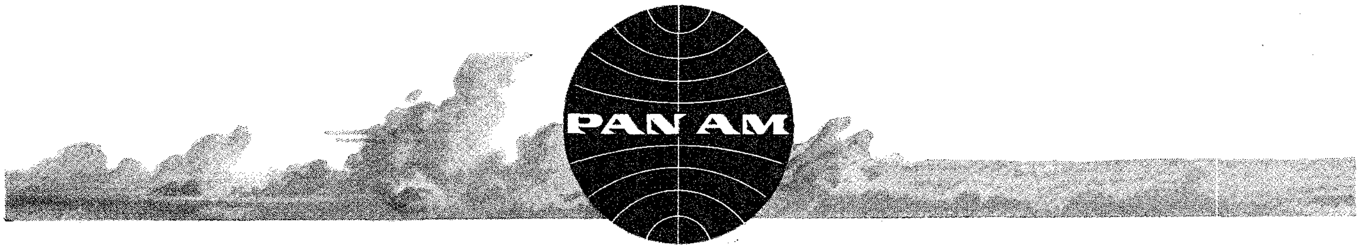
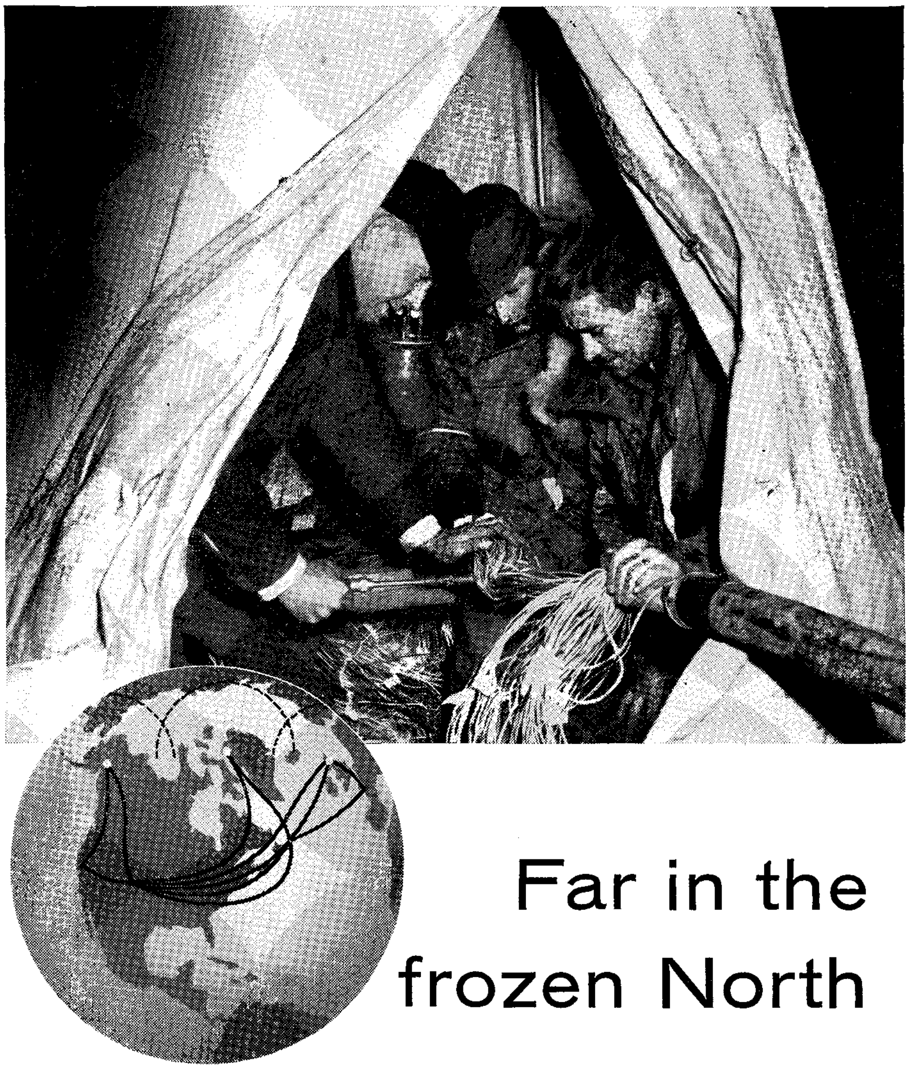


FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC . . . **FIRST** ON THE PACIFIC . . . **FIRST** IN LATIN AMERICA . . . **FIRST** 'ROUND THE WORLD of old-fashioned musicians as so much excess baggage. If he neglects important social functions, it is because he regards them not only as a bore but as a hindrance to his work. If he loathes parties, it is because, as he said not long ago, "A cocktail party takes more out of me than an entire performance of 'Tristan und Isolde.' " He is equally wearied by the endless ceremony in which the Viennese expect their artistic dignitaries to participate. In a musical setting where nearly every prominent artist sports an academic degree and insists on being called Doktor or Professor, von Karajan insists on being addressed simply as Herr von Karajan, and this insistence, implying a reliance on personal talent rather than official status, may be taken as a repudiation of the whole sanctified hierarchy of Viennese bureaucracy. There is only one von Karajan, and he needs no labels in order to get himself noticed. At least, that is the way von Karajan appears to feel about it.

The professional, as opposed to the public, von Karajan is, as has been suggested, a furiously driving phenomenon. As artistic director and conductor of the Vienna Opera, he controls more details of its activities than any similar figure in Austrian musical history since the late Gustav Mahler. Like Mahler, he prefers to do his own stage directing, and thereby reduces his nominal stage director to the status of an assistant. He seems to have as acute an understanding of the dramatic side of opera as he has of its musical side—an understanding that covers everything from the appearance and behavior of the singers down to the work of the lighting engineers, property men, and scene shifters. There is not a piece of backstage equipment that he does not know how to manipulate, and he often rushes around during rehearsals pulling switches, pushing articles of stage property, and generally overseeing every move made by his army of technicians. When he conducts the finished performance, he is presiding over not only the music but also the stage action and the whole of the backstage activity. While indicating the musical rhythm, he mugs the action with mercurial changes of expression, and a given gesture on his part is as apt to refer to a character's state of mind as it is to a detail of the score. He makes no distinction between opera as music and opera as drama. The two are fused into a single entity, and he controls that entity with remarkable mastery, playing on an en-



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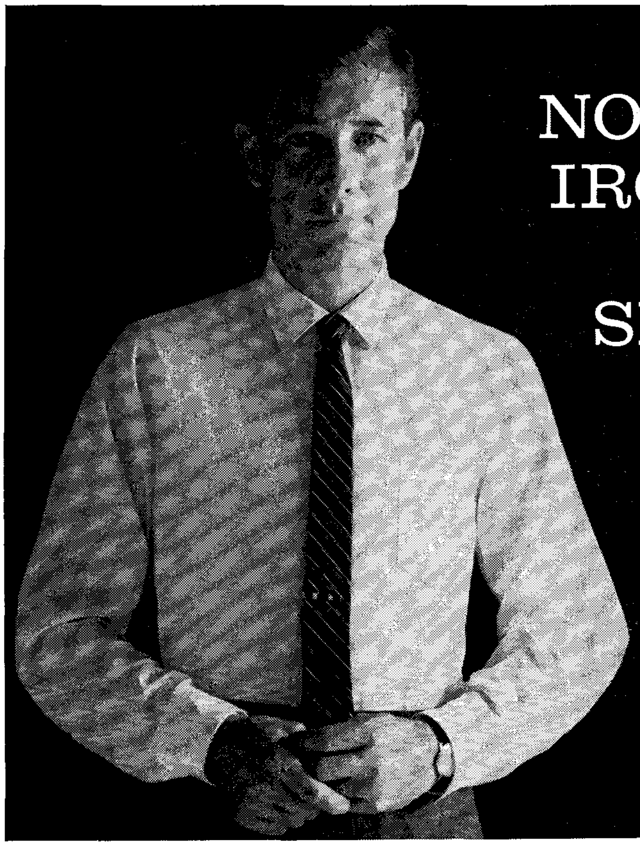

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tire opera house much as a violinist plays on a fiddle.

The means by which he does this are complex, yet they are plain enough to anyone who watches him during a rehearsal. Dressed in his slacks and sweater, he looks more like a choreographer than like a conductor. He walks up and down the aisles, nervously appraising the action from different parts of the house. He vaults over the orchestra rail like a twenty-year-old to seat himself momentarily at the piano, where he thumps out a passage while the regular rehearsal pianist stands deferentially aside. Leaving the piano, he bounds over the footlights onto the stage to correct a flaw in the action; he perches on top of one prop or another in order to scrutinize the stage; he prowls around the leading soprano while she sings, studying her from as near as six inches and sometimes stopping the performance to pantomime her role so that she will understand it better; and he assumes the role of one singer so that he may get the response he wants from another, grunting out lines in a typical conductor's voice and putting on a demonstration of acting that shows him to be a better practitioner of this craft than most singers are. During the whole spectacle, von Karajan preserves the aspect of a restless athlete. His slim body is always in motion. When he is not actually taking part in the action, or correcting a misplaced smile or frown or wave of a hand or movement of a torso, he is stretching himself restlessly, or leaping from one place to another, or clasping and unclasping his hands, or waving them in front of his chest—behaving generally like a healthy caged animal. The sweaters change with every rehearsal; he has scores of them, turtleneck and open-neck, in all sorts of designs and colors. For dress rehearsals, he puts on a lily-white turtleneck, which, in its informal way, is the last word in sartorial splendor. The sweaters strike a note of violent contrast in a scene where every other man is wearing an ordinary suit, and with them he usually wears loud plaid sports socks and moccasins, which, along with his deeply tanned face and hands, enhance the out-of-doors, man-of-action effect. This effect is somewhat theatrical, but then von Karajan is as much a man of the theatre as any actor, and the character he has chosen to play—that of a streamlined, space-age, entirely new-style musical director—is not as remote from his real personality as might be imagined.

The energetic-sportsman motif, for

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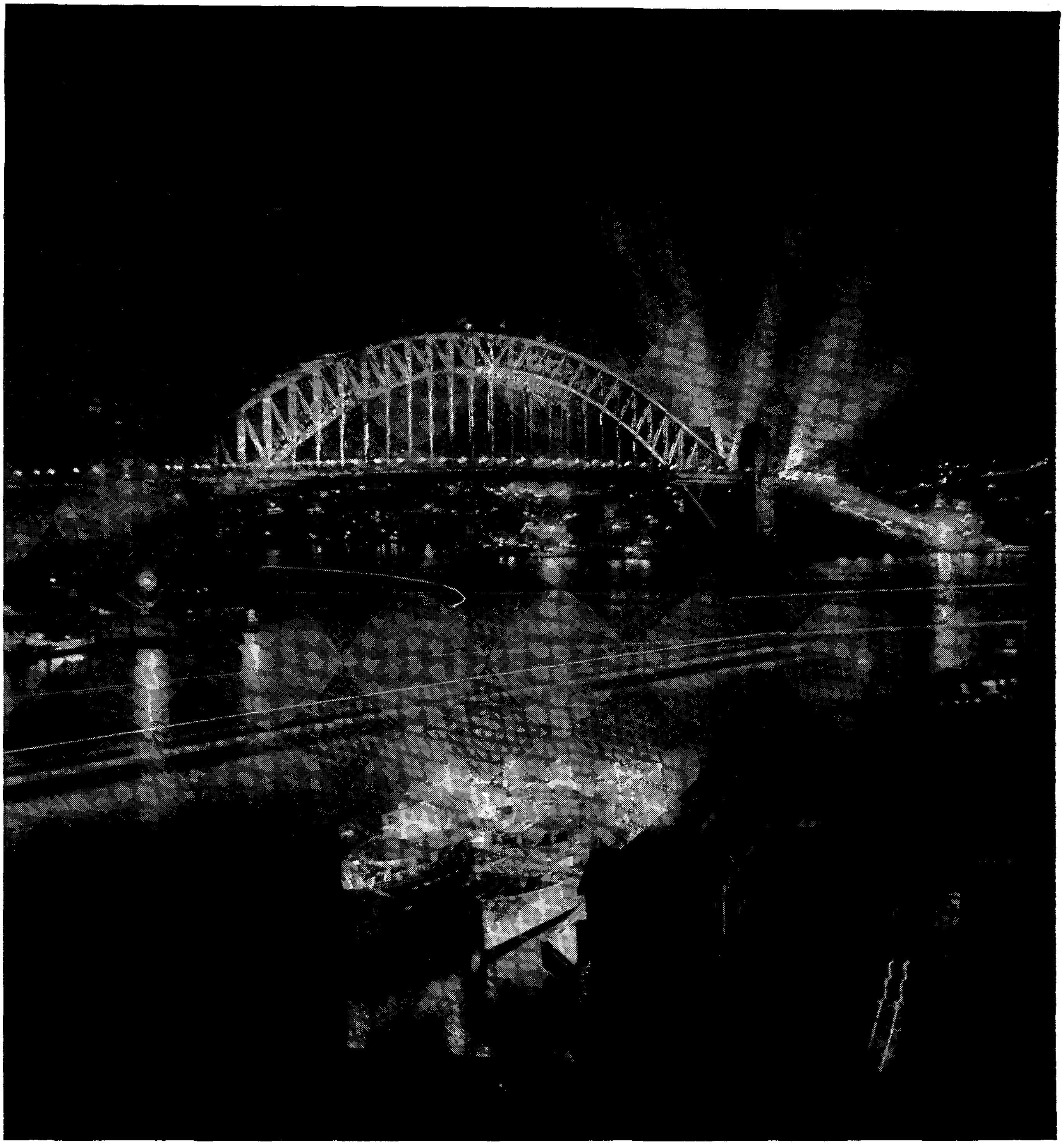

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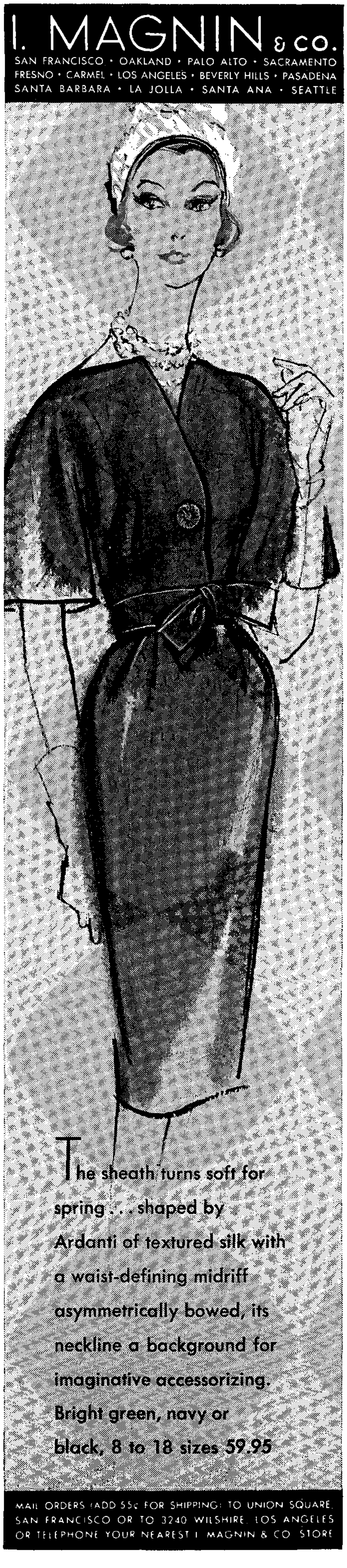
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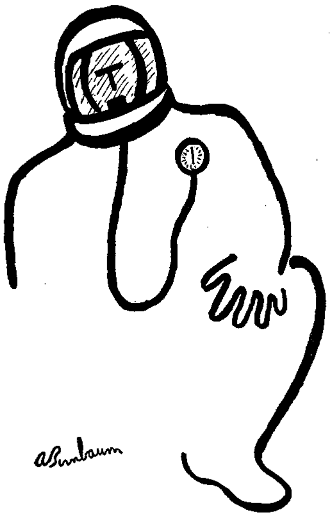
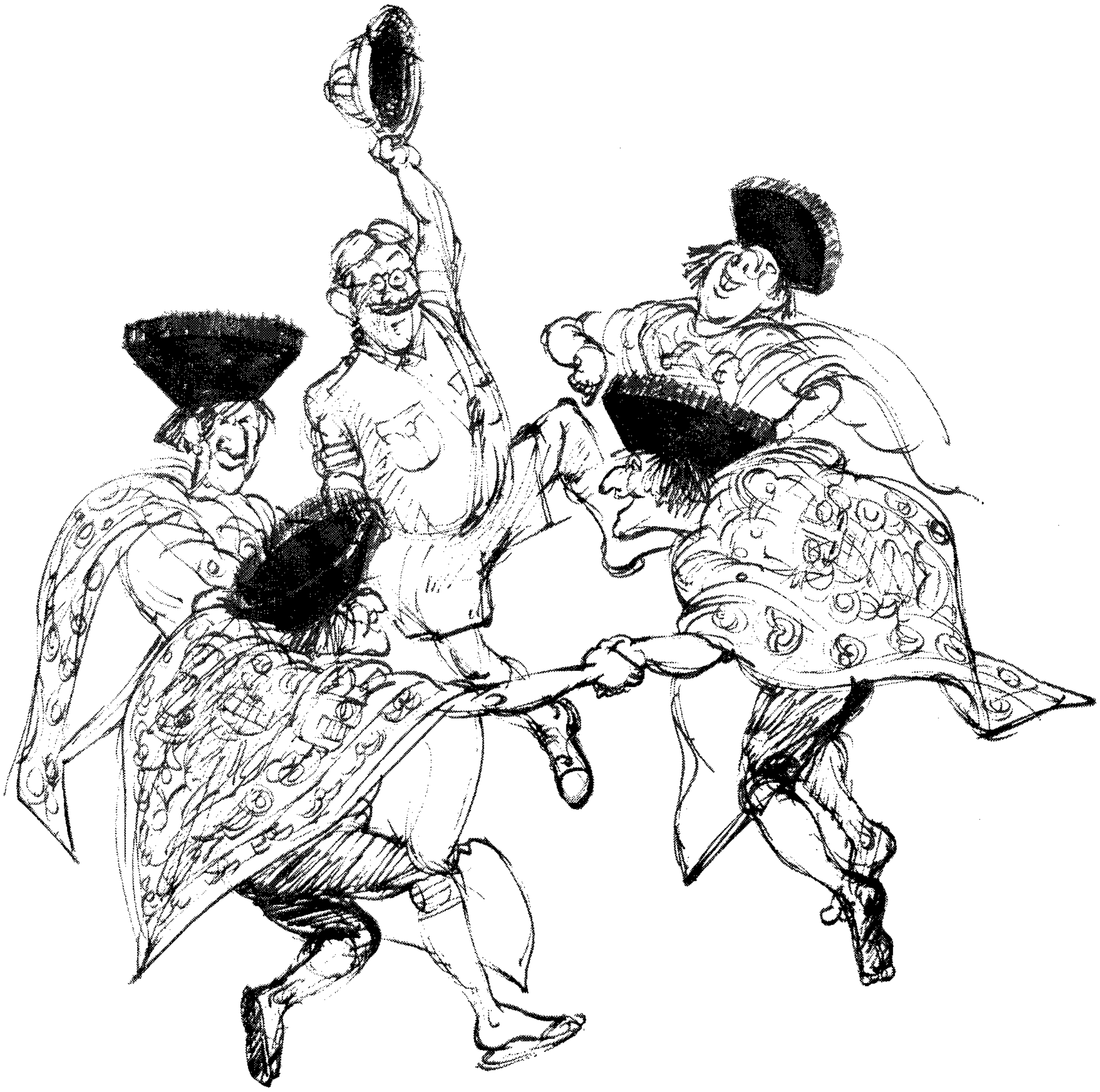
example, is not assumed, nor is the space-age, or superman, motif. Von Karajan is a tremendous devotee of sports, and he has developed a sporting *mystique* that he applies to his work as well as to his outdoor pursuits. He will discuss this by the hour with anyone who is willing to listen. It involves the rhythms of nature, from the human heartbeat to the waves at sea; it involves a theory about the advantages of exerting force while in a state of relaxation; and it also involves the achievement of results by carefully economized effort, the coördination of physical effort with the exigencies of physical nature, and the perfecting of the mental and physical resources of the human organism to attain maximum efficiency in whatever field it enters. The sports that interest von Karajan are not the competitive ones but those in which he can pit himself against nature. He is a skiing enthusiast, and has won a number of championships. He is a tireless mountain climber, too, and believes in the rejuvenating powers of nature contemplated in solitude. "When you return from ten days in the mountains," he remarked excitedly not long ago, "you can overwhelm them with energy, simply *overwhelm* them!"—"them" being not the mountains but the various singers, instrumentalists, and other subalterns who are his professional adversaries and collaborators. Until a short time ago, he owned a sailing sloop, which he maneuvered on trips between England and various parts of the Continent, and all over the Mediterranean as well. What appealed to him most in sailing was the technique of helmsmanship. Taking the helm gave him something to control, and the sea was a rhythmic adversary. "You know," he has recalled, speaking English with a rather clipped, British accent, "it is true that every seventh wave has a slightly different contour. I was able to gauge this contour with the utmost precision, and to adjust the helm accordingly. It was very satisfying—a real adventure in rhythm. When I am conducting, the only thing that causes me physical pain is bad rhythm. I can stand singers who sing out of tune and players who play flat—*all* clarinettists are flat most of the time—but when the rhythm is not exact and steady, I really suffer. It's surprising how few musicians have a perfect sense of rhythm. That's a deficiency of the white race. The Negroes have a perfect rhythmic sense. I once listened to a rumba band in Havana with a stopwatch, and the rhythm never got off by even so much as a hundredth of a second. I am sure it has something to do with the pulse of the blood. Like the rhythm of the waves, it's a phenomenon of nature."



The space-age motif is noticeable in von Karajan's endless curiosity about technical inventions and gadgets. He loves to tinker with the wonderfully elaborate backstage machinery of the opera houses in Vienna and Salzburg, and he often surprises technicians in charge of such mechanisms as recording outfits and television cameras by exhibiting a knowledge of technology that equals theirs. He drives a bright-red Porsche Spyder sports car at terrific speed over the winding Austrian roads, and he is a licensed air pilot, who has owned several planes and is currently looking for a new one in which he can commute between Milan, London, Vienna, and Berlin. He has recently begun to study instrument landing, and this venture, like all the rest of his undertakings, involves a *mystique* that has taken its place in the general plan of the von Karajan psyche. Not long ago, following a strenuous opera rehearsal that would have sent most maestros to bed for a well-earned rest, he announced mysteriously, "Now I am going to take my lesson." "Lesson? Lesson in what?" a visitor inquired. "I am going to bring a plane down practically blindfold," he said. Off he went to the airport, and at the next day's rehearsal he spoke with delighted awe of what he had done. Spreading the fingers of one hand fanwise to denote the plane's instrument panel, he said, "That's all you can see. You have to give up all reliance on sense impressions except for that. You listen to the drone of the ground-control man's voice. A peculiar, almost hypnotic experience! There is an aspect of it that enters into all the great religions—complete identification with the personality of another, and the surrender of your own. Very valuable! You come back re-



SPANISH IS DANDY
BUT
QUECHUA IS QUICKER

Ordinarily our Berlitz reports are accompanied by a cleverly conceived bit of cartoonery which prominently features an owlish, bespectacled, mortarboarded little chap, recognizable to the cognoscenti as: "The Man From Berlitz." In the above illustration "TMFB" is nowhere to be seen. We feel that an explanation is necessary.

There came to Berlitz in Boston one day, a Professor of Archeology, a practical man who knew where to find a practical solution to his language problem. He was about to leave for the Andean Plateau of Peru and felt that a working knowledge of Spanish would be helpful in dealing with the local citizenry. Berlitz pointed out that Spanish was the language spoken to tourists, llama buyers and archeologists. But, the language the Indians spoke among themselves was *Quechua* (KEH-chwah). The Professor was further assured that Berlitz could teach him to speak Quechua in the short time before his departure.

Our action now shifts to Peru. The Professor, as you can see from the above, is permitting himself a brief moment of un-professorial exuberance. He has just made a rare archeological discovery. How did it come about? . . . Earlier today he gathered his crew together and said to them the Quechuan equivalent of, "Any of you guys know any ruins around here that nobody's ever been to before?" The next thing he knew, the Professor was taken to the kind of ruins that most archeologists only see in their dreams. "This is fantastic!" the Professor exclaimed, "How come you never took anyone else here?" The Indians' reply was enough to gladden the heart of "The Man From Berlitz", all the way back in the United States (which is why he isn't in the picture). "Boss", the head Indian said, "nobody ever bothered to speak to us in our own language before."

The Professor later told Berlitz that these Indians were a proud people who were delighted to meet someone courteous and interested enough to speak to them in their native tongue. They showed their delight by guiding him to his archeological gold mine.

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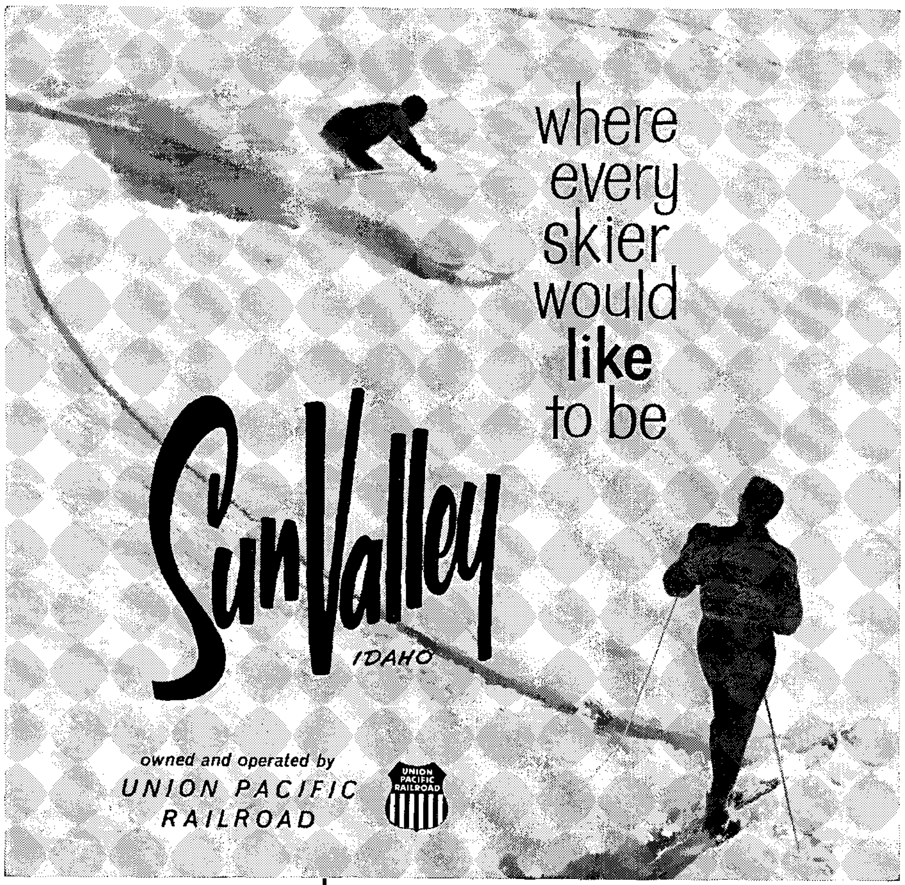

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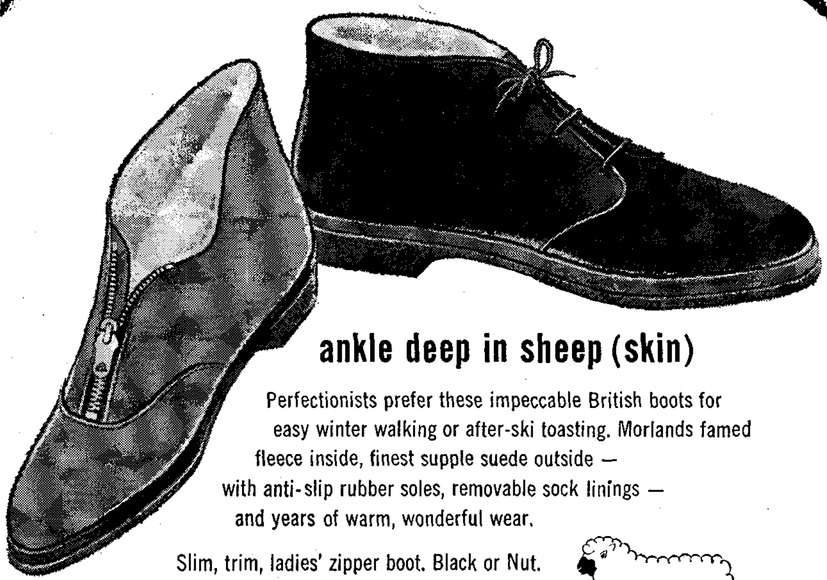

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freshed." And this, indeed, he seemed to have done.

The key to all this energetic behavior seems to be an incessant urge toward perfectionism. Whatever von Karajan does he prides himself on doing well, and he apparently has an almost religious faith in the infinite perfectibility of the physical and mental components of von Karajan. His failures are few. An American diplomat recalls that von Karajan took part in a croquet game some time ago—a rare venture into competitive sport—and missed a wicket. He was furious with himself, and very soon gave up playing to sulk on the sidelines, deciding that he was no good at croquet, that croquet was not a sufficiently noble game to merit the rigid course of self-discipline that would be necessary if he attempted to master it, and that therefore he would ignore it. Sports have to be worthy of his steel. His pursuit of self-perfection has invaded his art, of course, as well as his sporting activities. The desire for unexampled mental and physical alertness in his profession has made him a tireless gymnast and, more recently, a profound student of yoga, which he has been learning from an accredited Hindu teacher, and which he practices for several hours early each morning. His intellectual activities, too, are apparently pervaded by the urge toward self-improvement and self-sufficiency, and he professes to be interested in reading about science and technology. He does not read fiction. "I don't need fiction, any more than I need cinema or drugs," he says. "I create my own fantasies. That is why I am so profoundly happy in the mountains. Why should I read about what happens when a man and a woman come together? I can imagine all that. My *life* is fiction. I can tell all about people just by looking at them. I can gauge the state of mind of a couple in a car instantly as they pass me on the road at sixty miles an hour. I don't need to read about them." And while his claim to instantaneous penetration of human character may seem a little excessive, and his idea of the boundary line between fantasy and reality a little hazy, there is no denying that his intuitive ability to gauge the personalities of singers and musicians in relation to the fantastic exigencies of operatic drama, at least, is highly developed. He is remarkably gifted in assessing the mental states and limitations of those who work with him. He can produce satisfaction, anger, or the desire for improvement at will. He declares that he learned from the great director Max Reinhardt exactly how far one can push a given personality for dramatic purposes without violating the inevitable limitations of the human being behind it, and he undoubtedly has the knack of knowing what type of singer is suitable for a given role—another knack on which he likes to expatiate. "A thin singer can never sing Falstaff, no matter how much you pad him out," he maintains. "He lacks the 'inner fatness' that is part of Falstaff's nature. He will always fail to create the illusion. Moreover, there is a point in every singer's physical and mental makeup beyond which you cannot go in molding him toward what you regard as the ideal impersonation. There must always be a compromise." Some things, though, he will not compromise on. Like Rudolf Bing, of the Metropolitan, he is dead set against opera singers who are not physically beautiful, except for character roles. The stage illusion, he thinks, must be not only realistic but glamorous, and overweight sopranos are not acceptable to him. "When I used to hear people say that they liked to go to the opera but shut their eyes to what went on on the stage, I knew that something was profoundly wrong," he says. "We have plenty of good-looking singers today—Birgit Nilsson, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, and so on—and they sing as well as the big, fat ones did. Personally, I think Birgit Nilsson is a far better singer than Kirsten Flagstad ever was. And who made Nilsson what she is today? We, at the Vienna Opera! Before she came to Vienna, she was nobody!"

IF von Karajan can be said to lead a domestic life, what there is of it entails a continuously changing locale, and revolves around his wife and André Mattoni, his indispensable companion and fixer. Von Karajan keeps an apartment in the Viennese suburb of Grinzing, which he inhabits during most of the Vienna opera season, and the rest of his time is spent in temporarily rented homes in mountain resorts or in cities where he happens to be working. His wife, the former Éliette Mouret, is another tribute to the von Karajan penchant for perfection. A Frenchwoman who was born in Provence and used to be a fashion model, she is a strikingly beautiful brown-eyed blonde about half his age, and a person of sweet disposition as well as considerable shrewdness where her husband is concerned. They were married about three years ago, after a peripatetic courtship that began,

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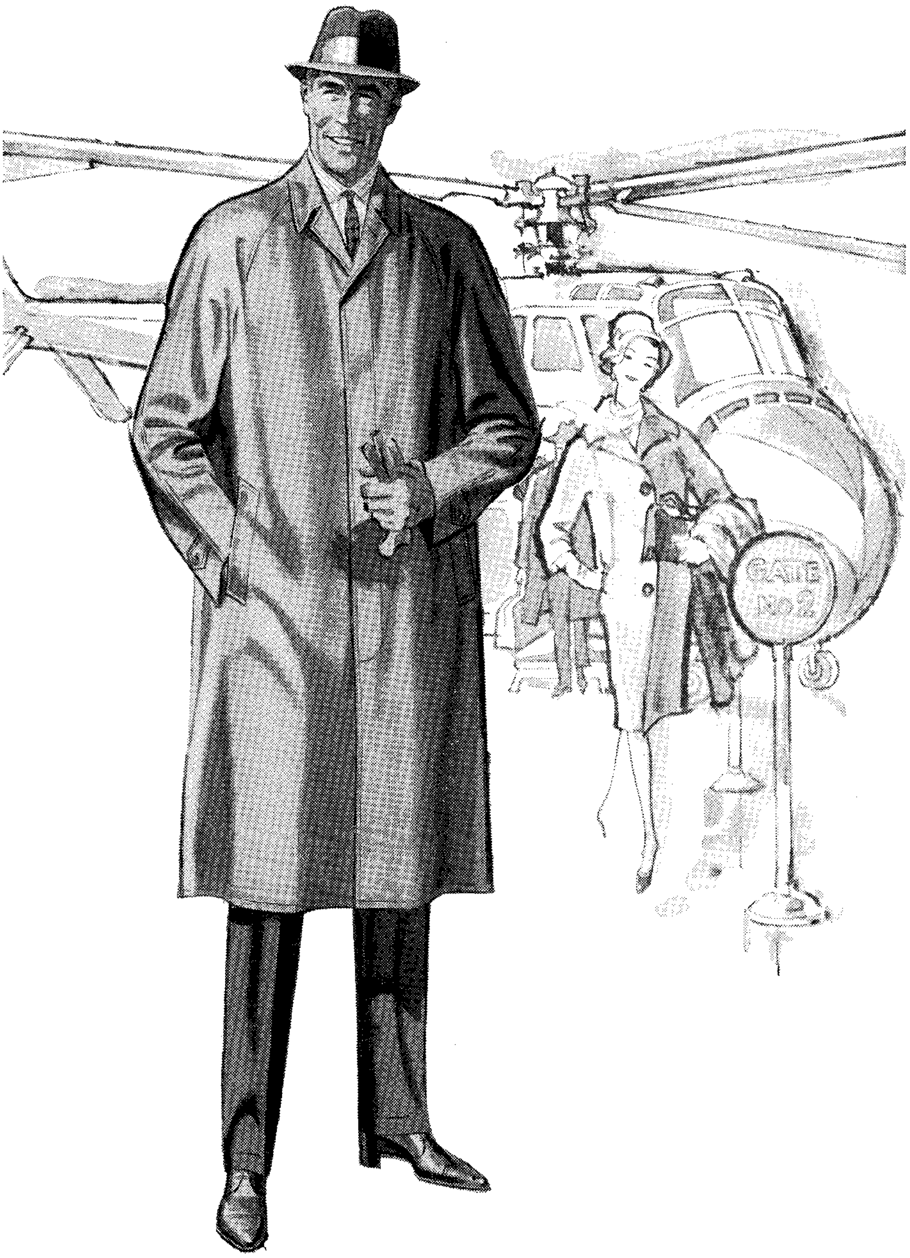

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according to Frau von Karajan, when she happened to ask for his autograph. Von Karajan divorced a previous wife to marry her, and the marriage took place in the fashionable French skiing resort of Megève, in the Haute-Savoie, though without frills or publicity; it was a civil ceremony, since both are Catholics by upbringing and von Karajan's divorce made a church wedding out of the question. Having cast in her lot with von Karajan, Éliette has done her best to fill what many women would regard as a very taxing role indeed. Fortunately, she likes skiing and music, and is, like her husband, something of an outdoor personality. To these qualifications she has conscientiously added the skills of hiking and mountain climbing, the ability to sit fearlessly beside her husband as he drives the Porsche Spyder, and, more recently, the study of aviation, which frightens her to death—especially in the rapidly changing weather of the Austrian mountains—but which she has pursued so dutifully that she is on the point of becoming a licensed pilot herself. She is not enthusiastic about their nomadic mode of existence, and on last year's round-the-world tour with the Vienna Philharmonic she was so continuously airsick, and so alarmed by unsanitary conditions and exotic food in Asia, that she had to be sent home from Japan, via San Francisco, before the tour ended. Her discomfort and anxiety on the trip were heightened by the discovery that she was pregnant, and a few months after her return to Austria she presented von Karajan with a baby daughter, who was given the name Isabelle, and who is regarded by the family circle as closely resembling von Karajan himself in appearance and in her habit of thrashing about. Frau von Karajan confesses that she is very happy that the child turned out to be a girl, because she thinks that von Karajan might tend to be intolerant of a fellow-male in the family. At present, Frau von Karajan attends most of her husband's rehearsals, serves as a charming hostess on the exceedingly rare occasions when a hostess is required in the von Karajan household, sits ornamentally in a box on opening nights, and does her level best to keep up with the family schedule of sports, aviation, and nature worship.

The other permanent fixture of the von Karajan ménage, André Mattoni, has been associated with the maestro for eleven years, first as a secretary and later as the manager and general overseer of all aspects of von Karajan's life

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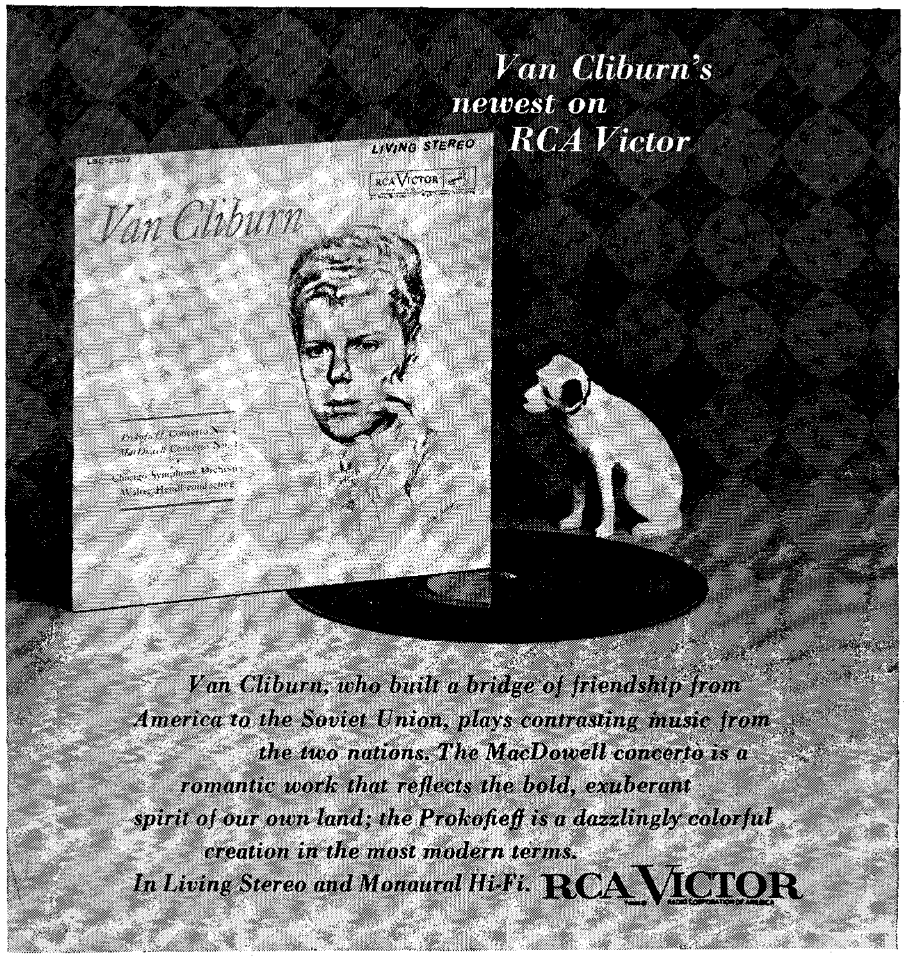

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except conducting and sports. Nowadays, Signor Mattoni pays all the bills, signs all the contracts, writes nearly all the letters that need to be written, and stands as a solid buffer between von Karajan and the affairs of the world. He is five years older than the maestro and, physically, is almost his exact opposite—a sleek, rather well-fed-looking man with the calm, efficient, slightly suspicious manner of a business executive. Once, long ago, he was an actor in the theatres of Vienna and Prague. He spent most of the war years in Hollywood, acting in movies and then becoming an assistant director, and emerged as a master of the business side of theatrical enterprise. He is, like von Karajan, multilingual, and his habitual attitude of cold calculation unquestionably serves as a valuable brake on von Karajan's impulsive and sometimes unrealistic tendencies. As von Karajan's all-powerful lieutenant in charge of schedules and everything else that the maestro himself is too impatient to bother with, he has become a man of considerable weight in Austrian musical circles, and if the Austrians don't like it, Signor Mattoni faces their displeasure with composure. He is reported to have the habit of referring to himself and von Karajan, monolithically, as "we," saying, "We are conducting Beethoven's Ninth Symphony next week" or "We are going to London this spring." (Certain Viennese wags insist that on the eve of von Karajan's wedding, Mattoni announced, "We have got our divorce; now we are going to get married," but this is probably legend.) At any rate, Signor Mattoni is von Karajan's practical alter ego, and it is difficult to envision the recent part of the von Karajan career without his astute and unruffled managerial support.

THE earlier part of that career, now long in the past, constitutes a rather interesting study of furious ambition against the disturbed and often tumultuous background of prewar and wartime Germany and Austria. Curiously, though von Karajan is an Austrian by birth—and, in fact, the descendant of a family distinguished by notable achievements in Austrian medicine, military service, and scholarship—he claims not to have a drop of Teutonic blood in his veins. His mother was a Serb and his paternal ancestors were Greeks who came to Central Europe three or four generations ago. His name, he explains, derives from the Greek "*kara Jan*," meaning "black

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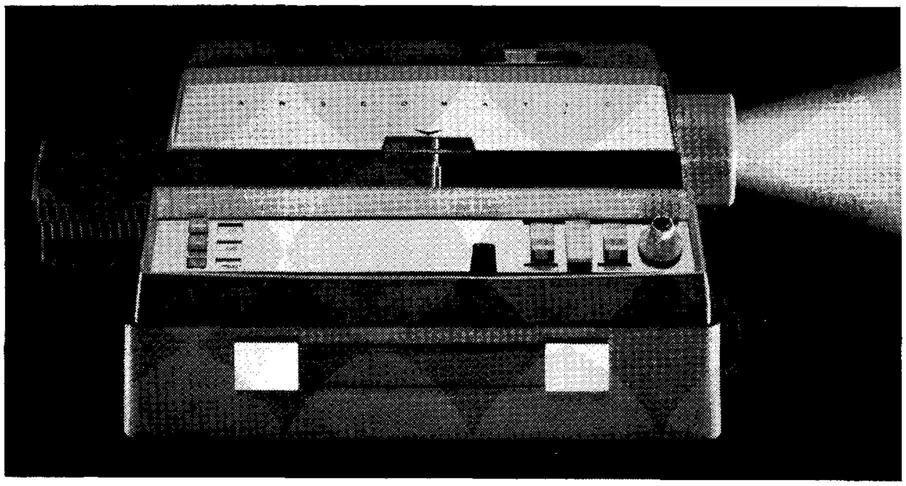

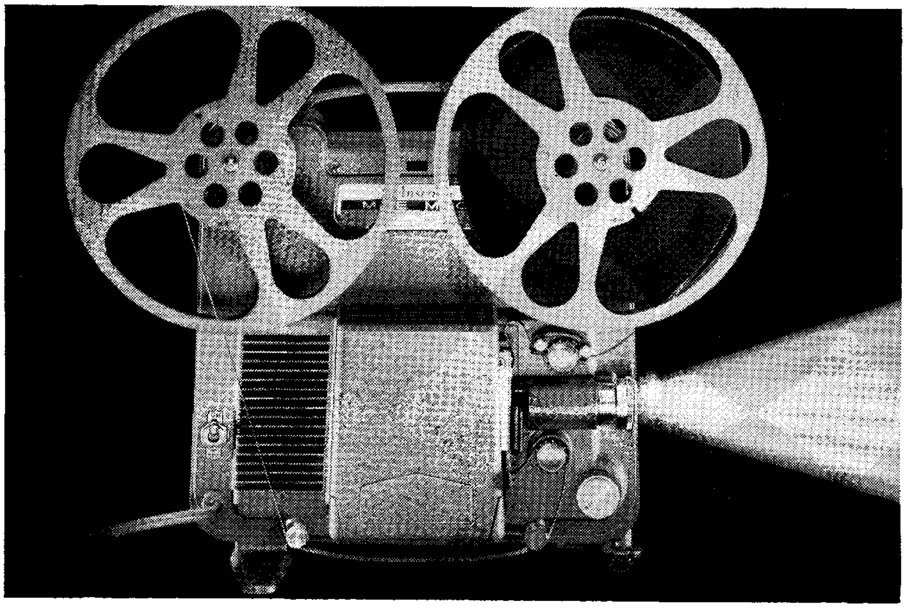

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John,” and its original form was Karajanis. The Karajanis who migrated from Greece was a textile manufacturer; he settled in Chemnitz, Germany, and built up a business of such flourishing dimensions that one of his sons was given a baronetcy by the Hohenzollerns, entitling him to use the aristocratic prefix “von.” Later, the family moved to Austria, where it received a second baronetcy from the Hapsburgs, for its contribution to public health. Both von Karajan's father and his grandfather were wealthy and eminent physicians in high favor at the Hapsburg court, and an uncle was for some years military commandant at the Hofburg, in Vienna. At the time von Karajan was born, his father was Director of Public Health in Salzburg, and a practicing doctor as well. He was also an amateur musician, playing the clarinet in the Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra, and joining the family and their neighbors, between night calls, in evenings of chamber music, where symphonies and operas were often performed in arrangements for two pianos, with two players pounding away at each. Whenever the Doctor had to leave one of these duo-piano performances, in response to a medical emergency, he would call the young von Karajan in, much to the latter's annoyance, to take his place at the piano. The elder von Karajan, for all his devotion to things Austrian, including music, never forgot his Greek heritage, and used to take his family to Greece on vacations. The son, with the encouragement of both parents (his mother, a terrifically energetic woman, was a profound devotee of opera, particularly Wagner), was trained as a pianist (he is still an excellent one), studying at the Mozarteum under various teachers. At the age of eleven or twelve, however, he became fascinated with the broader horizons that a career as a conductor offered. He was enthusiastically abetted in his new ambition by Bernhard Paumgartner, who was then head of the Mozarteum and now, as an old man, has become the president of the Salzburg Festival. Last summer, Herr Paumgartner was the leader of the opposition that caused von Karajan to resign as the Festival's artistic director, but he professes to be the maestro's most fervent admirer. He remembers those early years with pride, and his knowledge of the von Karajan personality is rather shrewd. “It was I who launched him on his career as a conductor,” he remarked recently. “I knew that it was the job for him. Even as a student, he was a born commander. He had a strong sense of his own importance, he was arrogant toward his inferiors, he had a way of keeping others at a distance, and he was also very clever about treating the right people in the right way. I not only taught him something about music but taught him how to drive his first car, and look at how he drives racing cars today!” Then, getting back to von Karajan's professional life, he mused, “Herbert is, like Mozart, a pure product of Salzburg. By the time he left here for Vienna, in his teens, he was already a finished conductor.”

Von Karajan's own reminiscences about this period paint a slightly different picture. He went to Vienna a fairly raw student, he says, and attended the Vienna Hochschule für Musik, where he found the conducting classes moderately instructive but insufficiently disciplined for his taste. To supplement them, he organized a group of fellow-students, who followed a discipline of their own. Score in hand, they went to all the performances at the Vienna Opera—which was then under the direction of the great Franz Schalk, with occasional performances conducted by the even greater Richard Strauss—and after each one they would assemble in a loft with two pianos, play over the evening's opera, criticize its details, and take turns conducting while the rest sang the vocal parts and thumped out the orchestrations on the pianos. This self-instruction apparently proved more effective than anything the Hochschule had to offer; von Karajan soon got minor jobs as a rehearsal pianist at the opera, and in 1927, when he was nineteen, he was given the opportunity to become a full-scale opera conductor—in the little German town of Ulm, which is more famous for its Gothic cathedral than for any particular musical distinc-

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Sundays in the New York Herald Tribune

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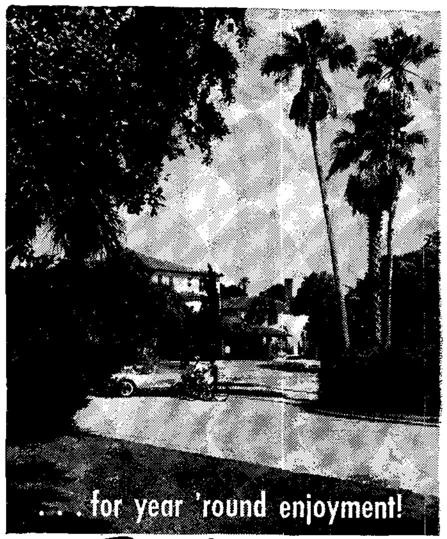
tion. Actually, the Ulm Opera was not much of a plum for a conductor. Its stage was only seven yards wide, its orchestra consisted of twenty-one pieces supplemented by a piano, and its singers were either beginners or veterans who had lost their voices after singing in more important places. But von Karajan was undaunted by these limitations. He presented not only such Italian and semi-popular German works as were reasonably suited to such surroundings but mammoth undertakings like Strauss's "Salome" and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" as well. In recalling this phase of his career, von Karajan maintains that there is no more instructive field for a budding conductor than bad opera. "Even today, I attend bad opera performances whenever I can," he remarked recently. "All the problems presented in *good* opera stand out in marked relief, and you can learn more about them than you can by listening to perfect performances." He slaved away at Ulm for seven years, spending all his summers in Salzburg, where he studied the performances at the Salzburg Festival and occasionally got a job of conducting to do on the side. By a curious chance, of some interest to Americans, he conducted several performances of "Tosca" and "Thaïs" in a movie house in nearby Berchtesgaden in 1931, and the singer in their title roles was Helen Gahagan (later Helen Gahagan Douglas), who is known to Americans as a former Broadway and Hollywood actress and a congresswoman but not as an opera star. Von Karajan remembers that she had a very promising voice, and is somewhat surprised that she did not pursue an operatic career.

Eventually, von Karajan quit Ulm and drifted to Berlin. After a few months of free-lancing, he learned that the post of director at the opera house in Aachen was open. Aachen was a larger musical center than Ulm, and its opera house was an important one, with an orchestra of eighty, an adequate stage, and a more or less permanent cast of able singers. It was the sort of place where a young conductor could really make a name for himself, and von Karajan applied for the job. After a couple of tryout performances, he was offered the post, with one rather staggering proviso. The date of the offer was 1935, and Adolf Hitler was bringing a heavy political hand to bear on German music. In order to become director of the Aachen Opera, von Karajan was required to join the Nazi Party, and he did. In extenuation of



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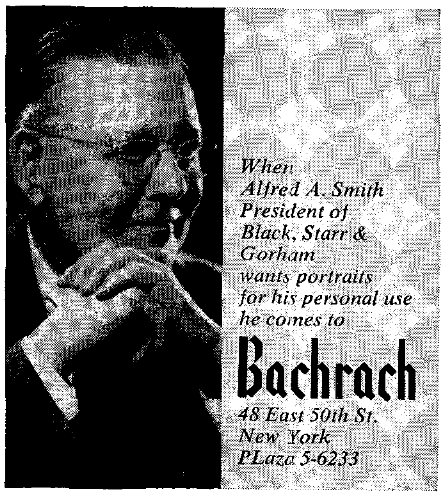

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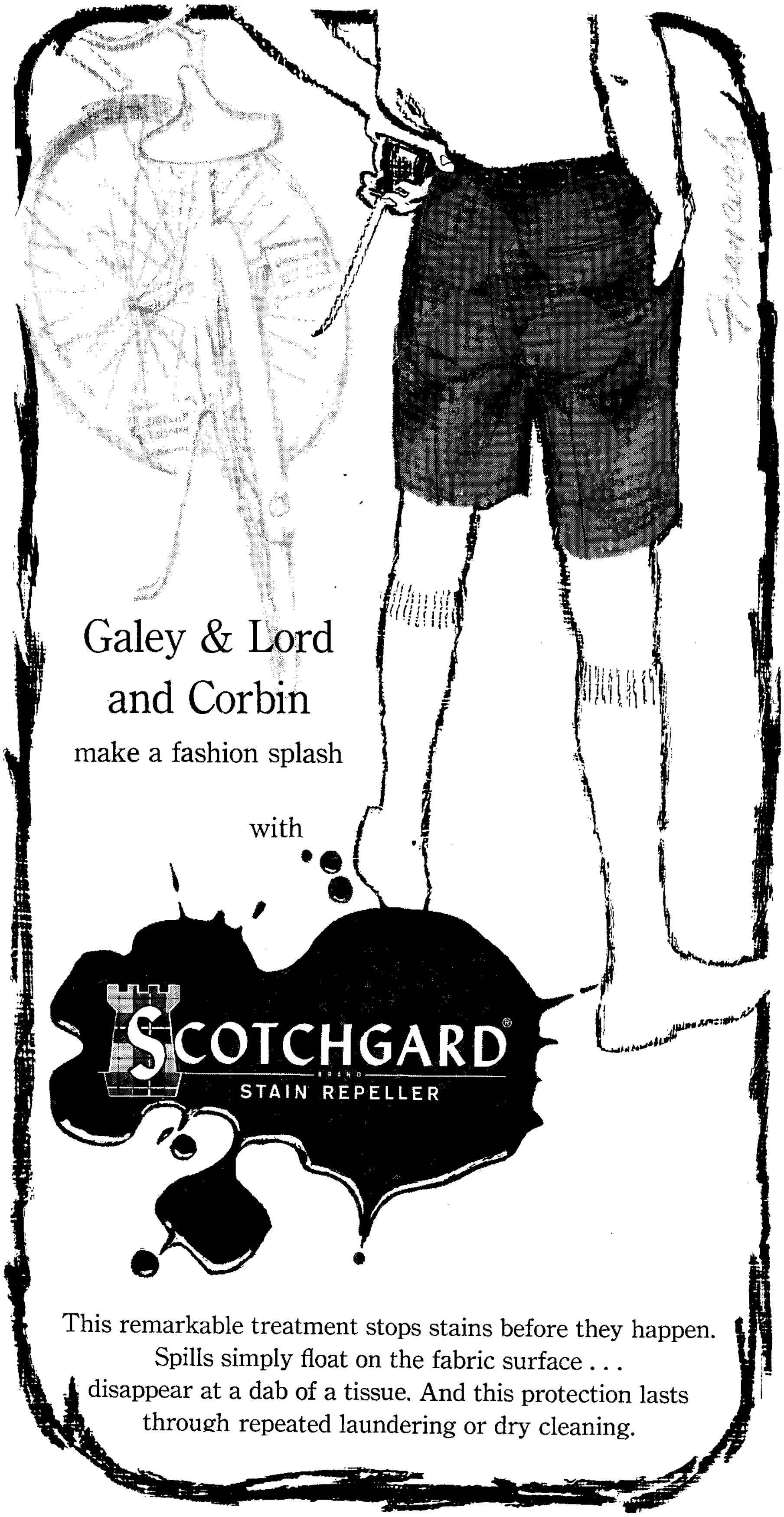
the move, supporters of von Karajan have pointed out that he was only twenty-six and that he was not a famous world figure like Toscanini, Fritz Busch, or Erich Kleiber, who could count on getting important assignments abroad. Exile, for him, would have meant starting at the bottom again as a virtual unknown. Besides, many a far greater musical figure than he—Richard Strauss, Wilhelm Furtwängler, and Walter Gieseking, to name just three—had come to terms, easily or uneasily, with the Nazis. Von Karajan himself is not inclined to go into such lengthy justifications. He made his decision purely on the basis of opportunism, and he says so today quite frankly. "I would have committed any crime to get that post," he says. His career was undoubtedly helped for the moment. Aachen was treated to a display of the von Karajan brand of musical perfectionism. Von Karajan himself was soon a Hitler favorite and was hailed as the outstanding younger conductor of Nazi Germany. After a few years, he let his assignments in Aachen slide to become the youthful idol of wartime Berlin, where he again free-lanced as an opera and symphony conductor, earning at this point the lifelong enmity of Furtwängler, his older and better-established rival, who was extremely jealous of von Karajan's upstart talents. For a time, the two conductors fought bitterly for supremacy, and there seems to have been endless ill-feeling on both sides. In the best Central European tradition, they jockeyed for position and prestige, each trying to deprive the other of important assignments and well-known soloists. For both temperamental and political reasons, Furtwängler was in and out of favor with the Nazi hierarchy; he vacillated. Von Karajan did not vacillate and was always in. Even after the collapse of Nazism, the feud persisted, with each denouncing the other as a Nazi favorite. Furtwängler, perhaps, had the better of that argument. He had striven manfully to protect the Jewish members of the Berlin Philharmonic, and had once retired from all conducting activities for a long period because of his disapproval of Nazi methods, and he was cleared fairly quickly by the Allied cultural mission and allowed to conduct again. Von Karajan, however, was in the doghouse, and it took him several years to get back into favor both with the Allied authorities and with the public. At one point, he withdrew into the mountains for eight months, giving up any attempt to get himself reinstated. "Perhaps it was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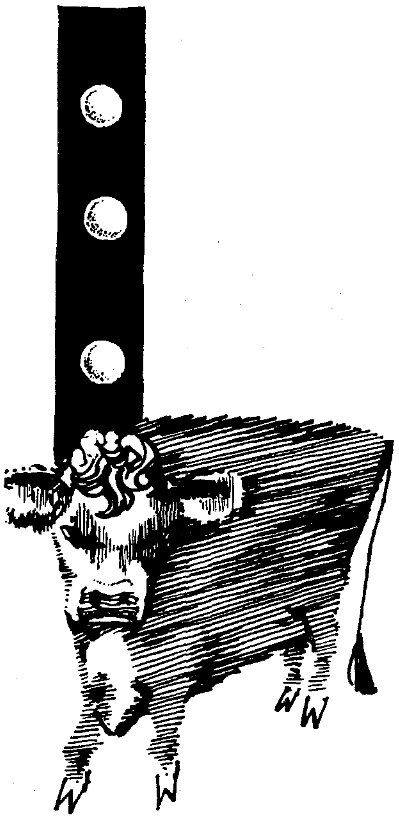

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a good thing," he mused recently. "My career up to then had gone much too fast. I needed time to rest and contemplate." Today, von Karajan wastes no time in remorse over his Nazi past. He feels that, as a musician, he had no duties save those related to his career, and that Nazi politics were a bothersome intrusion with which an artist had to cope in spite of himself.

The moral issues arising out of Nazi collaboration in general—and among artists in particular—have, of course, been thoroughly aired, and the discussion of them has pretty much died down. Whether an artist is to be considered above national political movements, whether patriotism and love of homeland can justify compromise with an evil regime that happens to be in power, and many other principles of the thing have been argued at length, though to no very satisfactory conclusions. Without going again into these questions, one may point out a few historical and psychological facts that entered into the cultural and artistic events of the early postwar period. Despite the public outcry against musicians who performed under the Nazi regime, none of these musicians were exactly in the position of war criminals. The public emotion generated at the time was unquestionably justified by the barbarity of the Nazis, but behind it lay a romantic idea—that an artist is necessarily more of an idealist than a butcher or a baker or a rocket scientist is, and that his artistic greatness is directly proportionate to his moral incorruptibility. Actually, the number of near-scoundrels among famous artists has always been fairly large, and the near-saints and political idealists, like Albert Schweitzer and Pablo Casals, have been very few. Most artists are interested, first and foremost, in their work, not in self-sacrifice for a cause, and this single-mindedness (especially in an art like music, which is completely devoid of political connotations) is apt to influence their behavior. Strangely, during and after the Nazi period, the blame fell unequally—indeed, almost haphazardly—on the various artists in question, regardless of their degree of guilt. Only certain artists were held to account, and these, naturally, were among the most famous ones (smaller fry went on practicing their profession without ignominy), but the principal targets of public opprobrium were selected without much logic. The greatest and the most guilty of all was probably the composer Richard Strauss, but he, apparently, was a figure too towering to criticize. He played ball

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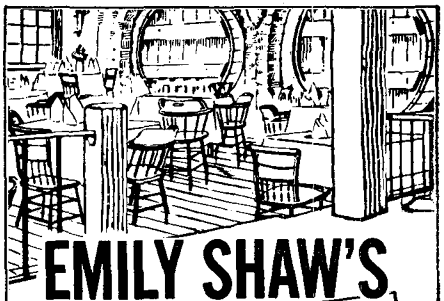

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with the Nazis with undisguised enthusiasm, yet nowhere did anyone suggest banning his music or curtailing his royalties or subjecting him to any other significant form of revenge. At the opposite end of the spectrum was the soprano Kirsten Flagstad, who suffered considerable public humiliation, though her only crimes were that she happened to be married to a rather dubious man associated with Norway's Quisling regime and that, like any dutiful wife, she chose to return home and spend the war years with her husband. Somewhere between these two extremes were Furtwängler and Gieseking, both Germans who had elected to stay in Germany. The two men received a great deal of bad publicity—Furtwängler, in fact, was the object of more international vilification than fell to the lot of any other musical figure active among the Nazis—but both were dealt with fairly gently by the Allied cultural mission. Although von Karajan, because he was not yet an internationally famous figure, was spared a great deal of unfavorable publicity, he had a harder time with the Allied officials. There were plenty of rival opportunists who were eager to exploit the fact that he had been a Nazi, and it was only after a great deal of palaver, in which certain artists of unimpeachable anti-Nazi reputation—among them the Russian-American composer Nicholas Nabokov—took his part, that he was officially denazified and permitted to resume his career.

That career has since been stormy enough but, on the whole, cometlike, from the artistic point of view. Von Karajan has been relentless in his efforts to resuscitate Vienna's musical vigor, and, despite the complaints of the patient, his course of artificial respiration is having its effect. The standard repertory of Austrian and German music, on which Vienna always prided itself, has been given a new atmosphere of vitality and eloquence, and the operas of Mozart, Wagner, and Richard Strauss are being performed with a degree of brilliance that was unknown in the immediate postwar period. Italian opera, in which Vienna had always been somewhat weak, has taken a new lease on life there, owing partly to the presence of the foreign stars he has hired and partly to his enthusiasm for it. Von Karajan, unlike many Central European maestros, has a special penchant for the lusty and uncomplicated operatic art of Italy and for the uninhibited singing of Italian-style artists. He expresses himself on the subject with a charac-

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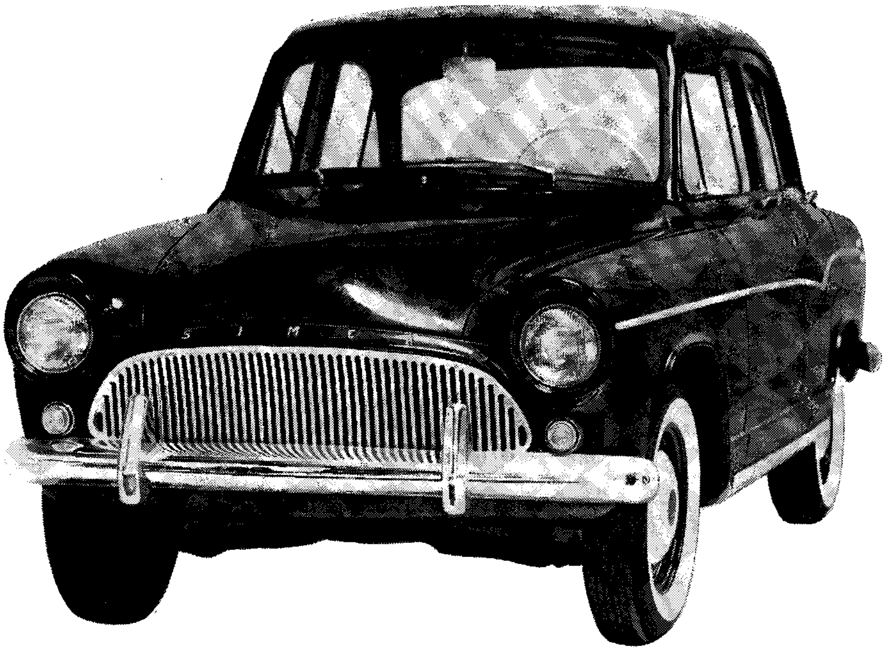

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teristic devotion to the *élan vital.* "Take 'Tosca,' for example," he says. "It is like having a good, simple rare hamburger for a change. Very wholesome. It contains elemental emotions and violence. The amount of energy you can explode in 'Tosca'—why, it corresponds to a murder. And the beauty of it is that you don't have to be hanged afterward." —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The mysterious intrigues of ancient Egypt with its never blinking Sphinx and pyramid tombs can supply a theme for a really "lively" party.

Being the 38th anniversary this month of the discovery of King "Tut's" tomb, the party can feature decorations in keeping with this historic event. As guests enter, provide blindfolds and escorts to thoroughly confuse guests as they wander in circles all the way to the main room of the party (the center of the tomb). Candlelight in this room will give an eerie effect and of course homemade mummies will add to the morgue-like atmosphere.

Large dolls wrapped in gauze can serve as mummies and of course chests "overflowing" with old costume jewelry will be King "Tut's" fabulous treasure. Grey crepe paper covering chairs and tables can give that bare stone effect.

Pluck guests out of this gloomy but fun tomb by serving heaps of barbecued beefburgers, hot dogs, potato chips and plenty of relishes. If this doesn't bring them back to "life," top the whole menu off with a favorite layer cake—a la mode.

Serve the goodies on a beige colored table cloth (for that sandy look) and easy to make paper pyramids of all sizes can be used as the table decorations.

At a King Tut's Tomb party, guests can "let their hair down" and have a perfectly silly time. But ahead of time the hostess had best store up a list of "crazy" games to help the guests unwind.

To start the party off, give each person a list of clues to identify Egyptian items that can be found about the house. Then leave them on their own to wander around to discover what and where the object is located.

Crown the winner "King Tut" and gather the remainder of the guests together in one room for an old-fashioned . . . —*Kalamazoo* (*Mich.*) *Gazette.*

Stop right there!

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Defiance* (*Ohio*) *Crescent-News*]

MARK CENTER—"I would advise teachers as professionals to stand mute from time to time," said Edward L. Hoon, director of field services for the Ohio Education Association Thursday night.

Speaking to more than 90 Defiance county teachers at their winter dinner meeting in the Mark Center School, Mr. Hoon referred to the shooting of two teachers in Indiana recently as a case obviously involving breaches of professional ethics.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

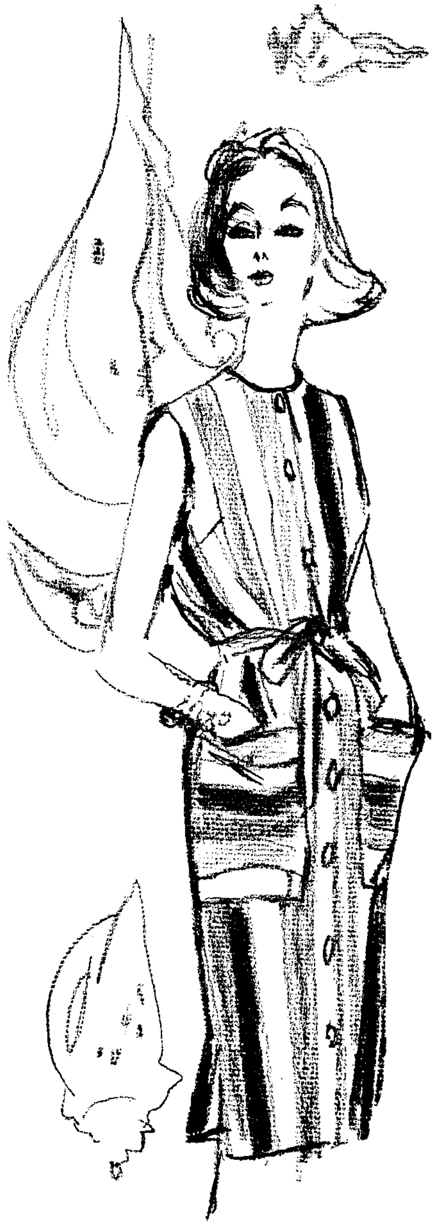
Comrade Camera

IN the hands of most of its contemporary users, the movie camera is a mannered, predictable bore. Unobtrusive, impeccably civilized, it does its damnedest never to appear awkward; it would rather be clear-eyed than intelligent, and even its decisive movements—its few gestures and head-cockings—give evidence of having been rehearsed in front of a mirror. This being the case, it is a refreshing shock to encounter a film in which the camera has been given all the best lines and in which it emerges as a vigorous, far from impeccable, but always exciting leading performer. The movie in question is the new Russian offering "Ballad of a Soldier," which has been directed by Grigori Chukhrai and photographed by Vladimir Nikolayev and Era Saveleva. These craftsmen lose no time in making clear what they will demand of their star, for in the first few minutes of the movie the camera, following the movements of a frightened foot soldier, is in full retreat before two huge German tanks. It zigzags, leaps desperately into hollows, sprints again, and at last, in a moment of startling beauty, darts into the sky like a terrified bird. This, the only acrobatic "effect" in the movie, serves its purpose precisely, for it nails our attention to the sights of "Ballad of a Soldier" rather than to its events.

The story is so slight as to be almost invisible. A nineteen-year-old soldier, as a reward for bravery at the front, is permitted a few days' leave to return to his home. Hitching rides on trains and trucks, he comforts a maimed homeward-bound veteran, delivers two cakes of soap to the family of a comrade, falls in love with and then loses a lovely young migrant, and arrives home only in time to embrace his mother and depart for the front again. This plot scarcely constitutes drama, but it does offer endless opportunities for the camera eye. Dark trees against a white sky seen from a moving boxcar, steam from an engine enveloping the black silhouette of a railroad bridge, light falling on the smiling face of the girl as she washes under a pump—these are the rewards of "Ballad of a Soldier." This venturesome camera is also capable of the obvious and the ill-conceived, and there are times when repeated closeups of noble Slavic profiles, and too carefully arranged groups of refugees and tired soldiers, lead one to suspect that one is in the presence of nothing more complex than an anti-war poster. Mr. Chukhrai rights himself, however, by returning his attention always to the faces of his youthful lovers, played by Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. They are a beautiful pair, terribly young, and their love affair is conducted entirely through gentle smiles, tentative gestures, and a few childish words. Since the camera's gaze is as guileless as their own, one sees their journey with the eyes of youth and comes to believe that perhaps war is as tragically simple and natural a condition of life as they conceive it to be.

IN "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant displays one of the handsomest collections of men's footwear on view outside the Peal showrooms. He turns up newly shod in almost every scene, and his wing-tips, Scotch brogues, moccasins, pumps, and velvet slippers all display the soft glow, the trim fit over the instep, and the tasteful slimness to be found only on the extremities of a gentleman who frequents the best bespoke booteries. Shoes are not ordinarily a subject of fascination to me, but after listening to the sly and almost endless dialogues about adultery that make up most of "The Grass Is Greener" I found that my attention had become dangerously unreliable. This movie, which Stanley Donen produced and directed, was photographed in a drafty but genteel British country house, purportedly kept up on a shoestring (there I go again!) by a young milord, played by Mr. Grant, and his doting spouse, who is Deborah Kerr. When the wife embarks upon a brief illicit romp with an American oil baron (Robert Mitchum), the peer conceals his grief with a barrage of suave witticisms and then wins back his lady with the assistance of his butler, who writes novels on the side. *Something* like that, anyway. It may be surmised that this sort of comedy can be kept afloat only by the wittiest sort of Noël Coward asides, but, alas, Mr. Coward is represented only by familiar tunes like "I'll See You Again," which form the background music. Jean Simmons, the fourth principal, is as attractive and as helpless as the three others. *Her* shoes are terrific, too.

—ROGER ANGELL



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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 28

THE annual prophecies of what will happen to France in the new year, made by the nine most oracular professional fortune-tellers in vogue here, have just been published, in the usual holiday spirit, by a couple of Paris newspapers. According to these nine occult glances into the future, things look pretty good, on the whole, for the French state in 1961—at least, in comparison with what it went through in 1960. French soothsaying is very *terre à terre*, and though in all these cases it was arrived at by the old magic use of tarot cards, crystal balls, horoscopes, numerology, or trances, it seems to have also been influenced by the corner butcher. As their opening prediction, all these fortune-tellers said that the cost of French living will keep right on going up in 1961. (It is, of course, a fact that the Fifth Republic's recent "Suivez le Bœuf" or "Follow the Steer" campaign to bring down living costs by trying to persuade housewives to buy cheap stewing cuts, rather than *filet*, for dinner has merely lifted the price of beefsteak to a new high, with no stop in sight, *bifteck* being what the French working class wants and is willing to pay anything for.) The prophets also agree that 1961 will be "another crucial year of universal alarm," yet without the dread war of nuclear bombs. As Mme. Jessica psychically sees it, though "the big powers will continue to mass-produce the atomic bomb . . . a great fear and a sentiment of guilt will prevent men from using it." Mme. Malay, a medium who lately gave a demonstration of thought transference in a radio séance atop the Tour Eiffel, prophesies that General de Gaulle's health will cause "grave worries . . . in the middle of the year;" that the Algerian war will, alas, not stop; and that "a new, extremely active political party will arise in France"—another bad augury, since France already has seven or eight extremely active political parties. On the other hand, M. Gilbert, a young male oracle, says the Algerian war will certainly end in 1961, resulting in Algerian independence and, temporarily, in some bloodshed, after which de Gaulle, "his principal task accomplished, and fatigued and ill," will resign, the Debré government will fall, and France will pass through "a period of riots, easily handled." The oldest oracle, Mme. Chardin, sees the new American administration increasing, rather than diminishing, the Moscow-Washington tension with "*un grand match*" on television between the two Ks, President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev, at a summit meeting. Aside from a couple of predictions straight out of the blue, such as that there will be a tidal wave in Australia and that the Russians will retire from East Berlin, this is the major prophetic news for 1961.

"For dessert, my wife would like the fruit cup, and I would like the jukebox turned down."

It should be added that a year ago certain of these same Paris fortune-tellers prophesied in print that in 1960 there would be violent trouble in the Congo, an earthquake at Agadir, and a wet summer in Europe. It was the wettest summer—and autumn, too—that France has had in a hundred years. It has rained nearly every day in Paris since the last of May. During the unprecedented flash floods in the Corrèze region, in lower France, when the streets of handsome medieval towns lay under four feet of water, a boy impiously fishing inside the Gothic cathedral of Tulle caught a trout in the nave. By harvest time, the soil in the vast Beauce wheatfields around Chartres, which are the breadbasket of France, was so waterlogged that the farmers had to send to the rice fields down in the Camargue for caterpillar tractors in order to get their crops in. Inexplicably, one fruit flourished. It was a bumper year for apples all over France, all over England, all over Europe. At present, the French farmers not only cannot sell their magnificent lemon-colored *calville* apples, which are of exceptional, giant size, but cannot even give them away.

IT takes the better part of an hour just to cut the six hundred and twenty-two pages of Mlle. Simone de Beauvoir's "La Force de l'Âge"—"The Prime of Life"—and at least three or four full days to read its close-to-a-quarter-million words with the unhurrying yet devouring concentration that they arouse. This tome follows by two years her first volume of recollections, "Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter,"

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which told of her strait-laced, bourgeois upbringing and ended with her emergence from the Sorbonne, where she studied philosophy, and the Latin Quarter, where she met Jean-Paul Sartre, another philosophy student. The two obscure future philosophy teachers were to become the most notable literary couple in France. The second volume carries them from 1929, when Mlle. de Beauvoir was twenty-one, through the fabulous thirties, which they were too poor to afford, through the Second World War, and up to the liberation of France, in 1944. It is easily the most stimulating Paris book of 1960 and is regarded as unique in France's memorialist literature, which is almost always written by men, and usually confessionally. What makes Mlle. de Beauvoir's report on herself so enriching is the high company that her mind furnishes the reader while she relates in phenomenal detail those fifteen eager years of her early adult life, with its anarchistic idealisms, its female curiosities and disciplined intellectual self-analyses, and its impersonal, guiding iron will, which drew her, like a magnet, through what Sartre jokingly called her schizophrenic optimism. As she candidly states, "I have never met anyone as gifted for happiness as I, or anybody so obstinately determined upon it." What makes her record rare is its honesty without intimacy. In her preface she says merely, "My life has been closely related to that of Jean-Paul Sartre." The basis of their union was their trust in the morality of love and liberty, upon which they founded a utopian pattern of living that is certainly unheard of in Anglo-Saxon pedagogical circles and, as she describes it, is fascinating, in its very thesis, to women readers in any walk of life. Neither he nor she wanted marriage, domesticity, or children. "Why, for instance, live under the same roof when the world was our common property? Why fear to be apart when nothing could ever separate us? . . . I knew that no harm could ever come to me from him, unless he were to die before I died," she writes. When they made these decisions, she was twenty-one, handsome, dowdy, brainy; he was twenty-three and provincial, had one bad eye, and was the mental superior of all his student colleagues and of her, too. In the horrendously difficult competitive examinations they had to take for their teaching certificates, he ranked first of all the examinees in Paris, and she second—a truly prodigious pair. He was popular with women, and loved jokes

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and bad puns. He called their relation a morganatic marriage, and when they occasionally dressed up to go dancing together in Montparnasse, he pretended they were an American millionaire couple, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hattick—a terrible kind of pun that they thought wonderfully funny.

Much of the interest of Mlle. de Beauvoir's book comes from her scrupulous recollective analyses of them both—instinctively Leftist, fiercely anti-bourgeois, and thus against their own class, and yet utterly unconcerned with politics, uninterested not only in Communism but also in Freud, who, with Marx, was the great influence on their generation in the 1930 period. Born travellers, they went on third-class journeys all over Europe, conscientiously visiting each big city's poorest neighborhood. They were like a couple standing in a cerebral trance on the sidewalk while the realistic marchers strode by in the growing contemporary parade, all headed someplace. Mlle. de Beauvoir is lyrical only when she writes about French landscapes seen during the solitary walking tours of twenty-five miles that she takes on Sundays.

It was the war that changed them both, when history "fell upon" them uncontrollably. During Sartre's noncombatant service (because of his eye) with the French Army, and his imprisonment in Germany after France fell, Mlle. de Beauvoir reread Hegel and Kierkegaard four hours daily in the Bibliothèque Nationale, to relate herself to the universe at last, and to suffering. On Sartre's return to Paris, within the year, from his Nazi stalag, he declared, out of his new political morality, that man must not only take his stand but "go beyond it, into action." He vainly tried to round up an intellectual Resistance group, to be called Socialisme et Liberté, and finally contributed to the underground Communist literary magazine *Les Lettres Françaises*, which started his progress toward, but never completely into, Communism. Both he and Mlle. de Beauvoir wrote in the St.-Germain-des-Prés Café Flore to get warm. Since childhood, Mlle. de Beauvoir's ambition had been to become a writer. Sartre was simply born a writer. At the Flore, he started writing a play about people caught in a Paris basement during a blackout, and, with sure theatre sense, turned them into dead people caught forever in a hotel room in Hell. It became his great one-act play "Huis Clos," or "No Exit." He also wrote his novel "La Nausée" there, and "L'Être et le

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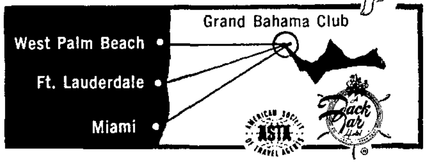

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Néant," his opening Existentialist philosophical work, which aroused enormous comment in wartime academic circles. Together the pair belatedly read Dos Passos, Faulkner, and Hemingway. Hemingway's "technique, in its seeming and adroit simplicity, suited our philosophical requirements," Mlle. de Beauvoir writes, adding, "Many rules that we imposed on ourselves in writing our novels were inspired by Hemingway." Toward the end of the war, they became friends of Camus, with whom Sartre later bitterly quarrelled, and after ten years of effort Mlle. de Beauvoir wrote her first novel, "L'Invitée," which was published the winter before the Liberation and was an immediate success. A whole new world, the famed Paris inner circle of littérateurs and artists, suddenly opened to her. He first, then she had arrived. It is her epic honesty that dominates her second book of memoirs and gives them their distaff quality of greatness.

AMONG five postage stamps announced last week as being the winners in the Grand Prix de l'Art Philatélique International, one is from the Fiji Islands and depicts a bold-natured, long-tailed, bright-colored parrot. In the same mixed ornithological and philatelic spirit, a delightful, unusual, and rather smelly exhibition called "Le Timbre et l'Oiseau" is being held in the Muséum National d'Histoire Naturelle of the Jardin des Plantes to honor two new French bird stamps, issued for their first mailing on December 17th, with a special cancellation identifying the birds as *sarcelle* (teal) and *vanneau* (lapwing). The show is part of an "*étude des migrations*" now being undertaken by the Muséum. In the large, chilly exhibition hall are two enclosures of occasionally noisy living birds (which accounts for the malodorousness), among them a few small, pompous, green-winged teal, which are much appreciated here as winter table birds. They are netted while in migration from Scandinavia, or even Siberia. There are also couples of long-legged, white-bosomed lapwings, which are less good to eat, and perhaps migrate from northern Asia to the French marshes on the Atlantic coast. Then, as examples of some of the many birds shown on stamps, there are ibises, flamingos, and mandarin ducks stalking about on an enclosed island. Glass cases hold several hundred bird stamps, from all over the globe, which are properly presented, with the birds' Latin names and habitats given, as well

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as details of the stamps' histories. Stamps, some triangle-shaped, decorated with storks in flight have been issued by Spain, Algeria, the former French East Africa, and Hungary; stamps of penguins, with yellow head trim, are from the French Antarctic; stamps with elegant black-ruffed swans are from Australia. Also, there are stamps with foolish-faced puffins, from Lundy Island. There are Balearic stamps with cranes that have yellow pompons and red-and-yellow tails, and Kenya stamps with cranes framing a portrait of the late King George VI. And there are United States stamps with cranes, cardinals, bobolinks, wild turkeys, and hummingbirds lunching on orange blossoms. There is a heron stamp from Somaliland. There are stamps with yellow pelicans, purple finches, running ostriches. There is a magnificent Swiss stamp with the famous owl painted by Dürer. And there are many stamps, from all over, with pairs of doves sitting affectionately together in peace. The thought behind this display of bird stamps is that our letters today travel all around our world on wings. It is an entrancing, ill-attended exhibition, appealing to few.

FOR many years now, monthly bulletins on economic and social problems have been sent out to the press here (which for various reasons has rarely used them) by the Bourbon pretender to the throne of France—Henri, Comte de Paris—who is reputed to be Socialistic and is known to be pro-de Gaulle. His bulletin of December 14th has exceptional news value, because in it he announces that he is suspending these studious, rather solemn communications, in what he calls the troubled times France is going through, and says why. It is, he states, because "I trust General de Gaulle." With close to royal dignity, he declares that "rather than uselessly mingle my voice in the frantic clamor,

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I, whose vocation is to unite and pacify, choose to keep silent while waiting for the day when the French will comprehend" that they must unite "in understanding of and respect for the realities of our time and the world we are living in." To the *colons* of French blood in Algeria, he sternly adds, "Follow General de Gaulle. He is the only chance France has, your only safeguard." With this he stirred up a hornets' nest among what is left today of the old ultra-reactionary, anti-republican, onetime pro-Pétain, Action Française royalists. In their weekly paper, *Aspects de la France*, they declared with anger, "We have a right to be consternated by the Prince's terms, which constitute unconditional approbation of General de Gaulle" and a deplorable acquiescence in "the error of modern times" by the "inheritor of the Capets" (his earliest dynastic ancestors, who rose to power around the year 987). After describing Algeria as "the last land tied to the crown by our kings" (meaning the unlucky Louis Philippe), they end up by saying frankly that "it is as much for the heritage of the present pretender himself as for France's immediate interests" that the Action Française "refuses to follow M. de Gaulle into Algerian Algeria." All these anachronistic references to kings, addressed to those monarchs' final, symbolic, Socialist relic, the Comte de Paris, and coming to him, as they do, after the machine guns and Molotov cocktails on the streets of Algiers a fortnight ago, make it clear that President de Gaulle's problem of the mixed races in Algeria is also a problem of the persistent admixture of certain kinds of strange French people living in France today. —GENÊT

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A DRAGON IS NOT A FLOWER

IT was nearly nine o'clock, and I was sitting by myself in the upstairs dining room of a Chinatown restaurant, when the man and woman came in. They entered in a flurry of argument, the woman insisting they were in the wrong place, and they sat down in ruffled dignity at a table by a window not far from where I was sitting. There was a long silence while they both made a great point of concentrating on their menus; then finally the woman, plump and matronly, raised her head and looked carefully at the murals in the room. When her survey was finished, she focussed her attention on a long, thin panel close by showing a Chinese maiden, fan outspread, looking down at a pool that was sprinkled with pale water lilies. The lights from the neon signs on Mott Street brought a warm, pink glow to the woman's face as she gazed wistfully at the mural.

"That's what we ought to do," she announced suddenly. "Give names to our years."

The man, who had thick gray hair and wore horn-rimmed glasses, raised a blank face from the menu. "What was that?"

"The Chinese do it," said the woman.

"The Chinese do what?"

"*Name* their years. They name every year after a flower. I think it's a lovely thing to do. It gives a sort of—"

"Whoa, now—wait a minute," the man interrupted. "Chinese years are not named after flowers. They're named after animals."

"You're always so sure of yourself," said the woman, "but this time you're wrong. I distinctly remember a Year of the Lotus."

"No, no." The man placed his menu on the table. "You've got it mixed up with something else. It just so happens that I know quite a bit about Chinese name years—year names . . ." He hesitated briefly, in mild anguish. "Anyway, they're animals."

"No, they're not," said the woman. "They're flowers. And I'll tell you why I know."

"How could they be flowers?" The man asked the question rhetorically, as though he were addressing everybody in the restaurant.

The woman pretended she hadn't heard him. "I think I'll have some wonton soup to start with," she said primly, pursing her lips.

"Never mind the wonton soup," the man said, sitting back in his chair. "First, tell me how they could be flowers."

"Well, my goodness!" said the woman. "Why couldn't they be flowers?"

"Because they aren't, that's why. I definitely know there's a Year of the Dragon—and a dragon is not a flower."

"A lotus is."

"But there's no such year."

"You just don't remember it. I do."

"Year of the Lotus." The man's voice was full of disgust.

"I think we'd better call a waiter," said the woman. "I'm getting hungry."

"Year of the Monkey," the man muttered.

The woman's eyes grew wide for an instant, as if she were going to become angry; then she began to laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked the man.

"For a minute, I thought you called me a monkey."

"No, no. *Year* of the Monkey. That's another one of the names. It was my first winter in New York, and I was sitting in this very same restaurant watching the Chinese parade on Mott Street. I remember asking the manager what year it was, and he said it was the Year of the Monkey." The man nodded emphatically. "What do you think of that?"

"That was a long while ago," said the woman, unimpressed. She resumed her study of the menu as a waiter came over to the table.

"All right," said the man. "Just for the record, let's find out." He looked up at the waiter. "What's the Chinese name for this year?"

The waiter answered promptly, "Year of the Rat."

"See?" The man turned to the woman. "An animal."

"Well," said the woman, "that doesn't mean *every* year is an animal."

The man looked up at the waiter again. "What was it last year?"

After thinking a moment, the waiter said, "Year of the Pig."

"Next year?" asked the man.

"Year of the Ox."

"And is there a Year of the Dragon?"

The waiter nodded, and the man looked triumphantly at the woman. "There you are. Every one an animal."

"My God!" said the woman. "There are hundreds and hundreds of years. They certainly can't *all* be animals. Be-

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sides, I think flowers are much more appropriate." She turned to the waiter. "There *is* a Year of the Lotus, isn't there?"

The waiter shook his head; there was no Year of the Lotus.

"Are you absolutely sure about that?" the woman asked.

"No flowers. Only animals. Twelve-year cycle." Impassive, the waiter raised his pencil, ready to write down the orders.

"I guess that takes care of that," the man said, smiling with satisfaction. He picked up his menu again.

"But they're such beautiful names!" cried the woman. "Lotus! Poppy! Chrysanthemum! Peony! Plum blossom!" She sounded each name with a fine poetic fervor, then leaned toward the waiter. "Are you sure the years aren't named after animals *and* flowers?"

The waiter stood his ground. "No flowers. Only animals. Twelve-year cycle," he repeated mechanically.

"Any more questions?" asked the man.

"I'll have some egg foo yong after the soup," the woman said. She lapsed into resentful silence while the man gave the waiter their orders. After the waiter had gone, she still sat motionless, gazing moodily at the table. Two or three minutes went by before she looked up at the man.

"What did he mean, twelve-year cycle?" she asked.

"Exactly that," said the man. "When the twelfth year is over, the cycle begins again."

"You mean they just go on naming years after the same twelve animals over and over?"

"That's right."

The woman mulled this over, and I thought for a wild moment she was going to give in without further comment, but then she looked at the man with a smile of disdain. "A fine expert you are," she said. "You didn't say anything before about a twelve-year cycle. I'll bet you didn't even know there was one until the waiter told you."

—FREDERICK L. KEEFE

•

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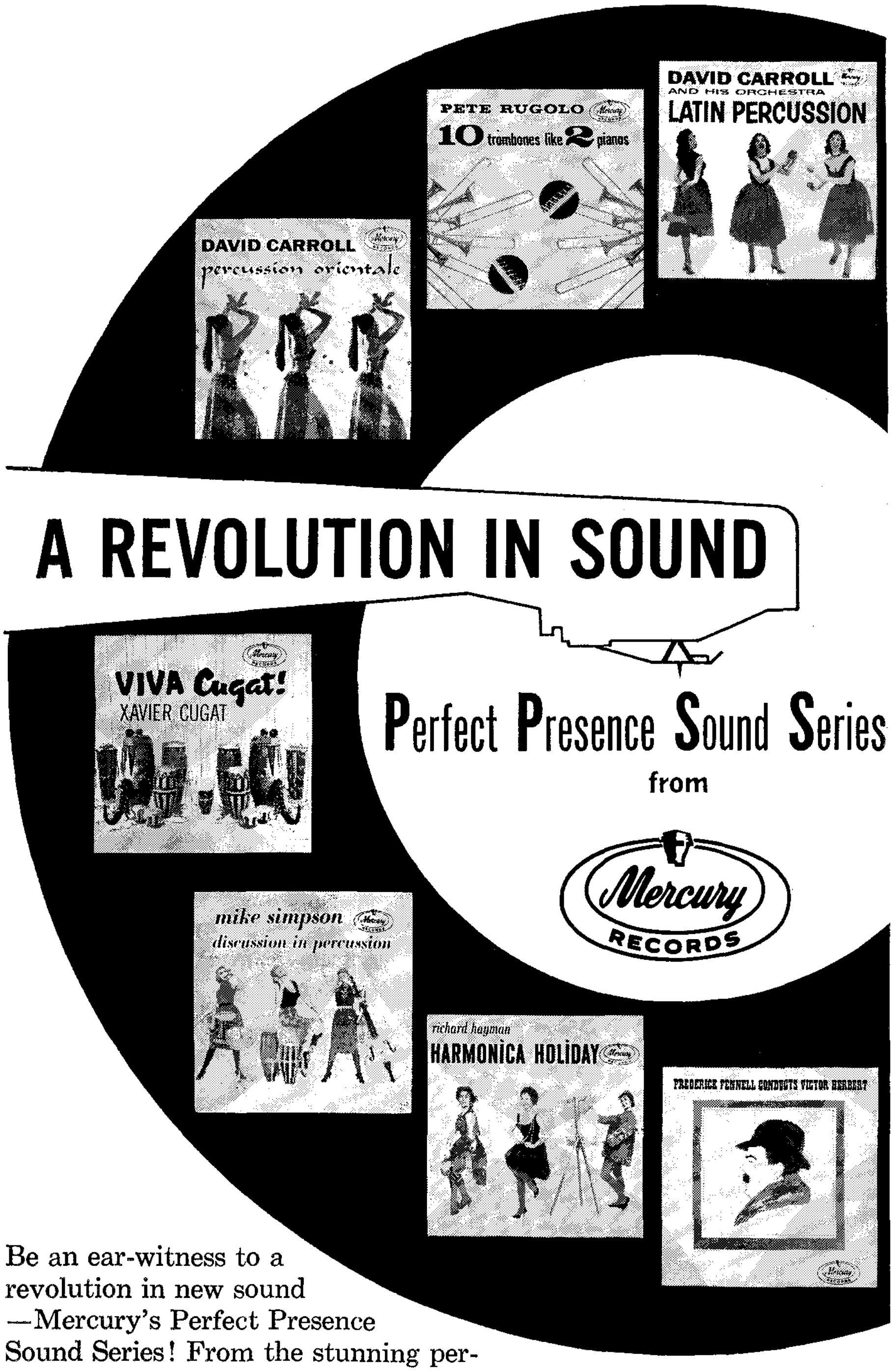
THE RACE TRACK

Grand Opening

THOUGH they've been off and running at New Orleans and Miami since Thanksgiving, the important winter racing didn't begin till Santa Anita opened, the day after Christmas. Everything went off in fine style, 71,017 aficionados crowding into the California track to see the Palos Verdes Handicap and seven other races. It wasn't the biggest assemblage ever at Santa Anita (83,857 packed the place the afternoon Olhaverry won the Santa Anita Handicap back in 1947), but it was a fair start. And, from all accounts, the Palos Verdes was a pretty lively affair, Ole Fols winning it by a neck from Henrijan after surviving a claim of foul by Henrijan's jockey. Finnegan, a stablemate of Ole Fols (they usually run as a team), was third. T. V. Lark, winner last season of the United Nations Handicap, the Washington Park Handicap, the American Derby, and the Arlington Classic, led home the eleven also-rans, among them Clandestine, who took the Palos Verdes in 1959. T. V. Lark was well fancied—because of his past performances, no doubt—but it's only fair to say that the six furlongs of the Palos Verdes wasn't his best distance; he prefers a longer route. As a matter of fact, he is one of the two second choices, at 6–1 (Tompion is the other), in the Caliente future book on the mile-and-a-quarter Santa Anita Handicap, on February 25th. As you'd expect, Kelso, almost everybody's Horse of the Year, is the favorite, at 3–1, which seems to me a very short price. But don't give it a second thought; for some time there has been a ruling prohibiting horseplayers from sending bets by mail or telegraph to the Mexican track. Of course, one could go there, and I'm told that it is more attractive than Las Vegas.

SPEAKING of the law, I wonder what will come of the Tropical Park management's refusal to obey the directive of the Internal Revenue Service and report the names and addresses of the winners of that $2,347.20 daily double down there a couple of weeks ago. Since last September, as you are doubtless aware, anybody at the Eastern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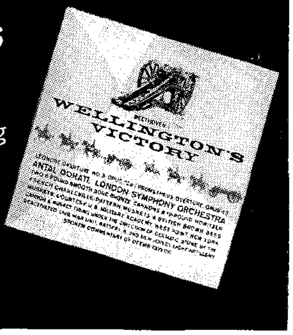
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tracks who has caught a two-dollar double paying $600 or more has had to present positive identification—a driver's license, or perhaps a letter from his pastor—and fill out a form before cashing the ticket. Nobody around here made much of a fuss about it, but in Florida, where they're all for states' rights, the state attorney general ruled that all this paperwork wasn't necessary. Well, I'm no longer much of a betting man, but I'll take a ticket to win on Mr. Whiskers.

IT was without many regrets that racegoers said goodbye to 1960. To be sure, we had Bald Eagle and Sword Dancer and Bally Ache, but after naming these and perhaps half a dozen others one is forced to conclude that the racing was a little less than distinguished, particularly in the way of horses. In retrospect, the two-year-old colts, with the exception of Hail to Reason, were as mediocre a lot as I've seen in a coon's age. Contrarily (as they always turn out), the fillies were above average. Bowl of Flowers was certainly a topnotcher; Little Tumbler was fast, though she couldn't carry her speed far; and Primonetta had the earmarks of a real runner. As for the three-year-old colts, I have a notion that some evil thaumaturge, bent on getting even for being beaten out on a fat daily double, put a hex on the better ones. At any rate, five of the top ten in the Experimental Handicap went amiss before the season was half over, three others didn't return to the races, and the remaining two ran below expectations. (Kelso didn't make the Experimental list; he started too few times as a two-year-old to earn a rating.) Berlo, of course, was supreme among the three-year-old fillies. One last, plaintive peep: What are we going to use for horses in all those six-figure handicaps coming up?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

At any rate, there came a time in their acquaintance when Lana, always lonely without love, began to get restless. So, deciding on the direct approach, she looked Bob squarely in the eye one day, indicated her naked left finger, third hand, and said, in substance, "What about it, my good man? Don't you think you ought to get me a chip of some sort for there?"—*True Confessions.*

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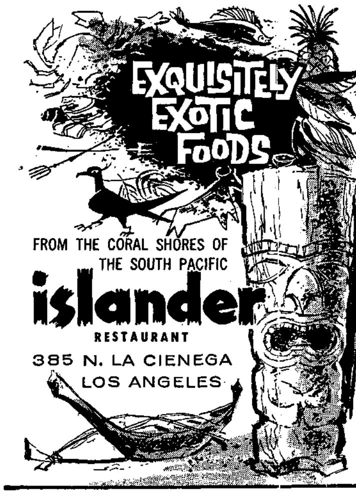

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[*Adv. in the Union Bridge (Md.) Pilot*]

Attention to the
Citizens and Dog Owners
Of Carroll County

The Dog Catcher, Mr. Long, went into a man's place to collect dog license last fall and got in some little argument over it. So this man told him to get David Baile's dog license and then he would get his.

Mr. Long told him that he did not have to come to see me that they wrote me a letter and I wrote back and told them that I would be in and buy my dog license at my earliest convenience. He told Mr. Long that he didn't have the money then, but that he was expecting some money in that day, and if his money came in to come back tomorrow and he would buy them. So this man called me up to know if I would be home that night and I told him I would. He came down to see me and asked me what I meant by writing in and telling them that I would be in to buy my dog license at my earliest convenience and I told him that they did not write to me and I did not write to them. He went home and the next day Mr. Long came back to collect his license and he said come in the house and I will get my wife to make out a check for you. They went in the house in front of the man's wife and he said he would like to see that letter Mr. Baile wrote to them. Mr. Long said that you do not believe it. This man said, I am not doubting your word but I would like to see it. Mr. Long said that he would take him to town and show it to him. But when they got to town they could not show the man the letter because they did not have it. Mr. Long brought the gentlemen back home and apologized to him for lying to him and also went in the house and apologized to his wife. He told him that he would not bother him about dog license any more and neither he bother Mr. Baile. I think it is soon time that we are getting fair and square to one another.

Last fall the dog catcher, Mr. Ommert, came to see me and asked me what all the trouble was about, concerning the dog license. I told him that I didn't know there was any and he said you are refusing to buy your dog license, aren't you? I told him that was right, but I didn't know that there was any trouble about it. He told me that I had to go in and state my case to the County Commissioners and I asked him who he was talking to and he said you. I told him that he wasn't talking to me, because I wouldn't walk from my house to the mail box to talk to them on that subject. He then told me that he would have to do something and I told him that he could do it right away if he had the proper papers in his pocket. All I wanted was time enough to turn the key on the door and go across the road and tell my neighbor to feed my dogs. There is nothing in my house to burst, and I had nothing to worry about. So then I started to tell him what I had to say, and he left. I think it is soon time that we are being fair to one another and I am strictly opposed to locking up Bill Brown and leaving Sam Jones go free.

Let's go along and see what happened this fall. They came out to my neighbor's and asked him where my sister was nursing and he told them down at Bird Hill at

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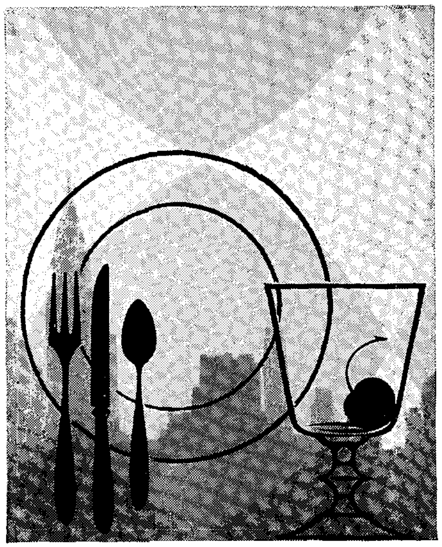

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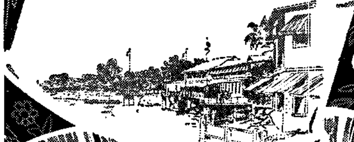
Mrs. Logue's. So he and Mr. Hoff went down to Bird Hill to see Miss Baile. Mrs. Logue told them that Miss Baile was not there and they wanted to know where they could get in touch with her and where she was. Mrs. Logue said that she did not know, but that she lives with her brother and she was sure that if they came to see me or called me up, I could tell them exactly where she was. But they said they did not want to talk to me, if there were anybody else who may know where she was working and she told them that she had a sister that lives over on the Bethel Road, so they told her then that they were dog wardens. So they went from Bird Hill to the Bethel Road and stopped at her sister's and asked her the same questions about Miss Baile, and her sister said that she did not know, but she thought down around Reisterstown, but she said that she had a niece who lives right across the road. They went across the road to her niece's and asked her where Miss Baile was working, but did not tell what they wanted or who they were. Her niece told them at Reisterstown, at Miss Barnhart's. So they left and her niece thought that they were someone after her for another nurse job. So they went to Baltimore County and they found Miss Baile. She was out burning the rubbish, and they stopped and asked her if she was Miss Baile and she told them she was. They said they wanted to see her. They pulled into the driveway and got out of their car and told her that they came to see her about buying her brother's dog license, that they were the dog wardens. She told them to go back and get them from me. They told her that they were good and tired of people slapping it up in their faces that I wasn't buying dog license. She said and we are getting good and tired of you worrying us and talking of locking us up and letting so many others go free. So Mr. Hoff said it was impossible for them to get them all. And we agreed with them on that 100%. Miss Baile said that she was getting nervous and she picked up her can and went into the house.

Let's follow them right along and see where they went to from there. They returned to the Bethel Road and stopped at my daughter's and asked her about buying my dog license, and she said she did not have any money, and that she would have to see her husband when he came home that night. Mr. Ommert told her that he was ashamed of me the way I talked to him in front of his little girl. They also then asked her if there were any organizations that I belonged to that they could go to see to get my license. They thought she had a nice father, they didn't want to lock me up. She told them that if she bought my dog license she might as well hit the road. They told her that their attorney told them that they did not have to tell. I would just hate to tell the conversation that they gave my daughter until she bought my dog license, but if the citizens of Carroll County want to know, I will only be too glad to tell them.

They got my license and called up a friend and told him that they had mine and that he should come in and get his. So I happened to be in Westminster and I met my friend when he was on his way in to get his license, and he said you have made me spend some money and I said I did make you spend some money? He said, well you bought your dog license, now I have to buy



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mine and I told him I did not, which this had all been done behind my back. So I told him that I would go right to the County Commissioner's office and prove to him that I did not buy them. So we went to the County Commissioner's office, I went in and asked Mr. Bonsack if he had my dog license. He said they did. I asked him where they came from and he said the Dog Warden. I asked him the Dog Warden's name and he told me Mr. Hoff. I asked if Mr. Hoff was around and he said he would check. He came back and told me he was and took me to the office where he was. I asked Mr. Hoff, I understand you have my dog license, he said, yes sir. I asked him who bought them and he said a friend. I asked him the second time and he said your good friend. I asked him a third time and he said your good friend and when your good friend wanted to buy your dog license, we accepted the money. All of this was done behind my back. I would like to know why he did not come to me instead of going behind my back. So I left. I had my attorney, Mr. Hoffman, to go over and see if he could find out. He went over but he failed like me. So I thought it was funny if they could do that and there was no way for me to find out, so I went to work. So I traced them from my place to Bird Hill, I followed them from Bird Hill to the Bethel Road, I followed them from the Bethel Road to Baltimore County, I followed them back from Baltimore County to the Bethel Road. Then I knew who bought my dog license, it was my daughter. Well this had better never happen again, as I will not stand for any dog warden's trying to cause disturbance or ill feelings between me and my daughter and my sister.

If Mr. Hoff and Mr. Ommert would play straight and would have worked in Carroll County instead of going to Baltimore County, they might do a little better job. As I know right in my own neighborhood where they did not stop last summer, and can prove it.

(Signed) DAVID J. BAILE
Route #1, New Windsor, Md.

•

A VISION

(AFTER BEING HEAVILY DRUGGED WITH INHALATIONS OF LITERARY CRITICISM)

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Said Leslie Fiedler to Seymour Krim,
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And wrote these splendid works themselves
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—JOHN UPDIKE

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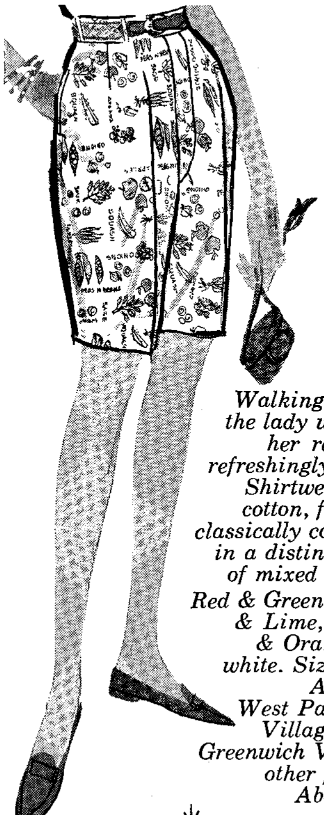

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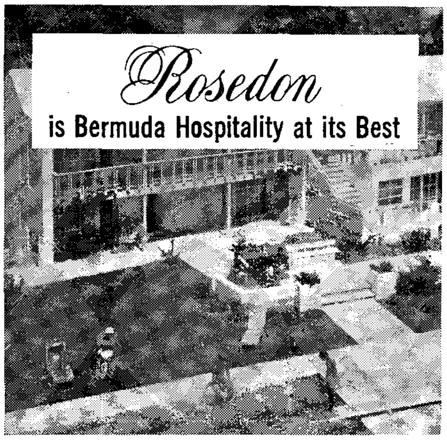

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Main Stream

THERE is something about the contemporary composer's angry repudiation of the nineteenth century that reminds one of a neurotic child who feels that his parents have somehow betrayed him. For fifty years, it has been fashionable in avant-garde circles to claim that the nineteenth century was just no good, to write histories of music that put it in its place by devoting twice as much space to the skeletal remains of medieval plain chant or to the lesser figures of the early baroque era, and to stigmatize that familiar whipping boy Richard Wagner as the cause of all our troubles, simply because he happened to be in some ways the most typically nineteenth-century of all the nineteenth-century composers. There is a certain unreality about this behavior, for the nineteenth century was, to put it mildly, one of the most creative and exciting periods the art of music has ever known, and Richard Wagner, who is by no means its sole representative, was—whether you happened to be attracted by his music or not—one of the supreme masters of this art. Moreover, the nineteenth century has bequeathed to us everything we have in the way of a living musical tradition, and such compositions as have since been written without reference to this are completely sterile. The tradition is not something to rail against. On the contrary, it is something to build upon and to compete with. Fortunately, as I have pointed out from time to time, a new movement has recently been developing—particularly in the field of opera—that apparently has as its aim the healing of the breach between generations. Its exponents, including composers like Menotti, Floyd, Giannini, Ward, Moore, and the German Carl Orff, have chosen to ignore all the impotent kicking and snorting, and have taken to studying tradition, writing understandable melody, and turning out works that, though perhaps not as illustrious as the masterpieces of the past, are at least comparable with them.

The latest work of this sort, an opera called "Deseret," by the young New York composer Leonard Kastle, will have had its première on a Sunday-

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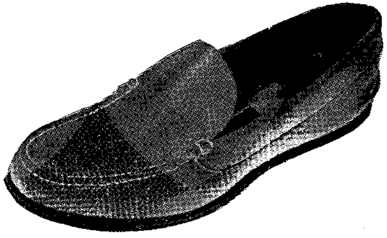

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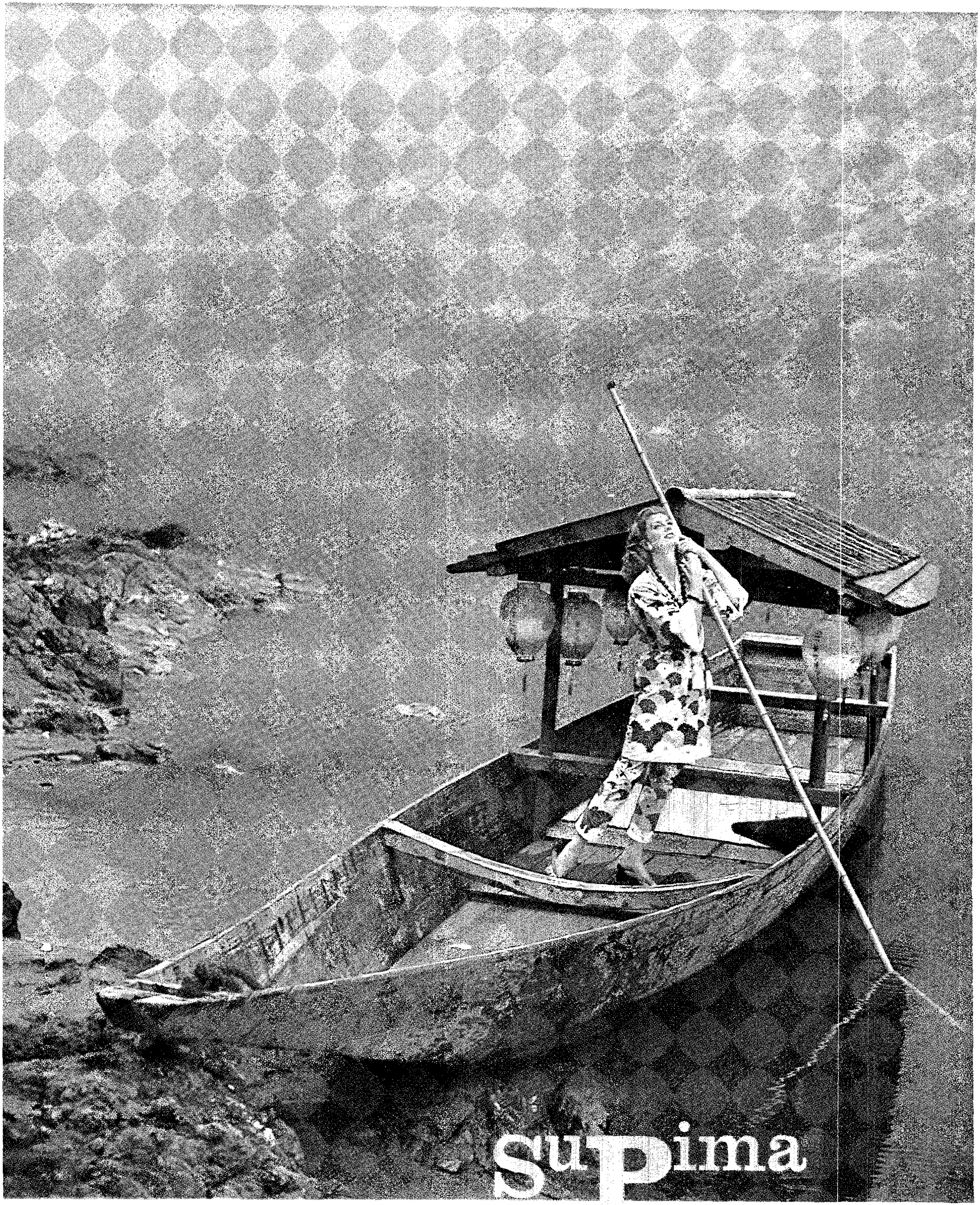

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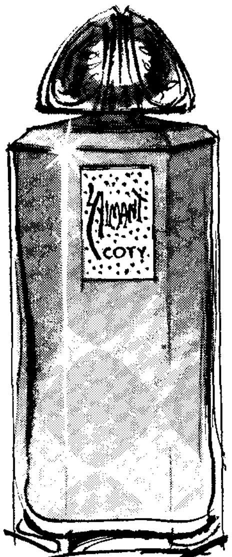
afternoon broadcast of the N.B.C. Opera by the time this appears in print. (I am writing these notes from a preview of the television tape, which I was privileged to see in advance of the broadcast.) "Deseret" is not a great opera, but its composer is moving in the right direction, and his work is very agreeable to listen to. He has written a serviceable score, which shows a clear comprehension of the operatic problem, a willingness to write melody that can be sung, and a mastery of the kind of orchestral fabric that goes with it. He has been fortunate in latching on to a skillful libretto, written by Anne Howard Bailey, which tells a touching and slightly humorous story about the early Mormon settlers of Utah. At the center of this story is the aging prophet Brigham Young, who is about to marry his twenty-fifth wife, with the encouragement of her ambitious parents. The girl in question is impressed by the honor, but Brigham is obviously not her notion of the ideal lover, and before the opera is over, she has fallen in love with a handsome young captain of the Union Army who has been visiting on military business, whereupon Brigham can only relinquish her and give the young couple his blessing. Brigham's tragedy is slight, but poignant in somewhat the manner of the Marschallin's in "Der Rosenkavalier." The old prophet accepts his lot gracefully, consoling himself with the first of his numerous wives, a woman whose patient devotion and whose selfless acceptance of Mormon polygamy make her a much more suitable companion. Mr. Kastle has underlined this little plot with music of considerable adroitness. It may not always soar with compelling eloquence, but it has its moments of genuine inspiration and it is truly operatic in a way that makes one look forward to the composer's future endeavors in this medium. As for the production, I shall simply say that it was painstaking and, from all points of view, adequate.

ON Monday night of last week, the Metropolitan Opera revived Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," to thunderous applause. The once lavish sets that were used have become so old and tattered that they seemed on the point of disintegration, but nobody appeared to mind, and I myself found them preferable, despite their moldiness, to a good many sets that have recently been designed by some of Mr. Bing's more mannered and fashionable scenic artists. The opera, too, is at times a pretty



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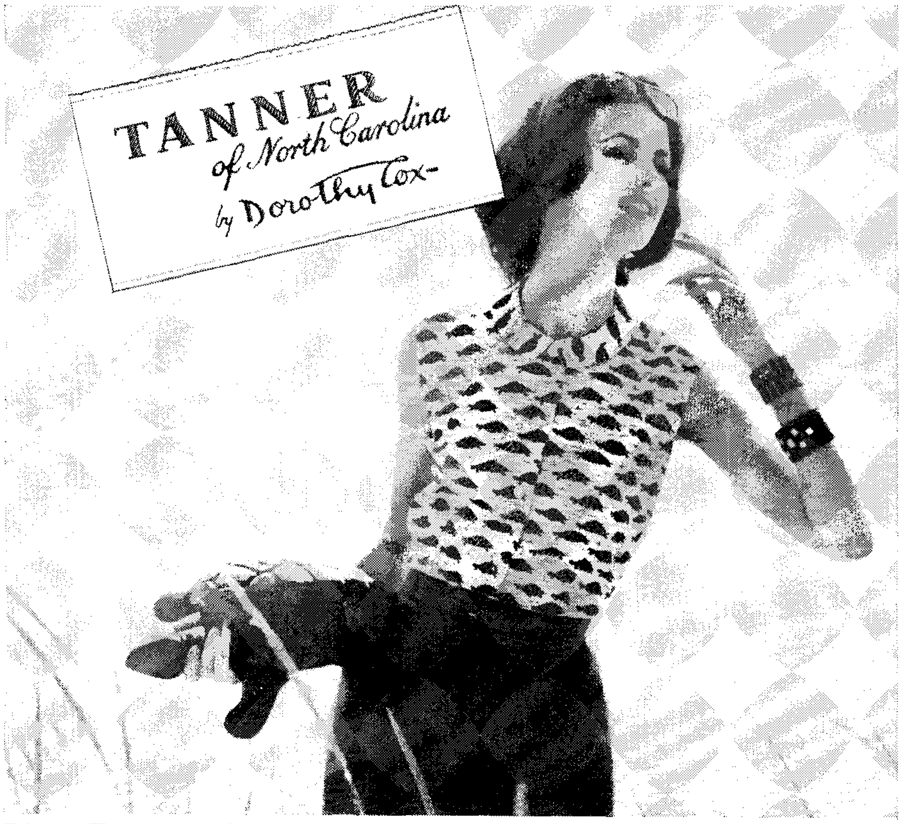

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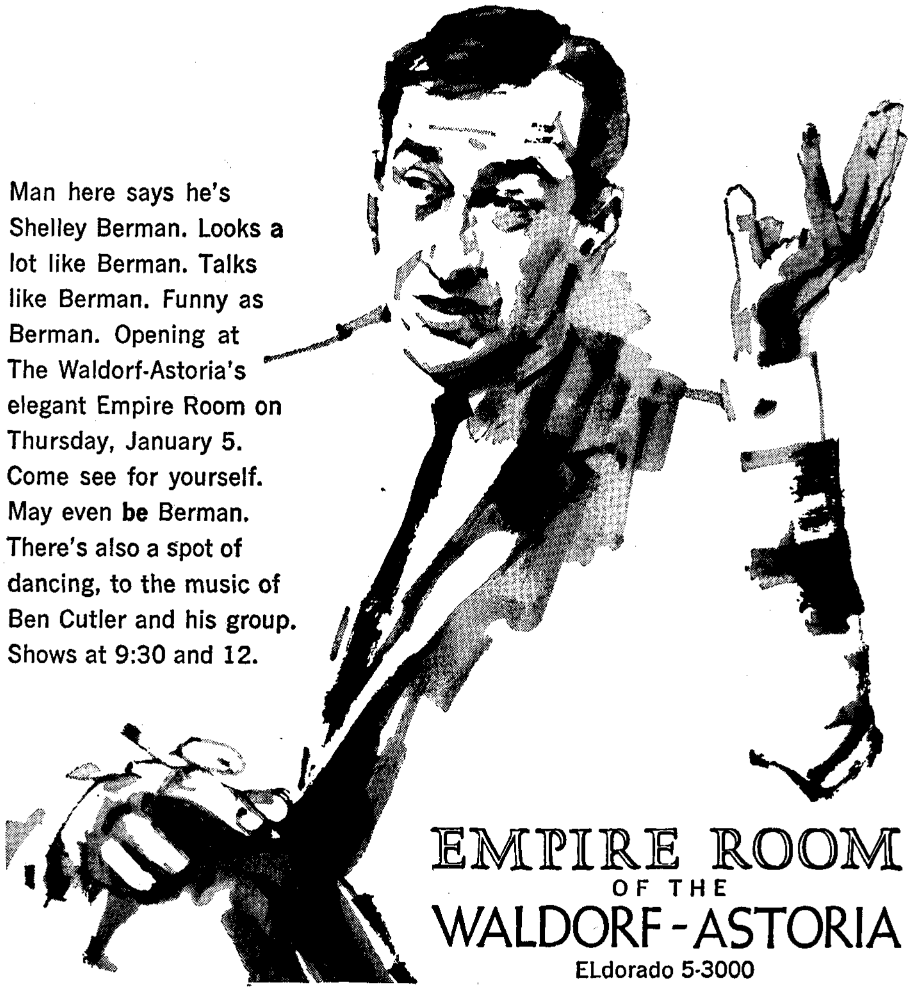

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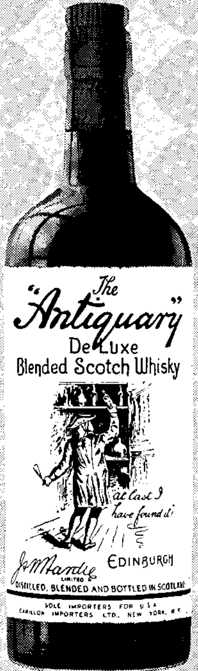
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corny, old-fashioned, and lowbrow affair, but it does have one wonderful virtue—it provides six principals with magnificent opportunities for virtuoso vocal artistry—and that is probably the reason it remains in the repertoire. These opportunities were grasped the other night with a great deal of hearty emotionalism, and the result was a memorable evening of song. The most eagerly awaited event of this revival was Eileen Farrell's appearance as La Gioconda herself, and Miss Farrell did not let her audience down. Her singing was in many ways the finest I have ever heard in the role, and she acted it with a degree of intensity that made it much more than the cardboard figure it frequently becomes. There were moments when she slightly miscalculated the effect of her own passionate enthusiasm and let dramatic fervor get in the way of the purity of her vocal line, but these were few. On the whole, hers was a rousing and deeply affecting performance, comparable in vocal beauty to that of her great predecessor Zinka Milanov, and far more convincing in the matter of characterization. She looked very pretty, too, in a blond wig and tastefully designed costumes. As she smooths out her vocal delivery, she will undoubtedly become one of the most arresting Giocondas in the history of the opera house. She was in worthy company on this occasion. Richard Tucker, as Enzo Grimaldo, made the rafters ring with his fine and always dependable tenor; Mignon Dunn sang the part of La Cieca with superb style; Robert Merrill proved to be a virile Barnaba, singing with admirable tone, though he missed some of the subtleties of conspiratorial acting that the role sometimes gets; Nell Rankin was a handsome figure as Laura Adorno, and, despite a little dryness of voice here and there, turned in a striking portrayal; and Bonaldo Giaiotti was acceptable, at least, as the evil inquisitor Alvise. I was a bit disappointed in the long ballet sequences, choreographed by Alexandra Danilova, though the principal dancers, Edith Jerell and Bruce Marks, did what was assigned to them with a good deal of spirit. Still, "La Gioconda" is basically a singing opera, and the singing it got the other night was generally first-rate. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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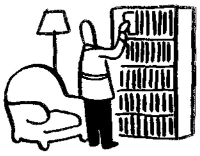
BOOKS

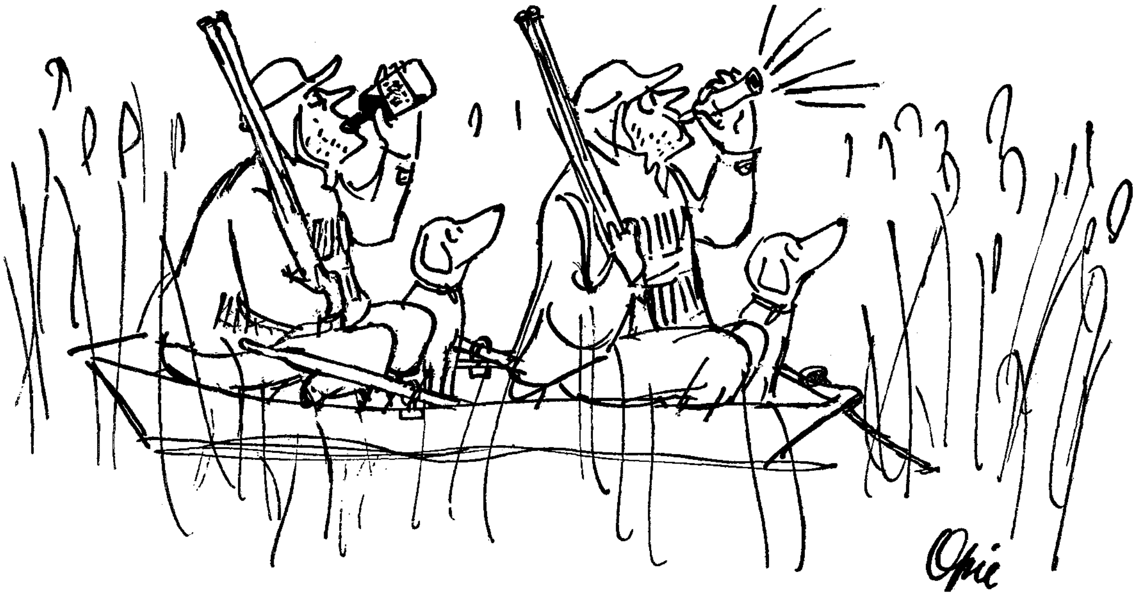
The Weaning of Prem



AMONG the rarest creatures in existence are those gifted novelists who know the weight and shape of their powers down to the last fraction of a pound and an inch. Unlike their colleagues, who either fearfully hoard their ability until it turns sour or impulsively unload it all at once (while they all, however, continue to write), these novelists take self-punishing stock of their supplies early in their careers, dole out one good book, or two, or perhaps even six, and then, at the proper moment, shut up shop. (There is a fourth kind of novelist, who, though often well paid, is not really a novelist but a mass hypnotist; he has no talent at all.) There are now fewer of these novelists, these E. M. Forsters, than ever before; indeed, there are signs of their becoming extinct. Until that happens, though, there is (for one) R. Prawer Jhabvala, maker of modest comic masterpieces. Mrs. Jhabvala, who is a Pole by birth and an Indian by marriage, has written four excellent novels in five years. Each has been an effortless, helium portrait of modern New Delhi—a city swollen with bullocks, British ghosts, cheap film magazines, patriotism, swamis, and a new bourgeoisie. And each has been better than the last. There is, as a result, a new dimension in Mrs. Jhabvala's most recent book, "The Householder" (Norton). It is old-fashioned universality. She has not merely written a book about a young Indian husband struggling with the problems of a new wife, an oncoming child, a first job, and a strange city. Instead, she has dealt in an unobtrusively classic timeless-placeless fashion with all those young husbands each of whom understandably believes that it is he and he alone who bears the multitudinous aches of mankind. Mrs. Jhabvala's hero, who is known only as Prem, is an exceptional creation; he is the epitome of self-pity, and yet—give or take some impatience and exasperation—we pity him. His arranged marriage is just four months old and he neither likes nor dislikes his wife, Indu, who is already pregnant. She is no more than a face he is too shy to examine, a body whose hills and dales are still largely foreign, a mixture of pleasant, unfamiliar smells, and a tissue of sounds—blushing whispers, swishing saris, and long sighs. She is, as well, an indifferent cook, and allows their servant boy to be rude and hostile. Prem's apartment is tiny, leaky, and too expensive. His job as a teacher of Hindi at an undistinguished college is dull and underpaid, and he cannot control his students. Friendless in a new city, he is homesick for his indulgent mother. The world, languorously viewed for so long from the heights of the parental battlements, is suddenly thundering at his door. But things get worse before they improve. His wife disobeys him and goes home for a visit. His pleas for a raise in salary and a reduction in rent fall on indifferent ears. His disciplinary inaction at the college nearly costs him his job. His self-pity, purple and soft, doubles and redoubles. Then he makes a stunning set of discoveries. During Indu's absence, he realizes that he does—or at least is *beginning* to—love her. The expected child, heretofore swathed in rupee signs, stirs him. His mother comes for a visit that soon seems interminable:

> As soon as she saw him, his mother began to cry. He gave an inaudible sigh and then asked, "What has happened?"
>
> "No, son," she sobbed. "Why should I burden you with my troubles?"
>
> He sat down and quietly sighed to himself again.
>
> "It is enough that I should suffer. . . ."
>
> The servant-boy came with her tea on a tray. "I don't want it," she said. "I am not eating or drinking anything in this house again."
>
> "Put it down," Prem told the boy.
>
> "No, son, I will have nothing. I have been insulted in your house."
>
> Prem wrung his hands. "How insulted? Who insulted you?"
>
> "I would go out in the fields so as not to trouble anyone, but there are no fields and I must use the bathroom."
>
> Prem stirred her tea and said, "Drink, you will feel better."
>
> "Why should she grudge me the use of the bathroom?"
>
> "But I did not know she was in there!" Indu cried in an anguished voice from the bedroom.
>
> "You see!" his mother said. "You see how she shouts at me!"
>
> Prem said, "It was a mistake. She did not know you were in there."
>
> "What mistake! She grudges me the use of the bathroom, even though I have come all this way to be with my son." She wiped her eyes with the corner of her sari. "Get me my ticket for tomorrow night, son. I will go home. I am not welcome here."
>
> He handed her the tea and she drank it. When she had finished, she said, "There is no need to take me to the station. I will find by myself. I don't wish to be a trouble to anyone;" she began to cry again.

Prem and Indu, who have never even gone for a walk together, take their first excursion. They attend a wedding, and Prem enjoys the novel sensation of feeling markedly superior to the wretched-looking bridegroom. He *knows.* Then he and Indu invite their first guests to their house—a young couple with one child. The dinner is delicious, the women gossip, the child is admired, and Prem and the husband abruptly understand that there are at least two of them, and perhaps even



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more, sharing the weight of the world. Mrs. Jhabvala's ending is sentimental, but in the best possible way; it is reality with the gravy stains removed. All the figures in the book—in particular Prem, a fanatical German student who smothers Prem with friendliness, Prem's officious employer, and his loud, globular, cigar-smoking landlord—are irresistible comic manifestations. And they are fashioned in a prose that seems, without exertion, to have written itself. It's a safe bet that when she was little, Mrs. Jhabvala could ride a bicycle without touching the handle bars at all.

"THE TRIAL BEGINS" (Pantheon), by Abram Tertz, is the newest shipment on the literary underground railway that has been operating with increasing regularity between Russia and the West since the publication of "Doctor Zhivago." The book is surprising on two counts. It is an unabashed satire, written by a young Russian from the inside, about the lives of four Communists during Stalin's last days, and it is a good book. Indeed, it is almost *too* good. Frequent passages like this one suggest more than a passing acquaintance with the great satirists of the West:

> Now, it was well known that the human embryo, at some early stage of its development, had much in common with the fish. Why should the country waste its potential fish reserves? In the Splendid Future, the fishlike embryos would be turned to good account. Carefully extracted from the womb, they would be conditioned to a separate existence in pools set aside specially for them. There they would grow scales and fins under the supervision of the State.... And next door to the abortarium there would be a canning factory producing tinned fish in vast quantities. Some embryos would be turned into sardines, others into sprats, all according to their national characteristics. And it would all be strictly in keeping with Marxism. Admittedly, it meant a return to cannibalism, but not to the consumption of our fellow men as practised by primitive tribes: cannibalism on a more refined and altogether higher level. Spiral development.

But to doubt the book's authenticity—its author, who uses a pseudonym, reportedly smuggled his manuscript out of Russia to Paris, where it was first published—would be unfair. The West starves for such gifts. Bluff and succinct, the book deals with four people: V. P. Globov, a public prosecutor; Marina, his wife; Seryozha, Globov's teen-age son by a previous marriage; and Karlinsky, an attorney. The time is the winter of 1953, and Moscow, knee-deep in snow, is also knee-deep in

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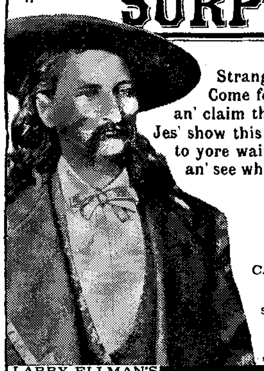

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whispers and fear. In the manner of all expert satire, each of these characters at first displays a calm, normal, Monday-morning exterior—which lasts only until the author begins pumping him out of shape. He goes to work on Globov at once. The persecution of the Jewish doctors is under way, and Globov—stern, trusted, and efficient—is its standard-bearer. Then he discovers that Marina has been given an abortion by the gynecologist he is about to bring to trial. She has murdered *his* child. His composure disintegrates and a dull, soft, vain, lumbering bourgeois sags into view. So much for Globov. Seryozha is a blue-ribbon student, but, unfortunately, he is overly imaginative. He feels that the ideals of the State have grown opaque, and he writes an excited utopian paper about pure Communism that would have pleased Marx. He is arrested as a subversive and banished to a labor camp, with his father's approval. (His unwitting betrayer, a schoolmate, is ironically crushed to death by a mob on its way to view Stalin's bier.) Karlinsky is a witty, self-sufficient intellectual, who, however, tends to brood unpatriotically about death:

> His life was in no danger and, if he took care of himself and gave up smoking, he could hope to live another twenty, thirty, if not forty, years. But the thought of death, even though it was twenty-five or even forty years away, was quite unbearable. It was very frightening to think that he would not be there while other men lived on.
>
> It was not the coffin or the grave that frightened him. Chiefly it was the thought that after death there would be absolutely nothing ever, ever more. He would not have minded hell as much: let them fry him in a frying pan, that at least would mean some sort of self-awareness.
>
> As a child he had envied elephants because they lived a hundred and fifty years. (Pikes, it was said, lived two hundred.) When his father died he had had hysterics; he thought that he was sorry for Papa, but he was sorry for himself, for it was then he realized that he too would die; and for a long time afterward he questioned people about life after death, hoping that it was true.

To ease such morbidity, Karlinsky decides to pursue Marina. When she finally consents to come to his rooms, he finds he is impotent. Marina alone is not susceptible to such reversals, and for a simple reason: she is an anachronism. A belle left over from the Czar's court, she is interested in just one thing—her great beauty, which she savors by prancing coolly and critically about before her mirror in the altogether.

"The Trial Begins," which is only a hundred and twenty-eight pages long, closes perfectly. Its narrator, a writ-

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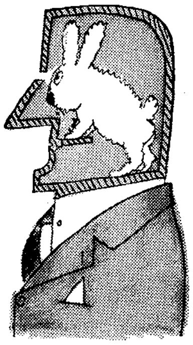

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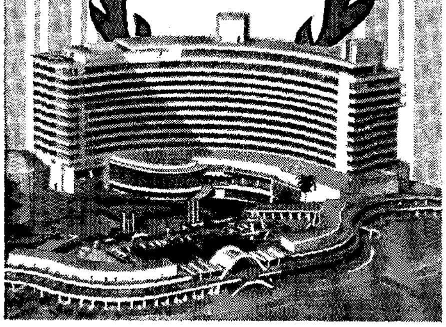

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er, reveals in an epilogue that he is in a labor camp, along with Seryozha and the gynecologist. A novel he has written and has flushed sheet by sheet down the drain has been retrieved sheet by sheet by vigilant secret police and turned over to the authorities. Miraculously, we've just read it.

—Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

This Side Jordan, by Margaret Laurence (St. Martin's). Mrs. Laurence's vivid and very human, though perhaps oversimplified, novel of life in modern Ghana centers mainly on two men. Nathaniel Amegbe, an African schoolmaster whose qualifications for his work are not very good, and who is hampered at every step by his derisive low opinion of himself, comes to grips, against his will, with a furiously defensive young Londoner, Johnnie Kestoe, whose childhood in the slums has endowed him with a sense of bitter inferiority that he uses as a weapon against all those, black or white, he senses to be as vulnerable and as defenseless as he is. Kestoe is a rising young man in a British trading firm. He and Amegbe serve as prisms through which the changing order in Africa is seen from at least two widely different perspectives. The story takes place in Accra.

The Temptation of Don Volpi, by Alfred Hayes (Atheneum). Three novellas, all dealing, in separate ways, with human beings' love for other human beings, all showing how such natural love can become twisted through bewilderment or pain into a celebration of despair, and all showing further how this celebration sometimes manifests itself in active selfishness—that is, in cruelty. The title story tells of the pathetic dilemma of an Italian priest who loves a woman but believes that she represents sin. This story is set in Italy and represents Mr. Hayes' style at its best—free, intense, and open. The two other stories, which are much less cleanly finished and therefore lacking in impact, tell of the attempt of a lawyer (who is himself made helpless by pity) to find an impulse of decency in two juvenile delinquents, and of the cause and effect of the apparently accidental death of a little girl. These stories are set in the United States, and it is perhaps Mr. Hayes' determination to express himself col-

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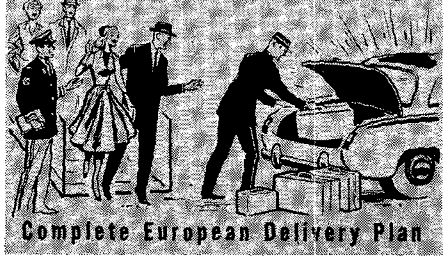

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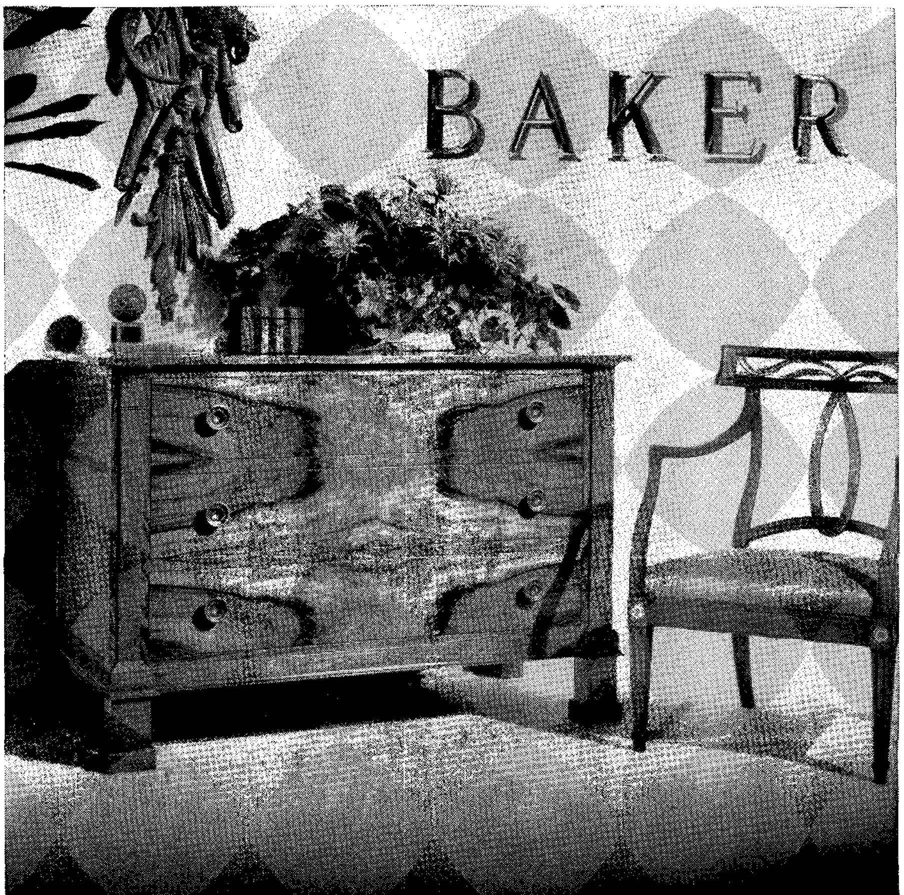
loquially that gives them their diminished air.

A Corner on Angels, by Garet Rogers (Dial). A California novel about an ambitious woman lawyer and the men who influence and interfere with her plans for herself. Among these are a chemist, a labor leader, and a millionaire. Miss Rogers' writing sounds for the most part as though she had set down her dialogue before developing her characters and her plot, but the reader's attention is held intermittently by the remarkable clarity of some of her scenes.

GENERAL

Rosenbach: A Biography, by Edwin Wolf II, with John Fleming (World). The spectacular career of the late Abraham Simon Wolf Rosenbach (Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1901), who spent his life finding and buying the rarest and most expensive books in the world and selling them to the richest men in America, belongs to an era that ended with the high rates of personal taxation. Yet the heyday of his career—the nineteen-twenties—was not very long ago, and the great collections he helped form (the Widener, the Folger, and the Huntington among them) are at the service of students today, so the strangeness of his work is modified by enough familiarity to make the ins and outs of his trade, which the authors describe minutely, quite absorbing. Dr. Rosenbach himself, whom the authors, his long-time employees, knew intimately, was as fascinating as his specialty, a man who lived in a precarious balance between antitheses: a mama's boy who was a woman chaser; a supersalesman so scared of selling that he frequently had to drink himself into bravery to confront his clients; a literary scholar who adored pulp fiction; a man constantly short of cash who kept aside marketable items to build his own book collection. Rosenbach's curious personality offers his biographers a splendid opportunity, and they have made the most of it. Their subject is a credible, pitiable, engaging, and sometimes admirable human being who becomes, as the book unfolds, a character of the sort that sometimes turns up in fiction—one who somehow seems realer than real people.

With Love, by Maurice Chevalier, as told to Eileen and Robert Mason Pollock (Little, Brown). The autobiography of this delightful enter-



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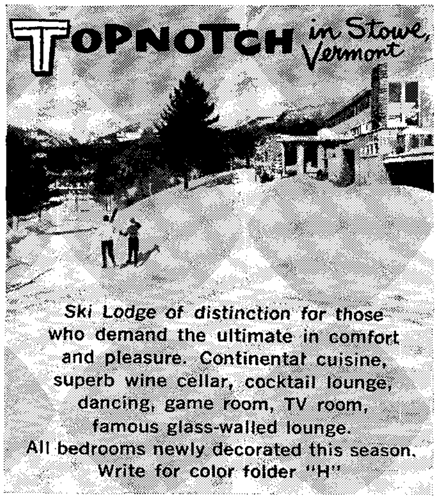

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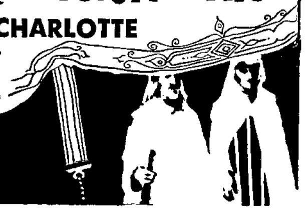

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THEN AND NOW

The other day we were playing Proust's game—remembrance of things past—in the context of Wall Street. The game led in turn to research, and the research turned up some material so fascinating that we decided to do it up in the form of a leaflet about Wall Street, *then* and *now*.

It's not just the old story of Peter Minuit and his $24 bargain. It's a collection of highlights of the history of an area that was lively and colorful long before the words *Wall Street* became a cliché for finance.

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tainer pays some attention to his professional career, but its emphasis, as its title suggests, is on love—or, more precisely, on M. Chevalier's many loves. They have ended sadly, he tells us—his first grand passion, for Mistinguett, who was a star when he was an unknown, began to cool when, after they had worked together for years, he asked for a slight improvement in his billing—but they have kept him occupied for nearly half a century. Other people's romances, like the company of other people's children, tend to pall quickly, but M. Chevalier's are likely to divert the reader for at least half an hour.

ANTARCTICA, by Emil Schulthess (Simon & Schuster). A photographic portrait by the gifted Swiss photographer who introduced himself so vigorously a year or two ago with his pictorial volume called "Africa." The new book consists of nearly two hundred studies of rocks, ice, snow, sky, wildlife, and people (mostly members of the American I.G.Y. team, whose guest the artist was), half of which are in color, and it is a measure of Mr. Schulthess's sensibility and taste that his black and white is no less dazzling than his red and blue and yellow. In addition to the author's intelligently incisive captions, the text includes an account of Operation Deep Freeze IV by Rear Admiral George J. Dufek, U.S.N. (retired), and an essay on the scientific accomplishments of the expedition by Dr. Henry M. Dater, historian of the United States Antarctic Projects Office. Fifteen dollars.

•

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Ahead of proosalps? You're crazy.

•

As a kind of primer for the expectant mother and her husband, if he's a man, the booklet "Preparing for Maternity" insures against injury by old wives' tales. —*Boston Traveler.*

Let us hope fervently that he is!

•

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[*From the Montreal Gazette*]

A Toronto organization formed six years ago to help British immigrants adjust to Canadian life has helped more than 300 of them return to England within the last year.

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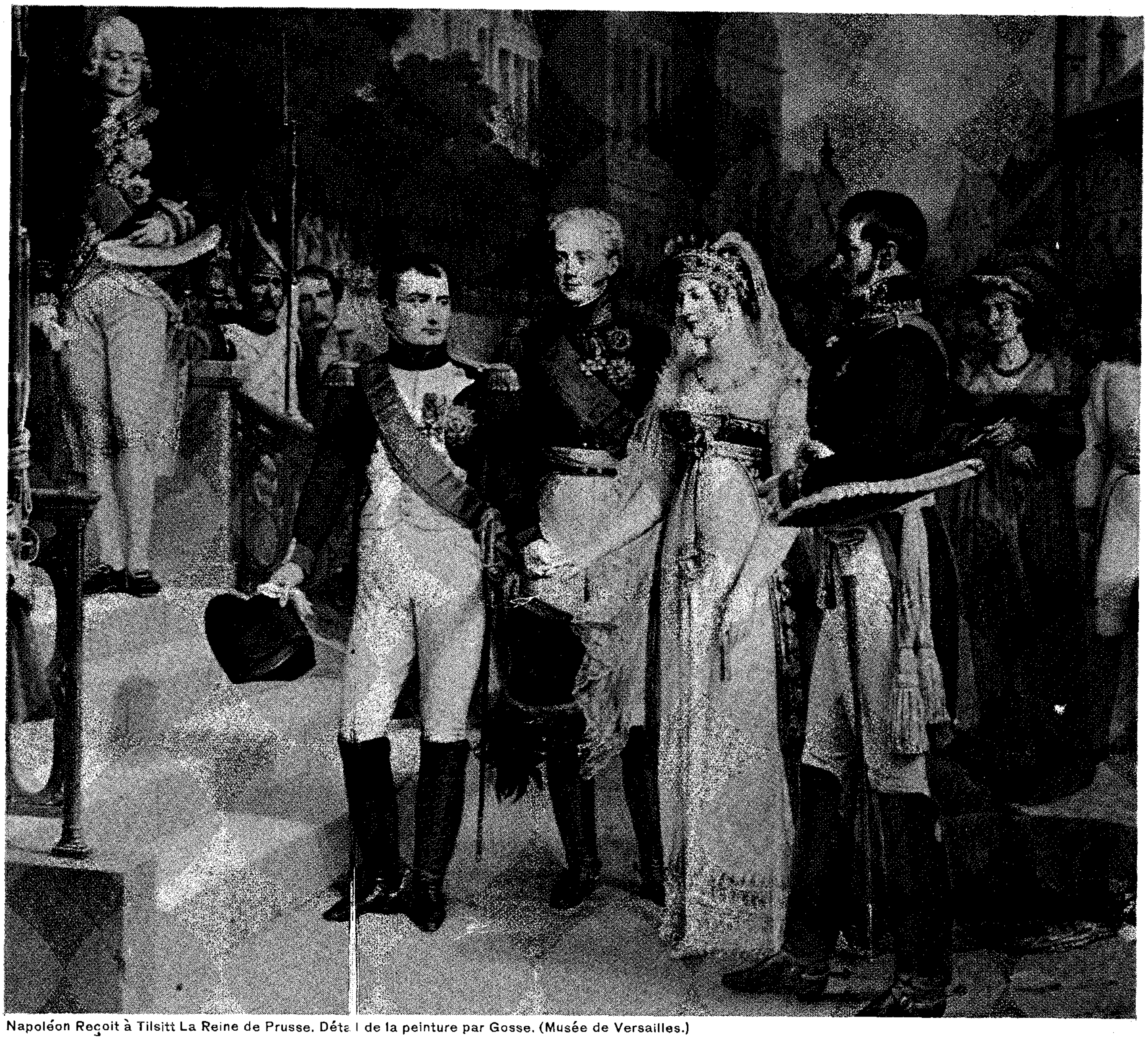

Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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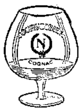

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